THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illu… Weekly
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THE THRILL SHOOTER—By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

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THE THRILL SHOOTER

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"ROUND an' round the little ball goes; where she stops nobody knows!" chanted the dealer. "Make your bets, gentlemen, make your bets!"

A battered roulette wheel stood in the center of a small room, and over it leaned or sprawled a motley array of ill-favored humanity—slouchy ruffians with sinister and savage faces, who scowled as they placed their ivory disks upon the numbers or colors. The dealer called them gentlemen, but they had the look of thugs who would have committed murder for a white chip, and thrown in a dash of arson for good measure.

"Here y'are, boys!" croaked a fat, swarthy individual who sat at a table near the window. He was sliding cards out of a metal box, under the keen eyes of a dozen bandits as hard of face as were the roulette players. "Here's the ole tiger, boys! The ten loses an' the seven wins! Bet 'em up! The blue sky's the limit!"

Several dice games were also in operation, each one liberally patronized by tough customers. On the gamesters' looks alone a pirate captain might have recruited a crew without leaving the room, and sailed with the choicest collection of cutthroats that ever disgraced blue water.

The air was thick with stale tobacco smoke, and vocal with uncensored remarks; paper money passed swiftly from hand to hand; small fortunes were won and lost on every whirl of the wheel, roll of the dice or turn of a card. Gradually the gambling fever reached a crescendo; the crowd hung breathless over the roulette wheel; the faro players leaned forward in their chairs; the crap shooters yelled loudly for their numbers—there was, if anything, a shade too much of the dramatic in the air.

Just at the climax of activity the shrill trill of a whistle pierced the hum of conversation and the rattling undertone of shuffled chips. Instantly every movement was arrested; all eyes were turned toward the door, which was locked and heavily barred. For an instant the tableau held, and then, in the frozen silence, there came the thumping crash of axes and the whine of splintering wood.

"The bulls! Cheese, the bulls!"

Immediately there was a stampede for the lone window. The faro layout blocked the way; the crowd overturned it, and with the table went the fat, swarthy dealer. He curled up on the floor like a hedgehog, his head wrapped in his arms; those who were fortunate enough to reach the window used his body as a stepping-stone to safety. Fists began to fly. A chair crashed through the window. The air was filled with a sound as of many carpets being beaten, and the deep grunts of those who gave blows mingled with the deeper grunts of those who received them. There was also the thin tinkle of breaking glass.

The barred door yielded at last and a score of blue-clad policemen leaped into the mêlée, swinging their clubs right and left. The trapped thugs rallied and fought as cornered rats fight, disregarding all rules of the late lamented Marquess of Queensberry. A dozen desperate hand-to-hand encounters raged in the small room. Clothing was torn; blood was shed; the floor was knee-deep with underdogs.

Again the whistle trilled, and a sudden and astounding peace descended upon that scene of violence. Policemen, their clubs raised to strike, dropped their arms at their sides; the hard-faced men struggled to their feet, grunting with relief. The winners assisted the losers to rise; an amazing spirit of good will prevailed. In the midst of this miracle the fat faro dealer picked himself up, groaning dismally as he took stock of his bruises. With one accord the late combatants turned to a low platform in the foreground; there was about them the nervous, expectant air of vaudeville poodles when they look at the black-mustached gentleman with the whip.

On that platform stood a plump little man, tastefully attired in a green walking suit. His hands were thrust wrist-deep in his trousers' pockets, and a green cloth hat rested jauntily on the back of his head. He was not old nor was he young, but he had reached the age when a man ceases to regard himself as a child wonder. After an extra-special shave he might have passed for thirty-five; his friends knew that he would never see forty again; his enemies said forty-five. At his elbow stood a camera man, his hand still on the crank.

"Well, Gabby?" said he of the green suit with an interrogatory lift of his eyebrows.

"Rotten!" said the camera man calmly. "Too tame."

"Yes," said the other. "A Sunday-school picnic."

He turned to face his panting, perspiring audience, and it was characteristic of the man that he did not raise his voice to emphasize his displeasure. He spoke quietly, with a dry sarcasm which caused his listeners to writhe and look at the floor to escape the accusation in his eyes.

"Perhaps I neglected to explain the business of this scene," he began, choosing his words with almost painful precision. "If so, I owe you an apology. I was under the impression that I had made it plain enough, but it seems I was mistaken. Some of you evidently thought that we were putting on a pillow fight in a boarding school for young ladies."

He paused, and the hard-faced men quailed before him; even the big policemen hung their heads in shame and confusion.

"Now then," he continued, dropping his precise speech, "I may be wasting my time—I'm certainly wasting the company's—but I'll tell you again what this is all about: It—is—supposed—to—be—a—raid—on—a—gambling—house! The cops do not break down the door to take tea with you. They come to arrest you—and that means six months on the rock pile. You boys who have done time on a rock pile ought to show some real eagerness to get out of that window. Maybe I told you to step through it like a lot of old maids climbing a fence—maybe I did, but I don't recall it just now."

He paused to allow this insult to sink in, and the hard-faced men looked at each other and shook their heads hopelessly.

"Ain't Davy a bear?" murmured the fat, swarthy man. "I ask you, ain't he? He pans the life out of you, an' he don't never raise his voice once, nor call you nothin' you couldn't repeat to the old folks at home! Ain't he a marvel?"

The marvel resumed the thread of his complaint.

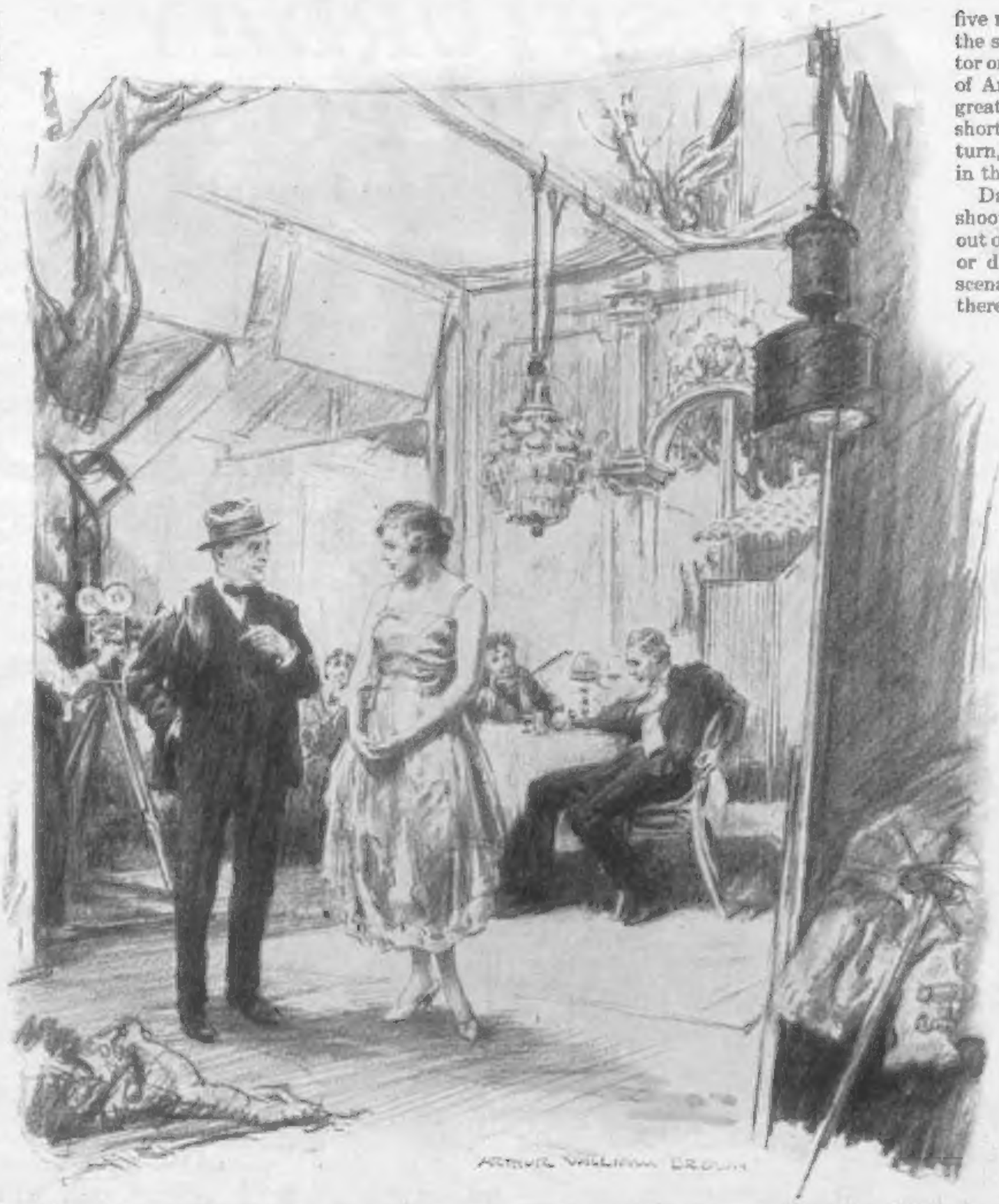
"We'll have to shoot it over again," said he with a sigh. "That means a new window and a new door and a big waste of time—and all because some of you Salvinis

misunderstood me when I said I wanted a real fight. . . . You boys at the faro table there! Haven't you any decent respect for your art? When you hear those axes, a couple of you take a running dive head first through that window. Never mind the glass; it won't cut you—much. Ivory is practically indestructible, and if your heads do get chipped or cracked we've got a hospital right here on the premises. . . . And when those policemen break in, think of your past lives and make believe they're after you. Fight 'em! Lay 'em out cold if you can—it'll be all right with me. Why, some of you dear boys were hugging and kissing 'em in that sham battle a minute ago! And remember, if any of you get cut up or hit on the nose, don't wipe off the blood—save it for the stills. Blood looks good in a lobby display. Blood is realism."

Here the fat faro dealer groaned, and the plump little man singled him out with an accusing finger.

"Sam," said he, "it hurts me to chide a sterling actor, but you dogged it. I was watching you. You quit like a sheep in the snow."

"Yeh," muttered the swarthy man, half resentful, half apologetic, "I dogged it, an' why not? I'm gettin' a little too fat for these rough-neck dramas. This underworld stuff is too fast for me. Las' time I work in a fight scene for you, one of your cast-iron cops knocks out a couple o' my teeth. That's realism, ain't it?" He opened his mouth to show his gums. "This time I'm lucky; my manly beauty is all right, but they cave in about six of my slats. I was down on the floor, an' every time I tried to get up some two-hundred-pound, hobnailed extry man used my belly for a leapin' tick. Yeh, I dogged it! Have it your own way!"



"I Can Laugh, Young Lady, But I'd Advise You Not to—That is, If You Expect to Finish This Picture"

The plump little man smiled—a rare, twinkling smile with all the radiance and warmth of a beam of sunlight. "I'm sorry, Sam," said he. "I owe you something for those teeth. I'll interpolate a little scene to show you being relieved by another dealer—that'll let you out of the fight. Now then, where are those carpenters? Get this broken stuff replaced—lively, boys, lively!"

The director strolled away, hands wrist-deep in his pockets, hat on the back of his head, and his hired men looked after him with admiration too keen for words.

"What did I tell you?" demanded the swarthy man. "I said he was a bear, didn't I? An' if he ain't a bear, where do you get your grizzlies? When you stage a rough-neck drama for Davy MacWade, you might as well stage a real one. These bunk fights—swingin' at a man an' missin' him a mile; startin' a punch an' then pullin' it—won't get you a thing with this ole-time trouper. He's wise. He'll have a real fight out o' you guys if it takes him all summer!"

"Yah!" sneered one of the policemen. "A real fight? Look at this eye, will you?"

"Save it for the stills!" exclaimed Sam. "Show it to Davy, an' he might slip you a dollar extry for it. Oh, he's a square shooter, this baby is! Look how he writes me clean out o' the next jam—interp'lates a scene specially for me, so's to establish another dealer in my place—just because I shed a couple o' teeth for him once! That's gratitude, that is! He's the best guy on this big lot—Davy MacWade—an' you can win a bet on it!"

II

THE Mammoth Film Corporation was all that the name implies, and more. One of the pioneer motion-picture plants of the West, its growth had matched, stride for stride, the astounding growth of the new amusement enterprise.

It began life with one producing director, who was also the camera man, and half a dozen actors, recruited heaven only knows how and where.

That pioneer director was not seriously annoyed with elaborate scenarios or scripts. He composed his stories as he went along, and what they lacked in coherence they made up in violent action on the part of the performers. In those raw days—not so far distant, if you remember—the moving picture was a new thing loose upon the world, and the more it moved the better people liked it.

The chase was invented. Somebody did something—and that was tragedy; or failed to do something—and that was comedy; but in either case the somebody was chased for it. Uphill, downhill, over obstacles or through them, first the panting victim, then the other members of the cast, winding up with the inevitable fat man who rolled down all the hills and fell into all the streams. It was the minimum of art and the maximum of motion—the heart and soul of the early film drama.

The Mammoth's first studio was a pitiful little affair which had once been a Chinese laundry. It expanded into a vacant lot, overlapped that in three directions, and at last took to the open country, with nothing but the brown California hills to set its boundaries. The lone director of the early days was multiplied by ten, then by twenty and finally by thirty. The six actors of the original stock company grew into a small army of men and women, recruited from the shops, the homes, the ranges and the stage—an army speaking a new language, playing a new and fascinating game, and leaning hard on a new industry for the necessities of life, such as canary-colored runabouts and palatial bungalows in the suburbs of Los Angeles.

Other film concerns, waxing fat on rich profits, adventured in Art with the largest kind of an A. They spent money lavishly on twelve-reel productions, each attempting to utter the last word in film drama; and some of these noiseless extravaganzas made money and some did not. The Mammoth's owners looked and listened, but steadfastly refused to be diverted from their original aim—namely, the economical manufacture of great quantities of film and the marketing of the same at a profit. Alien directors spoke slightingly of the Mammoth plant as "the film cannery," but the business men at the head of its affairs examined the semiannual balance sheet and were content to leave artistic experiments to their highbrow competitors.

Mammoth directors often spoke of Art—oh, my, yes! But at the same time they realized that their jobs depended upon the speed with which they ground out one, two and five reelers for the trade. In the eyes of the stockholders the most valuable director on the lot was not the one who burbled of Art, but the one who turned out the greatest quantity of salable goods in the shortest space of time; and thus we return, cross lots, to our plump little man in the natty green suit.

David MacWade was the star thrill shooter of the Mammoth staff. Anything out of the ordinary? Anything dangerous or difficult? Give it to Davy. Did the scenario call for a railroad wreck? Were there lions and tigers and leopards in the script? Must the ship drive on the rocks, the flood sweep down the valley, the aëroplane fall from the clouds, the automobile dash over the cliff? MacWade would manage to shoot the stuff somehow. Thrills were his specialty, his stock in trade; he had built a great film reputation upon them.

Nobody had ever heard MacWade denounce himself under the too elastic term of artist, and genius was a word not in his vocabulary. This was passing strange, for the plump little thrill merchant had been an actor in his time, appearing in everything from Shakspere to tank drama, and in every town hall west of Troy. His friends would never have believed it, but the one press clipping which he prized above all others was a yellowish slip from a Washington paper, commending his performance as Grumio in The Taming of the Shrew.

MacWade was proud of his histrionic achievements, and when he spoke of them—which was not often—he referred to himself as "a trouper." There were times when he applied the term to others, though sparingly and with a certain amount of reserve. When he wished to bestow the very highest praise upon a motion-picture actor he would say:

"If you stick with me I'll make a trouper of you yet!"

MacWade wasted very little shooting light in portraying the more delicate shades of human emotion; pastorals and pastels were out of his line, and fifty-foot close-ups of a leading man's dimple were never encountered in David's works of art. He painted his pictures with vigorous strokes—broad splashes of vivid color, laid on thick. Any man who could show his teeth and take a whipping without going to the hospital might play a MacWade heavy; any girl who dared to risk her neck often enough might be a MacWade star. One real thrill was worth a dozen glycerine tears upon the damask cheek of innocence; and while virtue was always rewarded in the last thousand feet of film, it had to earn that reward by winning a rattling good fight.

When MacWade turned his back on his gambling house he found himself in a cross-section of British East India, where the extra men wore turbans or pith helmets, and the punkahs stirred the branches of the imitation palms. The big open-air stage of the Mammoth plant made queer neighbors, and David did not waste more than a fleeting glance on the India stuff. It was no new thing to him, but he preferred the India of elephants and tigers and express rifles.

A few more steps carried him into the heart of Mexico, with its lazy peons and lovely señoritas, but still he did not pause. He had worn Mexico threadbare—shot it from the Rio Grande to the sea and left no thrill in all its borders. Then came a London slum, a New York pawnshop and a Wyoming dance hall, each reviewed at a leisurely footpace.

"Old stuff! Old stuff!" said David to himself.

Last of all he came upon a gilded café of the sort seen only in motion pictures, and here he halted to admire the richness of the "set," and to watch Travers Towne at his favorite occupation of staring the camera out of countenance. Towne was a temperamental young star who was permitted to direct the feature productions in which he appeared, and he was full of ideas about Art. His specialty was dress-coat drama. He had once asked to be billed as the John Drew of the films, and he changed leading women almost as often as he changed his clothes.

Towne was discovered seated at a table in the foreground, close—oh, very close—to the camera. He was elbow-deep in the wreckage of a rich repast, and save for one waiter yawning at a discreet distance he was alone on

the scene. Beyond the side lines or behind the camera the extra people were grouped—spindly young men in skimpy dress suits, and lovely young women in evening gowns, most of which bore the label of the Mammoth's wardrobe department. Towne bowed stiffly to David, for whom he felt no great amount of affection, and David returned the salute with a careless wave of the hand.

"All right!" said Towne. "Camera!"

The slave of the crank began to grind, and the John Drew of the films lifted his handsome head from his hands. Above the empty wine bottles he registered the skull-splitting remorse of the morning after—just barely registered it and that was all.

"Hold on!" he yelled, leaping to his feet. "Where's that music? Confound it! Have I got to tell you fellows everything? Play me something soft and—and sad."

He resumed his place at the table, and three shaggy musicians, located in a corner beyond camera range, began a melancholy air. The violin wailed, the cello groaned, the flute sighed windily; and under this rather dubious inspiration Mr. Towne offered his handsome features to the lens.

MacWade turned away to hide an amused grin, and it was then that he saw the girl. She was standing so close to him that he might have touched her; their eyes met, and she returned his smile with the frankness which comes of sharing the same subtle humor.

"I can laugh, young lady," said David, "but I'd advise you not to—that is, if you expect to finish this picture. Towne is rather sensitive."

"I was just wondering," said the girl, "what would happen if the violinist broke a string. Are all directors like this?"

"Well, no," answered David, "not all of them. Then you don't believe that music is an inspiration?"

"Oh, but I do," said the girl gravely. "This piece especially. I play it on the piano. It always inspires Stuffy."

"And who is Stuffy?" asked David.

"Stuffy is my fox terrier. He sits up and howls. If it has that effect on a dog ——" She paused and regarded David hopefully.

"It certainly should help an actor to put over a film headache," finished MacWade, and both laughed.

"You haven't done much picture work, have you?" asked David.

"None at all," said the girl, glancing down at her spangled gown. "I thought I would like to try it, and Mr. Towne was kind enough to say he might be able to use me for—for atmosphere." Again her eyes sparkled. "It sounds very important, but so far the experience has been disappointing. I've had nothing to do."

David chuckled. He was beginning to like this young person, so refreshingly different from the ordinary run of film-struck females. He paused to note that she was not more than twenty years of age, and of the athletic, out-of-door type not uncommon in Southern California. His professional eye told him that she would screen well, as the saying goes, and he thought her rather pretty, especially when she smiled. The time was coming when he would recall this first meeting and believe that he had seen much more in her.

"Atmosphere," he explained soberly, "is a term used by extra people. If you are working extra, and too proud to admit it, you say that you are 'doing atmosphere with So-and-so.' 'With' a director, you understand—not for him. It sounds like fifty a week at least, but all you get is three dollars a day."

The girl nodded.

"I had an uncle once," said she, "who was always hunting for a job; but when he found one he said that he had accepted a situation."

"Precisely the same thing," said David, and paused. He had seen Towne watching him from the other side of the stage, and though the John Drew of the films had shifted his gaze immediately there had been time to note a steely glint in his matinée-idol eyes. David, schooled to interpret human expression, picked a message out of the air, plain as print: "No Trespassing." He was fairly familiar with Towne's method of handling ambitious young women; it was really none of his business, but still ——

"I looked the extra people over this morning," said David, "but I don't remember seeing you."

"No," said the girl. "Mr. Towne asked me to report to him. I met him at a dinner party last week."

"Oh! And are you tied up for this whole picture?"

"Just for the café scenes," answered the girl.

"In that case," said David, "I think you'd better let me have your name and address. Oh, it's perfectly all right, I assure you. I forgot to say that I'm a sort of director myself. My name is MacWade, and one of these days I might have a part for you. The only thing I can really promise is that I won't call it 'atmosphere.'"

Later, as David was returning to his gambling house he encountered "Gabby" Trozier, who was also enjoying a brief respite from toil. Gabby was MacWade's camera man, team-mate and faithful friend. He would go anywhere or dare anything to shoot a picture with a thrill in it, and he knew his complicated "box" as a mother should know an only child. Many a director cast longing eyes at this husky and reckless youth, for a star camera man is as rare as a black pearl, and, like the pearl, worth anything one can afford to pay.

"I saw you!" began Gabby sternly. "Yes, I saw you, a-mashing of a strange dame!"

"No such thing!" growled MacWade.

"Well, you took down her name and address—right under Towne's nose too. What are you trying to do—steal the queen of the harem?"

"Nonsense!"

"All I hope," said Gabby, "is that you'll make a leading woman out of her. This Eileen Arlington person gets on my nerves, Davy. She does, for a fact. Look how she kicked on every stunt in the last picture—all easy ones too. She won't go through with this automobile stuff next week, you mark my words. Someone has been telling her that she can act. She thinks she's another Pickford, when all she's got is the curling iron. Now this new girl, Davy, she looks as if she might have a little sense. And it's a two-ace bet that she can swim like a fish."

"What makes you think that?"

"The line of tan on her shoulders. Sherlock Holmes, me! And say, if she can drive a car, you might use her to double Arlington in the auto stunts. One blonde looks pretty much like another."

"Arlington won't need a double."

"You think not? Just wait and see! Did you ask this new dame if she could drive a car?"

"No."

"Then it wasn't business at all, eh? Davy, I'm ashamed of you!"

"Wait a minute!" cried MacWade, between embarrassment and anger. "It's true that I didn't have any definite

(Continued on Page 113)

"Las' Time I Work in a Fight Scene for You, One of Your Cast-Iron Cops Knocks Out a Couple o' My Teeth. That's Realism, Ain't It?"

A TALK WITH PRESIDENT LI

By Samuel G. Blythe

IF THE United States of America is interested in keeping open the Open Door in China, as the United States loudly proclaims to be the case, it would be the part of wisdom for the United States to encourage its bankers and business men to pile some investment money against that door, thus making it more difficult for any other nation to shut the door because of the financial obstruction.

Or, to put it in different form, one way, and probably the better way, to preserve such integrity of China as is remaining and to keep China as free a field as possible for American enterprise—China, the last remaining industrial El Dorado—is for Americans to take a big hand in developing China.

To be quite frank about it, what China needs most is money invested in China to make real the vast wealth that is now potential; and if the United States does not furnish the money, Japan will. If Japan supplies the bulk of that money which, combined with the Japanese exactions already made and in the making, slams shut the Open Door, no American need apply.

It may be interesting to recall the first and only other time when I saw the present president of China. He was vice president of China at that time, living luxuriously, though somewhat restrictedly, in a palace on an island in a lake that forms a part of the scenery of that portion of the former imperial city that has been utilized for the presidential yamen since the republic came in. This palace was used by some prince or other—there is a story about one princely Manchu who was uxoriously done to death therein in the days of the Dowager Empress, the Old Buddha—and it clusters most picturesquely with its red roofs and corridors and summer houses on the island.

Isolated and Insulated

LI YUAN-HUNG, in his capacity as vice president to the ambitious Yuan Shi Kai, had been informed that it would be far better for him if he came to Peking and occupied this vice-presidential mansion. Yuan Shi Kai, as it appeared, was very fond of the vice president, and desired him near the presidential yamen, in order that he might consult with him from time to time. Also, Yuan was very fond of his own job; and he had wide knowledge of the Chinese character. Though Yuan in no way had a suspicion that Li Yuan-hung would connive in any manner for the elimination of his superior, still, Yuan had an idea that others might connive with Li; and to that end he put Li where the presidential eye might always be upon him—on an island, you understand, in a lake that fronted on the yamen where Yuan lived and which was constantly surrounded by Yuan's soldiers—an island in a lake, and a lake surrounded by a wall. Any person desiring to see Li must climb a wall and swim to the island. Wherefore no persons saw Li of whom Yuan was not advised.

To be sure, Li was at full liberty to go and come, but he did neither. He himself had a lively appreciation of President Yuan's great concern for the comfort of the two—Yuan and Li; and Li was moved, on occasion, to expatiate thereupon.

"The president," said Li, "is a most kindly and solicitous man. He is most regardful of my comfort and welfare. Why, he even provides all my servants and attendants. His men are all about me, attentive to my every want. They walk with me constantly, and they guard me both night and day; and, lest I shall see persons who might not be of my exalted rank, each visitor is scrutinized by Yuan's secretaries, and none but those who have his sanction is allowed to come. This kindness and concern overwhelms me. Who am I, thus to be held in such keen concern by the mighty Yuan Shi Kai, the president of China?"

They allowed me to go out and see Li one day, not quite two years ago; and I found him a fat and jolly person, taking his position philosophically, which proved him to be a philosopher indeed—imagine the quality of democracy that keeps a vice president in close custody for a space of years—and having entirely conventional views on all subjects. We talked of China and the United States—a fertile topic—and passed the compliments of the time and season. He was in no position to say anything of importance; and, though he was undoubtedly extremely bored by his lot, he did not show his ennui, and we had a lively hour together.

Then came the monarchial aspirations of Yuan Shi Kai, a most remarkable phase of all the remarkable phases of the republicanization of China, of which I shall tell the story one day. And presently Yuan Shi Kai got clumsily on the throne, which he was to occupy for but eighty-three days. Even in progressive China there is no such thing as a vice emperor, and Li Yuan-hung was without a job. So Emperor Yuan the First conferred on Vice President Li the title of Prince Wu Yi, and gave him a palace elsewhere, leaving the house on the island untenanted.

Li Yuan-hung, The President of China

Prince Wu Yi, still philosophical, moved to this other palace and settled down to being a prince, having, as they say, no ambition to become president of a restored republic, or emperor of a revived monarchy. He was sick and tired of the whole business, and he liked the ease and lack of espionage that came with being a prince, without the succession, as compared to the seclusion he had observed as vice president, who was a constitutional successor.

The monarchy lasted but eighty-three days, and Yuan became president again. That automatically made Li Yuan-hung vice president again. Soon afterward Yuan died, at nine o'clock in the morning of a June day last year. At eleven o'clock that morning, there being nothing else to do, Li Yuan-hung was sworn in as president. A short time afterward he moved to the presidential yamen; and there is where I had my talk with him.

A portion of the former Forbidden City, wherein the Manchu rulers dwelt, in Peking, has been reserved for the pensioned remnants of the imperial family. The remainder of it, composed largely of the various official palaces, is used for the presidential yamen. One goes through the Gate of the Republic, over which the new five-barred flag of China floats, and finds himself at the shore of the lake in which is the island on which Li Yuan-hung passed his years of seclusion. It is a pretty lake in the summertime; but now it looks like a flat and level expanse of dirt, for the ice is covered with snow, and the snow is incredibly soiled from the dust deposited by the duststorms that make Peking so jolly in the wintertime.

Skating is all the rage in Peking this winter, and the first thought of the visitor to the presidential yamen is that the president of China might have a whale of a skating place if he so desired. Apparently he is not so inclined, for the only ice that is cleared is a path about ten feet wide running straight across to the Inner Gate. The visitor has two choices of progress: He may get into a boxlike sled, which is inclosed like a Peking cart, and be pushed across by coolies; or he may go round the edge of the lake in a ricksha. The sleds were at the other side of the lake when we went to keep our appointment, and we rode to the Inner Gate in rickshas.

Mr. Quo Tai-chi caught up with Anderson and myself—Anderson, that brilliant American who talks Chinese and thinks in Chinese, and knows the Chinese, and is known of them so intimately and appreciatively—and the three of us plugged along to the Inner Gate, where a file of the presidential bodyguard presented arms and stood rigid until we had passed inside. Quo Tai-chi is the presidential secretary—the Joseph Patrick Tumulty of China—who was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, and who is so youthful in appearance that he seems a boy. However, Quo Tai-chi is no boy. He is a Phi Beta Kappa man, was a star orator in Philadelphia, and has an American way of speaking and talking, and a good deal of an American viewpoint on things.

Two years ago, when I interviewed Yuan Shi Kai at the time the Japanese were pressing their twenty-one demands, we went first into a small room, in one of the outer buildings, that had served in the imperial days as one of the reception rooms of the Empress Dowager. This, on occasion, has been used as a reception room for the president, also, and the plan was to receive me there; but that was changed. There were shoals of black-silk-garmented Chinese messengers and others about. The head one, the chief usher, I take it, who wore a dark green uniform that looked as if it were of German design, asked for the third helping of cards. One must have plenty of cards when one goes out in China.

His Excellency at Close Range

OLD China hands have their names in Chinese, as well as in English, on their cards, and it was necessary for Anderson to write my Chinese name on mine. That formality over, we waited a few minutes and then started for the place where the president was to receive us. We walked past the lagoons where, when I was there before, the goldfish swam, and where now the dusty snow was piled, past soldiers standing on guard at every turning, until we came to the Foreign House. Sometime during the reign of the later Manchus, the Empress Dowager, or some emperor, was persuaded to build a foreign house, and some architect stuck up in the midst of that gorgeous cluster of fine, colorful, artistic Chinese buildings a perfectly typical and perfectly ugly replica of a French house, made of gray stone, and approached by a bridge along which stand, in a formidable row, twelve bronze gargoyles, six on a side, of the most hideous design I ever saw. It looked to me as if the French architect had taken his sculptural decorative designs from the top of Notre Dame. The Manchus wanted a foreign house, and they got one. It is perfectly and pretentiously and preposterously foreign in those surroundings, gray and square and unsightly.

As we went into the Foreign House we turned sharply to the right and entered a corridor, at the end of which stood a life-size crayon of the president, surrounded by a heavy frame—the president, in foreign clothes, as befitted a foreign house. The foreign clothes fitted the president about as well as the foreign house fitted its surroundings. He wore a frock coat, striped trousers, and held a silk hat gingerly in his left hand. He looked very stiff and uncomfortable in the picture; but apparently it is considered a work of art, for it has a place of honor.

We went into a big rectangular room, plastered in white, and with a red carpet. A long table, surrounded by straight backed chairs, constituted the only furniture. There was a red cloth on the table and the curtains were red. It was a bare and meager room. As I entered one door the president came out of another at the far end of the room. He walked forward to meet me, unattended. There were three in our party—Anderson, Quo Tai-chi and myself.

The last time I saw the president—when he was vice president—he was fat and smiling, and altogether comfortable in appearance. This time I noted that he had lost much of his flesh, that his face was grave, that there were lines on his forehead, and that he looked as if he wasn't so pleased over being president that he was chortling any about it. He wore the undress uniform of a field marshal in the Chinese Army, a simple khaki blouse and trousers, with no decorations or insignia of any kind save his gold shoulder straps.

Quo Tai-chi made the presentation and the president sat down in the chair at the end of the table, placing me on his right hand, his secretary next to me, and Anderson on his left. I had a good look at him.

His Excellency Li Yuan-hung is fifty-two years old, a squat, broad-shouldered, heavy man, of about five feet seven or eight. He used to be quite paunchy; but much of that paunch is gone, as was testified by the looseness of his blouse. It had fitted him when he was heavier. His hair is the intense black of the Chinese; his eyes are brown and heavy-lidded; his mustache black and sparse, but apparently conserved with solicitous care. His teeth are large and white and even, and he has a most engaging smile.

He sat stiffly erect, spoke without gesture, rapidly and in a low, soft voice.

The chief fact about His Excellency Li Yuan-hung is that he doesn't give a hoot about being president, and never has; which undoubtedly will make him a very good president. He didn't want to be vice president, either. In fact, most of the positions that have come to Li Yuan-hung have come to him against his will. They coerced him into the command of the revolutionary forces in the revolution of Wu-chang, and they forced him to take the vice presidency. Two or three times since he has been president he has had an inclination to quit, but each time has been held in place by his political advisers.

Li Yuan-hung is a good-natured, easy-going citizen; and this turmoil in which he lives in Peking, with its fanatical politics and its vast intrigue and all the unpleasant concomitants of Chinese politics, doesn't appeal to him. He likes his ease. Still he has successfully withstood various crises—one crisis bewilderingly succeeds another in Chinese politics—and probably will withstand many more. However, that isn't prophecy. It is merely speculation.

His main strength is a sort of cheerful and courageous democracy. His predecessor, and practically his jailer, Yuan Shi Kai, was in mortal terror of his life, possibly because he had killed so many men himself and knew how easily the trick of snuffing out a life in China is done. Yuan, in all the time he was president, never left the presidential yamen officially but once; and then he went to the Temple of Heaven through cleared and heavily guarded streets. During the remainder of his presidential life, and for the few days he was emperor, he stayed within doors, and had soldiers guarding every avenue of access to him.

Li has been out several times, going about in a most democratic manner. He went once to a review of the troops, taking his automobile, riding, with but a small guard, through the teeming streets of Peking; and when he reached the parade ground he took a black Mongolian pony and rode about the place quite as if he were an ordinary captain instead of the commander-in-chief and president in a country where the sublimation of politics is to gain a point by removing the human obstruction. Another time he went off by train to the graduating exercises of a military school. He has his nerve, whatever else they may say about him.

The Chinese President and His General Staff

The President Goes About in a Most Democratic Manner

An Invitation

WE INDULGED in the usual compliments; and then, as is the formula in an interview with a Chinese high official, began to talk about relations between China and the United States—only the president talked much more to the point than the ordinary high Chinese official, whose idea is to say a few flowery nothings and drink a cup of tea with one.

"China looks to the United States," he said, "as a country coming fresh into the untrod paths of democracy must look to the greatest exemplar of democracy in the world. We consider the United States as our friend, our guide; and want the United States to be our supporting aid in our experiment in popular government. We confidently approach the United States, because the United States has proved to us that she is a real friend, not a friend seeking to convert China to her own uses. We know that the United States desires no part of China; has no covetous eye on any of our territory; does not seek to aggrandize herself at our expense. The United States has often enough proved her disinterested friendship for China; and we are grateful to the United States, appreciative, and believe in the absolute and honest and noncovetous concern your country has for mine.

"There have been many events to prove this; not the least of which, and the one we recall with profound gratitude, was the return of the Boxer indemnity, which has enabled China to send so many of her young men to your country to be educated and bring back to this country your modern ideas, which are so essential to our own progress as a democracy. Every young Chinese educated in the United States adds to our obligation to you.

"It was the United States that enunciated the doctrine of the Open Door, by which China hopes to take, in the consensus of nations, the place her wealth of resource and her potential productivity entitle her to assume. The position of China is unique among the nations of the earth, and her peaceful needs are more pressing. We lack, in a large degree, that forward impulse which has made the United States so great a nation, because our manner of life and customs and education and thought have been along other lines for many centuries. Now that we realize our deficiencies, we also realize our necessities. What China must have, to make China what China has the potential power to be, is development of her innate productivity and development of her methods of transportation. In a word, coördinated and capitalized production and scientific and economical distribution. We need capital, not for the conduct of our governmental affairs, as is usually thought to be the case, not for administrative purposes, but for industrial development. The resources of China have not been touched as yet. The wealth of this country lies hidden in the ground. Our resources are practically untapped. Our productivity is unmeasured. Our energies are not loosed. We are tied to the past; and the only way the bonds can be cut is by the ax of capital.

"So, we look to the United States and say to the United States: 'Come to China, with your capital, and your men, and your energy and enterprise, and help us to take advantage of what we have. The benefit for you will be as great as the benefit for us.' We want the capital of the United States to come to China to develop our railroads, our mines, our water power, our iron and steel possibilities, our cotton, our manufactures.

"We have in China a territory as large, roughly, as the whole of the United States and Mexico; and in that country there live four hundred millions of people. And, as yet, we have less than six thousand miles of railroads. It is true that concessions for fifteen thousand additional miles have been held up by the war in Europe—French and English and Belgian and Russian and Japanese concessions—and it also is true that some enterprising Americans are about to begin the construction of some twenty-five hundred miles more; but, even so, the remaining opportunity is so vast and the possibilities of good return so great that it may well engage the attention of your financiers.

"We need iron and steel manufactures. We have the raw materials in abundance—the ore, the coal, the lime, and all the other necessities—in places where cheap transportation is available and production can be accomplished at economical cost. It has so turned out that the Hanyehping Plant is not controlled by China now; but, even if it were, there are deposits of iron ore in Kiang-su and in Anhua that rival those in richness and extent; and the development of these is awaiting the wise investment of the world. We have not the capital or the capabilities as yet. The outside world must help us develop these industries.

"A hundred million dollars put into the iron business in any of the three favorable places that exist in the provinces I have mentioned would make a China Steel Company possible that would be a formidable rival to the United States Steel Company; for production here would be cheaper than in your country.

"China has copper in abundance, and other great mineral deposits. China has other vast mineral resources. China can grow all the cotton needed to supply her cotton-clad population, and spin it, too, if the mills were here. China has agricultural possibilities that are as immense as her territory. We need capital. We ask the United States to supply that need."

The President of China at a Military Review

Capital the Best Door-Stop

THE president paused, took up his cup of tea, and drank slowly. Then he turned and faced me. He was grave and earnest.

"It must occur to any person who gives the matter thought," he said, "that the most potent guaranty of a future Open Door in China will come from the liberal investment of American capital in China. If American capital will come to China and develop China there will be no need for either the search for or the forced acceptance of other capital, and none of the obligations will be entailed on China that will go hand in hand with other capital.

"No nation in the world is so well equipped as the United States to do this work, and in no other nation is the good will, the unselfish good will, so greatly in our favor. No other nation in the world is so rich as the United States. No other nation in the world will do this work in the way we feel the United States will do it, if the United States can be brought to undertake it with no ultimate design on the sovereignty of China, and no aggrandizement in mind."

This laid the groundwork for the crux of the president's message to the United States, and gave me the basis for the interpretation that begins this article.

"If," said the president, speaking with great deliberation, "the United States desires to preserve the Open Door in China, the sure and safe and practical and profitable way to keep the door open is for the United States to invest its money in the development of China—for the United States to do that, and not for any other nation to do it."

(Concluded on Page 71)

A Story With a Happy Ending

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

MR. LEONARD PRICE was a colonel of business. Offices have grades as definite as the army—generals, who own things; colonels, who manage them; smart young lieutenants, who will be senior officers some day; and the ranks of the nameless. Price believed that all these differences were entirely due to innate ability. He liked to talk about "natural-born executives"; and he secretly—though modestly—believed that such was his caste.

But he did not rub it in. He was pleasant to work for. He was a good-looking, ruddy professional bachelor, with a gray mustache. He was the general manager of the Motor Accessories Department of the Magnus Machining and Electric Company, of New York; and under him the department had grown from a machine shop located in a tin shed and manufacturing a few shock absorbers, to the most important part of the Magnus concern. Price admitted that most of this growth had been due to the boom in automobiles; but he did congratulate himself that much of it was the result of his ability as chief.

He had been his own sales manager at first—yes, and salesman and accountant. He had taken the first shock absorbers out on the road and sold two hundred of them to a man in overalls who was building "horseless carriages" that looked like startled pullets and ran like perambulators. Nowadays he was a colonel, and had a crack regiment.

Just when the regiment was maneuvering at its best he had to stop and fill water bottles and polish buttons for a cub subaltern, who was not only ignorant of drill but was also—a woman!

II

MAGNUS came to him—rabbity, capable Old Magnus, the president—and implored:

"Mr. Price, I have a great favor to ask."

Magnus tapped on the tablet of Price's desk and looked humble, so that Price knew he was about to make an unusually unfair demand.

"My wife's second cousin," said Magnus, "has just lost her husband. She is a bright little woman, bright as a dollar, and the wife wants us to give her a job."

"She had any business training?" asked Price.

"Well, no—uh—but she's very capable."

"Um! You see, Mr. Magnus, way I feel is, office is no place for women. Trouble with them is, they can't create. Just imitative. And they're natural-born intriguers and flirts. Instead of taking a job and carrying it, like a man, they try to shift it onto some goat of a man. Office is no place for any woman above the grade of stenographer; and, honestly, even the female stenogs. are bad enough—shystering and making the same mistake over and over ——"

"Yes, yes," purred Magnus; "of course, as a crusty old bachelor—hee! hee!—you have to knock women. But—uh—well, Mrs. Magnus has wished this lady onto us—Mrs. Arroford, her name is, wife's second cousin—and I'm afraid we'll have to take care of her till—hee! hee!—some other man marries her. She's a pretty, plump little widdy, by jinks, and young; and ——"

"Couldn't you try her out in your own department?"

"Mrs. Magnus thought that castings and drills would be kind of heavy wares for the little woman to handle; and Mrs. Magnus said she was sure you would be kind to her ——"

"Oh; all right! And you say she's young and pretty? If she were only an old hex!"

Before Mrs. Arroford presented herself at his office Price worked himself up to a beautiful frenzy about her. He received sympathy from his sales manager at lunch, and both of them snortled about bosses' wives' second cousins and "pull." They rather disregarded the fact that about forty per cent of people get their jobs through pull, though afterward most of them hold the jobs only by real work; in fact, they weren't philosophical at all, but glared into their mixed grills and consigned women to different places—none of these places in offices.

In a few days Mrs. Arroford's card was sent in to Price—an engraved card, in delicate script.

She was a gray squirrel of a young woman, with black interested eyes, with furs, and a charming roundness. Her hat and boots and gloves were expensively smart; her cheeks were flushed; she bounced slightly in the dull office chair—and she didn't know a single solitary thing of any value to the Motor Accessories Department. "I have never been trained in business," she said; "but I was quite successful in managing a church fair in Mt. Vernon."

Price groaned.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-nine."

"Do you want a real job or do you want a way to pass the time?"

"I have to support myself—or I shall have to when the insurance money is gone."

She was quiet and simple about it. She didn't shed tears or act as though she went the rounds being "brave about her troubles."

"Will you do what I tell you to?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Um! Well, I suppose for a while I can keep you halfway busy correcting our list of supplies. You compare the proofs with the annotated typewritten schedules. But, you know, I'll scalp you if you let a single error slip through!"

He smiled.

He tried to make it a chill November smile, but he couldn't feel very bleak, with her so soft and eager. And she replied, with the earnestness of a good child:

"Oh, yes; please do."

"Meantime I want you to study stenography and typewriting as though you were an ambitious cash girl. I want you to learn it, and learn it right—study all evening and every Sunday—either take classes or get private instruction, or buy your books and grind by yourself. There isn't—of course you understand I'm just speaking generally—there isn't much place for women in business, even with all this suffrage and Lord knows what folderols; and it is up to a woman who wants a career to learn to serve in every possible way."

"Oh, yes; I know. I can see that if I'm ever going to be an executive I must first ——"

"A what? Well, I'm afraid we'll have to wait a while to see about that. Executives are—well, born."

"Say, It Always Strikes Me as Funny, the Way You Women That Think You're Business Women are Afraid to Go to Dinner and a Show, Like I Asked You To"

"Yes," she said, so obediently that it sounded like "Oh, yes, sir."

"Huh!" considered Price when she had gone. "Not a bad little woman at all! Seems willing and well bred. But women in an office! Stuff and nonsense! Here I'll give her the benefits of a lifetime's experience, and she'll say 'Yes!' And then she'll get married again just as she begins to be useful. Well, we'll watch the good ship Flivver, with its lady pilot, wreck itself on the rocks of good intentions; in fact, I think I'll take Billy out and make him buy me a drink."

III

MRS. ARROFORD, of Mt. Vernon, undoubtedly had good intentions; but they did not seem to be rocks in her way. She must have studied stenography during all of her spare time, for after two months, when Price's secretary became ill, she offered to take his dictation—and took it. She spelled accessories with an adequate number of c's and s's, and she didn't fidget when he was pawing the air for words; and she found the addresses of motor manufacturers in the files without bothering him about them. So she became his secretary permanently.

He discovered that she had moved into a furnished room in town, and that she was taking evening courses in applied electricity, metal forging, accountancy and cost-finding. And every Saturday afternoon she spent in the Magnus shops, till she knew almost as much about the actual manufacture of Magnus accessories as did Price himself. She became paler and less round of cheek, and her voice was more nervous; but when Price told her that she was doing excellent work and ought to take more time to play, she said that, in moving into town, she had deliberately got out of touch with all the neighborhood friends of her Mt. Vernon days. For relaxation, she said, she went to the Y. W. C. A. for a swim.

Ten years ago, this was; and even to-day women are accidents in business, except for certain classes—stenographers, store buyers, nurses, teachers. Mrs. Arroford had no standard, as has the young male, who can in half a city block find a dozen business men after whom he can, wisely or foolishly, model himself. She was enormously alone. And before she could work at all she had to learn what work itself was, for she had been brought up to regard work as the elegant supervision of a Lithuanian maid.

Picture her walking home after two hours of work at a forge, in the evening, less wearied by the toil than by shrinking from the noisy young men who had been working beside her and dutifully seeking to discover whether she would let them make love to her; walking home tired in arms and brain, yet plowing sturdily along, keeping her eyes away from shop windows, so that she might not be interrupted in her reflection upon the modifications that might some day be necessary in the Magnus carburetor for the use of distillate.

At a time when Price had never thought of distillate as a substitute for gasoline she had read about it in some dusty chemical journal or other, and had talked about its possible use to him—and he pooh-poohed her; told her:

"You mustn't pay any attention to these freak enthusiasms."

She was walking home while Mr. Price was playing a last game of bezique at the club and fondly looking forward to bed.

She neither went out to lunch, nor did she eat her apple and sandwich with the gossiping, man-discussing stenographers. She lunched alone, with a newspaper propped up behind the bag that held her lunch, on the tablet of her desk; then she walked for a quarter of an hour and got acquainted with motor salesmen in a sexless, enthusiastic, friendly way that made them respect her.

There was a danger in this severe, clean application of hers, but it was exactly the opposite danger of what Price had feared; she was not disrupting the office by kittenish flirtations, but, rather, she was in peril of losing all her soft, adorable kitten quality; of becoming hard and driving and priggish; of hating too much the grace and affection to which she had been reared.

Two little incidents marked her climb to a control of the situation.

There was a certain Mac, a slender, impudent young man with a tilted Alpine hat and a cocked cigar, who used to come in to see Price. He would lean against railings and make love to the

office girls. He said to Mrs. Arroford, after repeated attempts to impress his Apollolike charm on her:

"Say, little girl, it always strikes me as funny, the way you women that think you're business women are afraid to go to dinner and a show, like I asked you to. You think that's being strong-minded. Why, you're simply afraid! Can't trust yourselves! Now a business man knows that if he can keep on the job only by showing he's so weak that he's scared ——"

Mrs. Arroford replied in a high, clear voice that reached the telephone girl: "Why, Mr. MacLafferty, I quite agree with you. That isn't why I refuse your invitations. I'd be delighted to play with anybody I liked. But I don't like you. You bore me. Now go make love to somebody else till Mr. Price can see you."

Mac heard a good deal of that incident.

The other indication of Mrs. Arroford's progress was her illegal and inexcusable taking charge of the entire department for a week.

Price had a kind of an assistant general manager, a nice, strong young man who was about as original as a train announcer; and with this lamb and the sales manager he was motoring on the Boston Post Road, trying a new-model spark plug—and some new-model gin drinks—when a joy rider smashed into them; and all the visible heads of the Motor Accessories Department were taken home to their several beds. None of them was seriously injured, but they were away for a week, and just at this time the assistant sales manager came to Mrs. Arroford for an O. K. on a sale of ten thousand of the new spark plugs.

She refused. Nor would she call up Price; he had sent in word that he was not to be bothered. She had understood Price to say that he wanted to hold up these plugs—not let them out on the market for two months. The assistant sales manager snarled at her that he would make the sale, anyway; he had had no such orders. Mrs. Arroford went to Magnus and demanded—she did not ask, but, with her eyes vehement, like a cornered squirrel, she absolutely demanded—that Magnus order the sale held up.

"But who's running the department, Cousin Nancy?" inquired Magnus.

"I am! I know more about it than anybody else!"

"Well! . . . Well, I guess you are, then."

When Price came back he praised her decision and raised her salary.

After this triumph Mrs. Arroford settled back into obscurity—apparently. Really, she had become an unofficial assistant manager of the department. There are many such unofficial officials in the bureaus of our business government: men who have risen from office boy or packer, and still retain a shabby shyness, but know so much more about the business than most of the decorative heads that they run the concern. But they get neither kudos nor cash. They are not executives; they merely execute.

So was it with Mrs. Arroford. To the eye she was a pretty woman, tired and subdued. But she was left to handle important visitors, and she did not falter: "I don't know—I'll have to ask Mr. Price." She did know!

Unconsciously, still believing that she was only a feeble feminine makeshift for an aide, Price had come to depend on her as his eyes and ears and memory.

He had been kind to her. He had not nagged; he had taken her version of events; he had not slighted her in the presence of big outside visitors; he had guided her in her study of mechanics and office procedure. And he had never tried to hold her hand! He was still rather paternal and quizzical when she was excited over a new idea; but he was courteous always.

In return, she worshiped him—no, she did more than that; she really liked to take his dictation! She wasn't crotchety when he wanted her to stay after hours, and she personally mailed his late letters. When he slacked she covered up his errors and put them down in her mind to the strain of his position. Even when she had to keep after him to get him to dictate a letter that should have been sent out two days before, it never occurred to her that she was anything other than the colonel's striker

So she followed him zealously into the battles of the second great period of the motor war: the time when people ceased to regard the motor car as a luxury or an experiment, and saw it as a daily necessity.

IV

WHEN the discerning historian of 3000 A. D. writes of this century he will give less space to the Great European War than to the development of gas motors. Already, incredibly, the motor vehicle has changed the face of the earth. It sends the most stodgy city dweller into places where he can find wisdom and fresh air; it has solved that ancient problem of the desolation of the farm. It has transformed the ways of pleasure—it has even changed the life-old ways of love-making! Though poets still call our attention to roses, a poetry more magnificent is being sung about us by popping—or sliding—valves.

A Yacht Was Plowing Up the Hudson, Its Searchlight Shifting Over the Snowy Heights

Something of this romantic miracle was realized in the humdrum offices of the Magnus Machining Company. Till now people had—most of them—taken motor cars as they came. You bought a car, and it was hung all over with accessories; and you never thought of changing it. You didn't know how. But now ordinary motorists began to be discriminating about spark plugs, radiators, shock absorbers, speedometers, oil gauges; and to add them or change them to suit themselves. Magnus and Price, between them—possibly with some slight assistance from certain workmen and people like Mrs. Arroford—made good accessories, and got them out on time. So their business boomed enormously.

Price rose from colonel to brigadier general of business; his salary rose from nine thousand to fifteen thousand—almost painlessly—and promised to go higher. He was constantly in conference with the sales manager; jobbers and special dealers in accessories had come into existence, and their accounts were as important as those of the smaller manufacturers. Price was growing.

But it seems probable to the historian that he wasn't growing in the right direction. He was too contemptuous of detail.

You hear of executives who are geniuses at delegating details; who keep themselves for the big decisions. But every decision is a synthesis of many details, and there is yet to be found even an executive who can walk up a long, a very long flight of stairs without touching some of the steps.

Price was, for example, bored by the question of whether the new Macklin & Macklin Company should be allowed to open an account. He was rather tart with the accountant who consulted him on the question at a time when he was planning a campaign to get the Viviere people to adopt the Magnus carburetor as a stock feature. Only—the Macklin account was opened, and it netted Magnus a dead loss of seven thousand dollars before it was caught; while the Viviere negotiations gave one revolution, sputtered, and went dead. . . . An executive isn't one who neglects details. He is a man who knows which details are significant. And usually Price did know; but ——

Perhaps he was getting a little tired of year on year of grind. While Mrs. Arroford every day was more exultant in her power to steer the job.

This growing tiredness on the part of Price was indicated by his increasing love of expansive ease; of all the things that go with a well-to-do middle-aged bachelorhood—long lunches, with long cigars; hotel bars, with leather chairs and carved-oak grills; club card rooms; taxis; recognition by head waiters. But he really did know motor accessories. And perhaps his very habit of being about with costly, large-waistcoated, throaty-voiced gentlemen helped him; for at a dinner he met and unconsciously made an impression upon Vorhees, the gun manufacturer, and so came to be chosen for the Big Job.

Vorhees offered him the general managership of the new Pistoflash Company, with the entire Vorhees Rifle Corporation behind it; offered him a free rein in the business, a salary of twenty thousand a year on a two-year contract, and a ten per cent share of stock after the two years if he made good.

The Pistoflash was a combination of revolver and flashlight. It was, Vorhees asserted, the one perfect weapon for the touring motorist—Price's special quarry—as well as for policemen and alarmed householders.

"I think," said Vorhees, "you ought to be able to sell one to practically every motorist in the country; and we use a special long-life battery, and get follow-up business on that."

"You're on!" said Price.

To work for his own share in the company; to work for himself—not just for rabbity old Magnus! He said good-by to the Magnus offices somewhat grandiloquently; much like a popular preacher "called to a wider field of usefulness."

He was buoyant with his friend, Billy Turner, the sales manager, who was to be his successor as general manager. He was polite but not too regretful with Magnus. He was noble-minded with the stenographers, the foremen. Then, in his office, with his personal letters cleared out of his desk, and his private fountain pen recovered from behind the files, where it had been marooned and practically useless these three months, and with his deerstalker hat and bachelor's tan overcoat and new yellow chamois gloves ready to put on, he started to be advisory and kindly with Mrs. Arroford.

Now that he was no longer to have her deft care, he realized how dear to him was the daily office companionship of this woman. She stood before him, eyes downcast, hands nervously straightening a wire basket on his desk. Her foreshortened face was pale but clear; her lips were the fresh lips of a girl. He was saying:

"Well, I'll be leaving you in good hands, Mrs. Arroford. Billy Turner will make a good chief. No reason why you shouldn't rise above this secretaryship. I don't believe that offices are just the place for women; but there must

be some exceptions, of course, and I don't see why you shouldn't become a sort of assistant manager some day. Got lots of faith in you, child. The one thing you want to watch out for is getting too wildly enthusiastic over novelties—new customers and patents, and so on. Thing's got to have a good, sound, practical basis, first of all. Well——"

"I'm sorry you're going," she said dully.

She was leaning against the desk. Her hand was trembling a little; the wire basket she was fingering clattered faintly on the oak top.

Then it was that he saw her not just as a tool, a rather intelligent notebook or pencil, but as a woman, with dear eyes and a smile that had made of the office a place of contented work. He visualized her woman ways; knew that he would miss her trick of sitting, waiting with brooding eyes and with cheek resting on inward-arched fingers, when they were interrupted during dictation.

He leaped up.

"You look tired. Sit down—please do! I'm a brute to let you go on standing there. Didn't mean to be rude. Got so used to depending on you as an aide that I suppose I forgot you're a mighty fine girl too."

"No; I'm not tired," she sighed. "Good-by!"

She turned resolutely away and opened the door of his office. He might not see her again; not ever see that sturdy retreating back, at which he had looked a thousand times as she had gone off with his dictation, and which had, therefore, meant to him a thankfulness that some beastly pile of work was done and now in her competent hands.

"Don't—don't go yet!" he begged.

She looked back; he was startled by the glow in her eyes, then equally startled by the suddenness with which a mask of office impersonality covered the glow, so that she seemed merely to be awaiting orders.

"Will you miss me?" he said.

He was essentially a lonely man, who had happened never to fall very much in love—just as he had happened to become an executive. He was reminded now that there was such a thing as love, and he was challenging the evanescent glow which had flashed at him from her face. Not that glow but the office mask answered him:

"Yes, I am sure we'll all miss you. Mr. Giddings and I were saying, just now, that there could never be such esprit de corps as ——"

"Oh, hang the corps! Will you miss me?"

"Why"—as if in surprise at this breach of office etiquette—"I shall, of course. I've got so used to your dictation."

"I suppose this serves me right for making you a machine. Look! Come out to tea with me. Now!"

He felt a stirring in him, an eagerness to know what that glow meant, a discovery that he had insensibly grown very fond of her; and he was disappointed when she said unenthusiastically:

"Very well; if you wish."

They didn't talk much on the street; but he planned, once they should be snugly seated, to throw aside all the slight severity of being her boss and make her exult with him in his discovery that they were friends. But when they were in the smart hotel tea room he was unable to find anything to say to her. The best he could do in the way of affectionate intimacy was to stammer: "Well—uh—well, we've had a good deal of fun working together."

"Yes," she said more prosily than ever.

There was between them, not glow and discovery but the peculiarly solid phantom of a peculiarly solid oak desk, and three years of such amorpus murmurs as:

"Say, Mis' Arroford, could you get out a letter P. D. Q.?"

They talked—now when he wanted to make a touching farewell—they talked of the appearance of the brass name plate on the new carburetor! He saw her anew as a woman, an attractive woman. He tried to drop notes of tenderness into the conversation. But she went on discussing brass stamping.

She looked at her watch, which had been a timepiece to him before, but was now a slender bracelet on a sentimentally white round wrist, and exclaimed:

"Heavens! It's five o'clock. And I have two hours' more work. Must have your records ready for the new chief."

"Wouldn't you like to consider coming with me to the Pistoflash Company? I need you for my secretary there."

"No—you have been good to me, but I've identified myself with auto accessories so completely now that I can't turn to anything else. I've—I'm married to them. . . . I must hurry now."

He had no excuse for returning to the office with her. He had done complete justice to a Washingtonian last farewell to his troops. So he put her on a bus, and felt that he had lost the chance to acquire something fine and good. He walked slowly to his club.

He called up the Magnus office and suggested to his successor, the former sales manager, that he come down to the club for a last drink and talk.

The purpose of this talk—and drink—wasn't to give his friend the benefit of his wisdom. It was to insert casually the hint that though, of course, they both knew that women were out of place in business, yet Mrs. Arroford was the best man in the shop, and it would be for the good of the concern to advance her beyond a secretaryship.

"Let's see," Price craftily mused: "you're raising your old assistant to sales manager and you haven't chosen his successor. This is butting in—just a suggestion; but why don't you just try out Mrs. Arroford as assistant sales manager? Send her out on the road for a while, and then try her? I've watched her for three years, and I'll bet a hat she knows more about the stock and the quirks of a lot of the trade than either you or me, Billy. She can handle the crankiest customer — "

"By golly, that's a good idea!" said Price's successor. "I'll try her out. Though, of course, a woman ——"

"Oh, of course you couldn't expect any woman ordinarily to stand the hard knocks like you and me, Billy; but still ——"

V

IF PRICE could have gone to the Pistoflash Company as a subordinate, could have worked slowly into the gun business, he might have learned something about it; but he arrived with a fanfare of trumpets, as the big executive who already knew all about executing—executing almost anything.

They had provided an obliging young man to insulate him from anybody who wanted to annoy him with details. He didn't need to see a single employee except his secretary, the factory superintendent, the purchasing agent and the advertising man; and as for the powers above him, he was responsible to no one but the board of directors. Officially Vorhees, the majority stockholder, was president of the company; but he interfered as little with the actual workings as though he was only chairman of the board.

With such a royal position ready made, Price could not help sliding into a notion that he was rather above the average run of business men. He was the executive; whatever he did, that must be right. His decisions were papal bulls.

They all encouraged him in that belief. He had come to them as the expert, the man who was to make Pistoflash sell. It wasn't his fault entirely—he really was a pleasant chap and popular at the club—if he felt that it wasn't necessary for him to study things minutely. He kept himself for the big decisions.

As he didn't know much about the business, those big decisions didn't consume any too much of his time. He complacently came to conceive his job as a twiddling of the thumbs, an agreeable siesta in his enormous chair, and frequent absences from the office during work hours, while the anxious young men of the company wrote the advertisements or tried to persuade the jobbers to take large consignments of Pistoflashes.

He Gave Up His Apartment, Took a Two-Room Suite, and Cooked His Own Breakfasts

It was easy; and Vorhees said nothing—except that at the end of the first year he murmured:

"Price, after your experience with auto accessories, I'd thought you'd make a more direct appeal to individual motorists—good way to get the Pistoflash introduced. Seems to me you let the jobbers do too much of your pushing. Fish for the direct consumers. You ought to know them, if anybody does. The people who buy cars and speedometers and cameras and phonographs, they're the ones that can afford to buy Pistoflashes. Spend whatever is necessary in national advertising."

Price was rather jarred by the criticism and tried to profit by it. He turned his publicity department upside down that second year and made a real advertising campaign—well, fairly real, but not quite alive and breathing. He did not follow it up by getting at the small local dealers, and by this time the oversolicited jobbers were bored by Pistoflash.

His first year had resulted in a loss to the company; the second year increased that loss.

He began to realize that he was up against it for the first time since he had been a cub salesman; up against the reality of struggle. But he was unable to shake off the hypnotic spell of sloth into which he had drifted. There was no one to stir him. He remembered how Mrs. Arroford, as his secretary, had always roused him to activity. Even when he had not been ashamed to be indolent before himself, he had been ashamed to be so before her trusting eyes.

He wanted to see her—have her inspiration. He asked his successor at Magnus' about her and found that she had made good as assistant sales manager; that she was in line for sales manager, and was none the less valuable because, as a woman, she was a novelty. He asked for her home phone number; rang her up once at home and once at the Magnus office, planning to call. She was away both times.

He gave her up—gave himself up to the despair of mental beach combing.

His peril was increased by the expensiveness of his establishment and habits. He had a large apartment, a Jap, dinner parties, two cars, occasional vintage champagne. He had saved out of his considerable salary only seven thousand dollars at the end of that second year, when Vorhees and the board of directors called him in and fired him as uninterestedly as though he were an impudent office boy.

VI

HE HAD, for the first time in twenty years, to hunt a new position like a young clerk, not like an executive for whose services firms contested; in fact, the job-hunting clerk had the better of it, for Price was a twenty-thousand-dollar man now and he couldn't take a position at less; he couldn't even visibly economize without admitting that he was a failure, on the downslope. So many eyes were watching him ——

He told himself that he wouldn't take the first thing that offered; he would wait and choose. He waited, all right! He waited four months; and he did not receive a single offer of any kind from any firm.

They were bitter months. At first, he enjoyed sitting about the club all day. Vorhees had permitted him to maintain the fiction that he had "resigned from Pistoflash to look after interests of his own." Inasmuch as twenty-thousand-dollar men are never fired, but always "resign," many fellows at the club were a little cynical; most of them, however, in view of his unreduced expenditures and his ruddy blandness, believed the jolly tale and envied him his armchair leisure. But behind his well-trained face muscles he wasn't comfortable. He worried. He kept making estimates as to how long he could hold out at this rate of living.

He became bored by idleness. What had been a refuge from business was infernally dull as a regular abiding place. To drift all day from library to grill to card room, and then to go out for a poky walk through undiversified streets, or even to sneak into a movie—that existence was more arduous than the stress of anxiety during the most critical days of Magnus Accessories.

Price began to meditate about himself. He remembered his business career as a series of half-done tasks, half-seized opportunities, half-understood purposes, half-lying self-satisfaction. He felt that he had been a plain shyster at the Pistoflash Company. He longed for another chance to make good; less and less he saw himself as a Napoleon in exile. But unfortunately no one else could see this real spiritual change, and a bad reputation of him had crept through the circle of automobile men who might have been glad—once—to give him the chance.

At the end of four months, during which he had used up a good deal of his seven thousand dollars in small smart parties and a general attempt to appear more prosperous

(Continued on Page 101)

Glenmere White Monarch and the Gas-House Pup

By R. G. Kirk

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

More Than a Thousand Men Sat, Whispering, Waiting in the Shadow Back of the Low Fence

MC DONALD'S Grip and Mr. Slugs O'Boyle had just rounded the northeast corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street when the White Monarch's limousine drew up to the curb; and, simultaneously with the opening of the door of the car, the leash in Mr. O'Boyle's huge fist snapped rigid. And the White Monarch of Glenmere, stepping lazily down from his car, suddenly turned solid in his tracks.

Miss Audrey deHavin screamed and caught her skirts up about her so hastily and high that approximately ten dollars' worth of golden silk hosiery flashed into the view of an appreciative metropolis.

Mr. Forsythe Wentworth deHavin, who was handing her out of the Monarch's car, called out a command in a voice of mezzo-tenor sternness.

"I say, fellow," he said loftily, "hold more tightly to your leash there! You'll have your beastly cur upon the Monarch in a moment."

Mr. A. Beckwith deHavin, III, however, dashed out of the auto, past his expostulating brother and sister, and did something. He snatched up the White Monarch of Glenmere just as Mr. O'Boyle, with a sneer on his thin lips, allowed the Gas-House Pup to jerk the leather out of his hand. But, instead of meeting in the snowy coat of the Monarch, the teeth of the leaping dog clicked in the air. A quick twist of the lithe waist of the third Beckwith deHavin had swung his burden back of him, and the hurtling brindle-and-white flash carried past, right into the Monarch's car through the open door, which was slammed quickly shut, leaving the Grip alone, confounded, and perhaps a little frightened in strange quarters, somewhat more luxurious than his box of straw in the Interborough Gas Company's stables.

"'Beastly cur,' huh?" Mr. Slugs O'Boyle was snarling into the faces of Miss Audrey and Mr. Forsythe deHavin, as Mr. A. Beckwith replaced the squirming Monarch on the sidewalk. "Fat chance for your white snob to get a champeenship in there to-day if I had only turned the 'beastly cur' loose to pasture on him a second sooner. His champeenship!" And his mouth went wry with scorn. "Of what? Of a thousand stalls of milk-fed pussy-hounds. Where a pit bull, such as is all dog, ain't even allowed to bench!

"B'Cheea, I believe the bunch of you stuffed shirts is afraid to let your candy pups go up agin a honest pit terry, even in the show ring, let alone the pit, for fear the judge would get his eye full wanst of a honest-to-God dog!

"'Beastly cur,' huh?" he repeated, and his lips pulled away from some broken teeth. "Wot's his name? Champeen Pure White Percy'd be my guess. There's just wan place where champeens is made—the pit! And him! In the pit!"

And Mr. Slugs O'Boyle, in his contempt, puckered up his mouth and thrust out his chin toward the spot where the White Monarch of Glenmere was sniffing very doggily at the lower crack of his car door, and looking back questioningly over his shoulder at A. Beckwith deHavin, with that certain uptilt of chin and backroll of eyes which have been patented for bulldoggy use the wide world over.

An ugly stain splashed out on the Monarch's perfectly groomed coat. Upon which Miss Audrey deHavin screamed again, horrified; and it was she, this time, who caught up the heavy animal, careless of the moist smear of my Lady Nicotine against the yellow silk of her sport coat.

Mr. Forsythe Wentworth deHavin, true to form, also did something useless.

"I owe your ugly brute an apology, my dear but filthy mucker," said this narrow-chested gentleman. "I should have called the animal on the other end of your dog's leash a beastly cur."

And he raised his light walking stick backhanded over his shoulder.

Mr. Slugs O'Boyle grinned crooked amusement. He laid the back of his left hand along his right cheek, hunched his broad back, lowered his chin on his chest, and drew back his right arm a trifle. The switching cane would have found only the button of his tight-pulled cap uncovered; and the "counter" trembling in that right arm would have laid Mr. Forsythe Wentworth deHavin on the social shelf for as many weeks as it would have taken his dentist to make up the necessary bridges.

But A. B. deHavin, III, tapped his knuckles briskly on his brother's soft biceps, and the cane fell to the sidewalk.

"You were about to say, when you accidentally spat on my dog ——" inquired the third A. Beckwith of Mr. O'Boyle.

"I was sayin,' when I spit on your dog ——" began Mr. O'Boyle, emphasizing the omission.

"I'm sure you'll pardon my interruption," said Mr. deHavin with utmost suavity; "but you were saying, when you accidentally spat on my dog ——" And he reached back into the tail of his coat with a very careless but deliberate gesture.

Mr. O'Boyle had looked often enough into the eyes of gentlemen in the other corner of the squared circle to be a fair judge of what he saw there. But he looked now into the eyes of the best poker player at the Glenmere Hunt Club—which, as you may be aware, is not an inconsiderable distinction—and he could learn absolutely nothing in their pale gray depths about the deliberate hand menacing under those immaculate coattails. It was daylight in the very heart of New York; so, surely —— But the eyes were hard—very hard.

"When I 'accidentally' spit on your dog," repeated Mr. Slugs O'Boyle, putting a contemptuous accent on the word, but using it, nevertheless, "I was sayin' that any champeenship he ever got would last him about three minutes in the pit with the best dog that ever got inside of that gas buggy there."

Mr. A. Beckwith deHavin, III, brought from back of him the threatening handkerchief and flicked various imaginary dog hairs from his coat. Mr. O'Boyle went raw at the thought of what a hand had bluffed him down; and rawer still when, without another word, or so much as another glance, all three aristocratic backs were turned aggravatingly upon him as Mr. deHavin, III, piloted his brother and sister toward one of the Twenty-sixth Street entrances to the Garden.

Going up the steps, Miss Audrey repeated a charming golden display. A door swung wide. Out into the noisy city came a chorus that jerked forward the delicate rose ears of the White Monarch of Glenmere and made him lose all interest in his limousine and what his limousine contained. But the sweet resounding din from a thousand show benches warmed no cockles in the heart of Mr. Slugs O'Boyle. He merely made his final insults more contemptible by calling them to the bulldog instead of to his escort.

"And to get your lickin' wouldn't be so bad, you big white mut!" he said. "The best of dogs and men that ever fights gets licked. But you wouldn't have the guts to lose right."

In another moment the door would close on those three intolerable backs. Mr. O'Boyle raised his voice to a shout:

"There never was blue bloods yet, if you put the gaff into 'em, that wouldn't show a damn sight more yellow up their backs than up their legs."

Mr. A. Beckwith deHavin, III, whirled instantly on his heel, his face as purple as his sister's. He stepped swiftly down to the pavement and flashed a card out of his vest pocket, extending it between two fingers.

"Communicate with me, please," he said very quietly, "whenever it suits you to have your dog try to prove that what you please to term a blue blood can't lose right." And then he added just as evenly, with never a rise in his tone: "And count on this, please: that if your dog has any convincing arguments I shall be satisfied to let the matter stand as demonstrated; but if not, you will either offer decent apology for your indecent insults or I shall feel obliged to further disprove your theory by personally batting the few teeth the other fellow left for me right down your filthy throat!"

Andrews, the chauffeur, unlatched the door of the deHavin car, and McDonald's Grip, still bewildered by his sudden and luxurious imprisonment, nosed Mr. O'Boyle's leg, broke that gentleman's astounded stare toward a closed entrance of the Garden, and proceeded with him out Twenty-sixth Street as far as Lexington Avenue before his trainer realized that the fiercest pit terrier in America was traveling New York's streets with a trailing leash.

Glenmere White Monarch proceeded to his bench, pawed his way clumsily onto it, received a touch of soapy cloth, towel and talcum on a stained spot over his shoulder, shook an ingratiating paw stiff-leggedly with as many visitors as knew how different was his disposition from his style of beauty, and finally proceeded to the winners' ring, where, scoring over the old campaigner, Champion Forrest Hills Kennels Penfold Cavalier, in sourness of expression only, he took, nevertheless, the blue, and the five points he needed to give him the coveted prefix, Ch.

Mr. Patrick O'Boyle was, both naturally and by consistent effort, as different from his brother Terrance, better known to fame as Slugs, as he could possibly be.

Mr. Terrance O'Boyle's forehead was low. His hair was bristly black. His eyes were close. His lips were thin. His body was bovine, his nose broken, and his ears cauliflower.

Mr. Patrick O'Boyle had a fair, broad brow, crowned thickly with a curly dark-red thatch. His eyes were set out on the edges of his face. His mouth smiled steadily such a Celtic breadth that it threatened the location of his ears. And these ears had been, up to this time, too cleverly protected to allow any five-ounce glove, full of knuckles, to break their gristle. His nose, too, had shared this same impenetrable defense, for it still uptilted in undamaged impertinence above the long upper lip. And as for muscular action, the movements of Brother Pat partook of none of the bull-like strength of Brother Terrance. Let it rather be said in description that a young tiger, by minding his step, could no doubt have moved his body every bit as easily and as wickedly swift as could KO Pat O'Boyle.

Also, Patrick's body was scrupulously clean from heel to head outside, and from skin to skin inside—muscle, tendon, blood, nerve, bone and marrow—and, therefore, matched his immortal soul. The soul of the other Brother O'Boyle was also a fit tenant for its house; which need not

necessarily be construed as a compliment, for Brother Terrance had no special enthusiasm for Saturday evening, on which day he followed the time-honored custom of performing certain rites deemed necessary only in connection with donning Sunday attire. And as for internal cleanliness, he had ceased even his ill-spirited training after the old third-rater trial-horse heavy, Jim Flint, had bounced a haymaker off the point of his jaw.

As to the point of material prosperity, Mr. Terrance was not what might be termed an object of envy, for his present position in the world of affairs was that of trainer of Shamus McDonald's stable of fighting dogs; while at the moment of our introduction to Brother KO Pat we find him surrounded by a circle of reporters, backers, trainers, managers, gamblers, true sportsmen followers of the Game, and friends; among whom could be numbered, as belonging to the last two classes, a tall, dapper, well-knit young fellow, caned and monocled to extinction, pale yellow of hair and tintless of skin, but with light eyes whose gray sparkle belied the general pallor of his coloring; which same young swell answered in this company to the seemingly appropriate name of Becky.

"Now throw in the high, the bunch of you," grinned Pat O'Boyle after a quarter hour of the usual after-training chatter; "for I'll not be answerin' foolish question number 31569 to-day, and I'll be makin' no statements as to how I'm going to lay Stinger Wilson away before the sixth. You reportin' lads can easy enough write out a column or two of that con without any help from me." And he unceremoniously shooed out of his training quarters all but his very closest friend, who proved to be the pale-haired Becky mentioned above.

"Do I know anything about McDonald's Grip?" repeated Mr. O'Boyle. "Do I know the Gas-House Pup? You don't happen to know the maiden name of Mrs. Patrick O'Boyle, I guess. Well, I'll be tellin' it to you when I say that Old Shamus McDonald is the whitest, squarest old sport of a daddy-in-law that any lad ever crowed about. And McDonald's Grip is as white and square as his master, and can go twice as far in a ruction; which is such high praise as could only be said of the best pit terrier in the world—which he is. And more than that, for that doggie has brought out the only love that ever showed through the black heart of his trainer, which same is my own blackguard brother, Terry. Why do you ask?"

Mr. O'Boyle Looked Into the Eyes of the Best Poker Player at the Glenmere Hunt Club and He Could Learn Nothing in Their Pale Gray Depths

"Only because a short, broad, red-faced, white-haired gentleman, who, no doubt, is this same daddy-in-law, came shouldering into our drawing-room last evening, a-bouncing our protesting Jephcott backward off his chest at every step, and presented me with one of my own cards, and wanted to know, first, if I was the son of my dad; and, second, if he might be allowed the courtesy of looking over the White Monarch; and, third, when it would suit me to match the dogs."

"Match what dogs?" growled Mr. O'Boyle skeptically.

"Grip and the Monarch."

Patrick O'Boyle let out a whoop that would have graced the liveliest ruction at an ancient Donegal Fair.

"For the worship of my good name saint!" he yelled, and ducked back under the shower as though to revive his fainting spirits.

He gave the faucet handle a fling wide over to the cold-water side of the valve. A moment later, standing wide-legged in dripping and superb unconscious nakedness before Mr. Becky deHavin, he addressed that gentleman vehemently, emphasizing his remarks by waving a wetter and wetter towel under the aristocratic nose.

"You don't mean to stand there in front of me, without your guard up, and tell me you're gonna put the Monarch into the pit with the Gas-House Pup!" he shouted.

Becky deHavin nodded affirmation.

"But—hell's bells!—Becky, me boy, if he could come out of it with no more than a slit ear he'd be done on the bench forever. And him with a Garden best-of-the-breed win tacked onto him at the beginning of his career!"

"But I had to do it, Pat. A beast who had Grip on the lead said that the Monarch couldn't lose right. And that there never was a blue blood that could. And then the skunk passed an insulting remark that brought my sister rudely into our street brawl. There are times, friend Pat, when a man and his dog have simply got to fight."

"True for you," sanctioned Mr. O'Boyle; "and specially if it's my hard brother's ugly sneer that goes with the words; and I seem to see his fine Irish hand at work in this. But do you know what it means when the gang at the pit says a dog's 'lost right'? Here's what it means: that when it comes his turn to scratch, no matter how he's torn and weak, or how many of his legs is broke, or how many hours he has stood up under the teeth of a better dog, just the same he carries the fight across into the other corner of the pit, without a stop or a pause, if he has to crawl every inch of the way to his beatin' flat on his belly. A dog or man, or any other fightin' animal, loses when he quits; and a pit dog that loses right quits when he's dead."

KO O'Boyle's eyes were full of accusation.

"Sure, you don't want the old friend dog to come to an end like that!" he said.

"I think the old Jerrypup might prefer just that kind of an end," replied Becky. "I believe he'd rather round the Horn, if he had his choice, in the strength of his youth and the joy of death grips than to have me end the suffering of old and worn-out days by holding the cone down tight over his feebly protesting nose."

DeHavin's eyes went hot at the thought of the hour that comes to all who have had a dog for a friend. Then he applied his handkerchief to his nose—a little high perhaps—and said:

"And, on the other hand, why assume that he's going to lose?"

"Undershot!" explained O'Boyle, dismissing the possibility of a win with that one word. "I'm tellin' you 'tis a damn shame to be putting a white wonder like the Monarch onto the tanbark with Grip. If it was only the spoiling of all them thousands of dollars' worth of dog, I'd not be kicking to you; for a good scrap's worth whatever you can afford to pay for it. But this won't be good. There won't be no fight. It ain't treatin' the Monarch fair; for he won't have the chance of that old cotton cat."

"Why not?"

"His jaw! He ain't made for the game. He's lived too easy—him and his ancestors. The fighting days of his breed is hundreds of years in the past. Why, I'll bet you my winnings with Stinger that you won't even be able to make old Monarch train."

Mr. Becky deHavin smiled superior knowledge. He switched his light cane to and fro complacently.

"Train?" he said. "Why, the old Monarch is fit to go to the mat this minute with any dog, wild cat or elephant in the country. There's not an ounce of fat on him. While shape for the Hunt Club's where he made his last kill-him five miles up hill and every day for a month."

O'Boyle gazed into his despair. "Five miles a

"Duck your nut!"

ducked it. A soggy towel, heavy wad, flew over his against the wall.

getting him in outdoor show-ing, I walked down dale

Patrick Aloysius friend's monocle in day!" he roared.

A. Beckwith bundled into a head and banged

"All of that?" KO Patrick exploded derisively. "And you're the man that's going to put your good dog into the pit with McDonald's Grip? Considerin' his fondness for bones, you ought to let the Monarch nibble on your head a while. Five miles! Well, I'll be damned!"

Mr. O'Boyle paused for breath and surveyed his pale-haired friend witheringly before he went at him again.

"Listen to common sense!" he said. "I'm trainin' for ten rounds, or as much less as it'll take me to drop Stinger Wilson into the garbage can—thirty minutes' actual work, with ten minutes' rest divided among the thirty. But I go out that damn sand road that far and back again every morning to earn my breakfast—a little starter for the day's work. If you got brains, now use them: In his last fight it took the Gas-House Pup three hours and twenty-seven minutes to kill Gallivan's Slasher Bill."

Becky deHavin's delicate pale face showed the dawning of grave comprehension.

"All right, Pat," he said. "I guess I've been miscalculating the size of the Monarch's job."

"I thought I could show you it was the right thing to call it off," said Pat.

"Call what off?" snapped Becky deHavin. "Both I and the Monarch have been living too easy. We're going to work. He's got a theory to disprove; and I've contracted with you to help me train to trim a man twice my weight, who probably is your brother. When do we start the grind?"

Patrick O'Boyle saw in the pale eyes the kind of fire that he knew meant trouble when he saw it gleaming in the opposite corner of the ring.

"To-day," said KO Pat. "And because I'm foolish fond of the two of you I'm gonna work you till you holler for mercy."

Late on a sunny afternoon a month after the meeting of Mr. Slugs O'Boyle with the scions of the House of deHavin a lacquered palace, built on pneumatic foundations—a sort of castle on air, as it were—floated to a stop in front of the training quarters of KO Pat O'Boyle, challenger for the world's lightweight title; and two elderly gentlemen disembarked. The stout pale gentleman, with the shell-rimmed glasses and the grouch, was none other than Mr. A. Beckwith deHavin, II, president and general manager of the Interborough Gas Company, himself; and the stout florid gentleman, without any glasses at all, and a smile, was none other than Mr. Shamus McDonald, P. and G. M. of the Interborough Gas Company's stables, himself.

The grouch and the smile linked arms and sallied up the steps to the entrance of the long and high-fenced yard that reached from the motor drive down to the Hudson.

"What newspaper?" asked a young man who affected the habiliments of his calling—heelless ring shoes; wide-cuffed peg trousers; and a high-necked, long-sleeved jersey, tucked down shirt-fashion inside a belt which was rendered superfluous by the flaunting suspenders that topped his sweater. A cap of generous size completed the towel-swinger's uniform; and this was cocked sidewise and yanked down tight from the back of the neck to where the pouch of the long peak was stretched down to his eyebrows; and it added just the bellicose touch necessary to elicit a pugnacious reply from Mr. deHavin, II.

"Newspaper—hell!" responded that gentleman. "Do these two fronts look as though they belonged to a couple of half-starved cubs?"

"Big belly or small," shot back the suspenders, "they don't come busting in on Mr. O'Boyle's afternoon nap unless they show me first."

"Which means," grinned Shamus McDonald at his boss appreciatively, "that you send in your card and cool your heels in the lobby for a while, gettin' a taste of your own medicine thereby."

"You'd think he was a hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year man," blustered Mr. deHavin.

"He will be that, and more, the minute he hangs a KO on Stinger Wilson's jaw," said Shamus McDonald proudly. Then: "Here, son"—to the lilac-suspendered Cerberus—"lean that tin ornament over to me." And he whispered a few words in his ear.

Upon which a wide gleam of teeth opened up under the long-peaked cap, and with all affability he ushered the two stout gentlemen into the sacred sleeping presence of KO Pat.

"What's the open-sesame, Shamus?" asked Mr. deHavin.

"What's the what?" said Shamus.

It happened that, at the time the visitors entered, Mr. O'Boyle was not, as was his usual custom at this time of day, enjoying a well-earned siesta under the little canvas that was spread down by the springing board at the wharf, but was hanging over a low fence that inclosed one corner of the training camp. On one side of him the second A. Beckwith deHavin recognized the supple shoulders and pale-yellow hair of the third of that same name. On the other side of Mr. O'Boyle there leaned a purple bathrobe, out of the top of which poked a rubber bathing cap of tan, and under the skirt of which appeared a pleasant prospect of neatest bathing slippers and light-brown, bare, slender ankles.

Age had not dimmed the eye of the second A. B. deHavin; and immediately a suspicion came into his mind that boxing lessons, the training of Glenmere White Monarch, and a true friendship for Pat O'Boyle, the man, were not the three only attractions that brought the pale blond Beckwith out to the fighter's quarters daily.

Inside the fence on which the trio leaned their elbows stood a center upright post of four-by-four timber, some eight feet high, guyed at the top through a bearing and seated at the bottom in a socket. Extending from a point near the bottom of the four-by-four, two horizontal two-by-fours, braced to the upright, extended radially ten or twelve feet, until they were a considerable distance apart at the ends. A beaten tanbark path marked a circle about the upright as a center, with the horizontal timbers as radii.

And, lying flat on his stomach, tethered back and front between the ends of the radial two-by-fours, with fore-legs stretched out in front and back legs stretched out full length flat behind him, frog-fashion, lay the panting form of the White Monarch of Glenmere. His tongue hung out for yards and yards and dripped a clear and healthy saliva as he perspired there. And his sweet brown eyes, with never a move of his recumbent head, rolled toward the three who stood there trying to wheedle him into further revolutions in his training machine.

"This is my good friend Pat O'Boyle, governor," said the young DeHavin as his father and the smiling McDonald came up to the fence. "And this is my daddy, Nora—father, Miss McDonald."

Nora McDonald held her purple bathrobe close about her with one hand and put the other one out to the senior DeHavin. It didn't look exactly like the hand of a stable boss' daughter; in fact, it was a better-looking hand than the daughter of the stable boss' boss could have shown. Not any softer, to be sure, but just as soft—and firmer in the grasp; and a beautiful live brown instead of dead white; and a little rounder and a bit more shapely. All of which A. B. deHavin, II, noticed as he held it. A. B. deHavin, III, had inherited all his noticing abilities—which were acute.

"I'm mighty glad to meet a daughter of Shamus McDonald," said the president of the Interborough Gas Company, "but I'm very sure, Shamus, that I've met your girl somewhere before. Her face is mighty familiar. Do you remember our ever meeting, Miss McDonald? I'm both ashamed of and astounded at myself for not recalling where."

And he took a fine big look at her, ostensibly to assist his recollection; maybe for other reasons best known to himself. At any rate, the pale eyes of A. B. the third took on a twinkle; and, apropos of nothing whatever, he said:

"Dad, you'll have to buy a ticket for that."

Nora McDonald's eyes sparkled, also.

"Perhaps you will recall me when you see more of me," she said.

At this a grin broke out that was shared by all present but the senior A. B.

Not being in on the laugh brought Father deHavin's ever-ready grouch blooming into view.

"Well," he asked his son, "do you think that dog is going to get into shape for the Gas-House Pup by lying there on his stomach? How many minutes did he do to-day?"

"Fifteen."

"Fifteen, huh!" retorted father and grouch in unison. "The only part of the training that you seem to be able to make that dog do thoroughly is to take his alcohol rub and eat his five pounds of beef rump daily. You made the match that's going to ruin him for the bench if he doesn't get killed; and I'm putting it up to you to have him right. I want at least one member of the family that I needn't be ashamed to put up against a scrap. Get this accomplished at least—I haven't asked you to do anything else, so far, have I?"

The pale eyes of the third A. Beckwith deHavin shot the same fire that came out of them when he put on the ten-ounce gloves with an erstwhile and future friend named Pat O'Boyle. When they flew at each other in their training bouts, if any friendship lived on then, it was invisible to the naked eye. Had not the presence of the girl restricted the flow of language that rose to his lips, he might have relieved the pressure that made his colorless skin glow red. As it was, he mastered his tongue in gentlemanly fashion and blushed out his embarrassment with only a few low-spoken words.

"Why *don't* you ask me to?" he said.

But Shamus McDonald broke in with a word:

"Let's not go to war about this," said he. "As I've insisted many times since the match was made, let's call the ruction off. Never would I have been a party to it, anyhow, if I had looked at the bulldog's fangs when I first went out to see him. No matter what's his condition and courage, the fight's not goin' to be a fair one unless your dog can punish; and that he can't. We'll call it quits."

But the hard look was still in the eyes of Becky deHavin.

"He'll do his other ten minutes in the trainer," said that young man. "He's done his schedule every day, so far; though it does take a bit of persuasion." He scowled squarely at his father, with a look that returned the grouch with interest; then turned and glared at Shamus McDonald. "And there'll be no more talk about calling quits. I don't like the word."

Then he spoke to McDonald's daughter; and the scowl vanished, and the gray glint melted to an altogether different color in his eyes:

"Will you help me with him, Miss McDonald?"

"This Girl Has Seen Enough Brutality To-Night"

Now the training of a pit dog is almost a cruel thing. For a month before his fight he walks and runs interminably. He worries a coonskin, tied to the end of a heavy flexible sapling that springs with his weight and the pull of a rope in his trainer's hand, till at times he is flipped back somersaulting off his feet. He works with this endlessly, till his eye grows accurate and his jaws become perfect to strike the snapping skin; and he learns to hold his grip, and to switch his body back and forth with bone-breaking force by the play of his powerful neck thews.

But the grind that tries the heart and patience of the most courageous dogs is the daily monotony of the training machine. Ten minutes, fifteen minutes, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five—the daily drag increases until the poor dog thinks he shall never cease his endless circling round the sawdust path. Cajoled, bullied, scolded, bribed, punished by all methods but those that would tend to break his spirit, he does his allotted daily bit; and the discipline of it gets to be part of him. As he learns that he must stand up under long and punishing work, the heart to endure the bitter hours through which he may have to stand his beating in the pit grows sturdy within him; and, along with the fiery joy of perfect health and strength and dazzling speed, comes the power to endure under monotonous suffering—and endure—and endure—and endure; which is the true measure of all kinds of strength.

And the good-natured, lazy, lovable White Monarch of Glenmere was puzzled and annoyed at the necessity for leaving off his days of splendid indolence at the Glenmere Hunt Club Kennels for the rigors of the training camp of Pat O'Boyle. But by rapid degrees he came to enjoy that part of his work which had the zest of sport in it. He fairly reveled in his daily boxing bout with KO Pat. Again and again and again he would charge into the blows of the boxer's padded fists. Knocked head over heels, end over end, into the sawdust, he would scramble savagely to his feet again and, with a lion's growl rumbling in his throat, fly into the whizzing gloves with a speed and craft which increased so rapidly day by day that the time soon came when he could bull his way occasionally through the accurate blows into the padded sweater. Then a twist of his thick neck muscles would lash the fifty pounds of his body back and forth till the fabric yielded and the sweater was ripped from top to bottom. So fierce and swift became this romp that it soon began to help the eye and speed of Pat O'Boyle; and the stopping of those snarling charges had no ill effect on the boxer's courage, albeit the short tail wagged and wagged throughout the game.

If some mysterious reason had not arisen for Miss Nora McDonald to pay very frequent visits to her sister, and so to spend much time practicing her twenty-five beautiful dives off the wharf of her brother-in-law's training camp, it is doubtful if the White Monarch could ever have been compelled to forgo his hatred for the training machine. But the Irish girl was the one who discovered his almost hysterical fondness for the water. And now, at young Mr. deHavin's request, she used again the bribe she had found would work on the Monarch.

"Jerry go swim?" she asked.

Ears up.

"Go swim?" she wheedled again.

The panting dog was on his feet, eyes bright, head tilted to one side, tail so close to being gay that, had he ever elevated it to such a height in the judging ring, he might never have affixed the Ch. to his name.

"All right! Go swim," she said again, and started toward the wharf and the springing board that stood at the river end of the camp.

And good old Jerrydog, knowing from previous lessons that he should get no water romp unless he completed his task in the machine, started briskly to complete the deadly grind; and so plodded his unhappy way about and about, dragging the cursed lumber back of him, pushing ahead of him the devilish scantling that he could never overtake, until at last the voice he loved best in the world said to him, "That's a *good* dog!" Thus the gentle big bulldog learned that at the end of every long and honest fatigue there was a reward; and a white streak heads for the river.

On the wharf a purple bathrobe drops away, and a brown one-piece—one very small piece—diving suit shows how daringly near a match can be made between tan silk and tanned skin—and many other altogether charming things. An undulating stride or two and a slim brown figure hits the end of the springing board and rises almost perpendicularly into the air, hands up, back arched; and then, without any motion below the waist, bends double till finger

(Continued on Page 57)

The White Head and the Tan One Come to the Surface Together, and There Starts That Romping Hour of the Day for Which Both of Them Live

KENTUCKY TURNS

By Lowell Otus Reese

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

"We Didn't Know What the West Looked Like, But We Just Set Out Same as You Would Start Out Into the Dark"

For everybody life is a warfare; a constant give and take. But here and there is an individual for whom it is only take. A poor, pathetic creature, born without the instinct that bids him fight back, he cowers through life.

Always the under dog, he yet makes no whimper when he is mauled. He asks only to live.

Not always is it cowardice. It is a strange ignorance of the world in which he finds himself; a lack of that combativeness with which Nature strives to endow us all. Now, this bit of philosophy must be forgiven, because it bears strongly upon our story; for Kentucky was an under dog.

HE CAME into the Copper Sky Mining Camp one evening just at sunset, driving a miserable skeleton of a horse attached to a crazy spring wagon. Beside him, on the front seat, was a woman, frail and worn, but wearing upon her face, under its protection of slatted sunbonnet, traces of a vanished beauty. Kentucky stopped in front of the Palace Hotel to inquire for a camping place. Two tousled heads peeped from beneath the stained and patched wagon cover. Somewhere inside, a babe wailed. Beneath the wagon a yellow mongrel panted wearily and watched through the rickety wheels.

"Howdy?" said Kentucky.

Like his sallow, discouraged face, with its pale, discouraged mustache drooping over his discouraged mouth, his voice was dull and emotionless. He sat hunched listlessly forward and regarded the loungers upon the sand-littered porch with pale, deprecating eyes, chewing slowly.

"I reckin I'd like to camp somewheres close round here," he went on. "My hawss kain't go no furder to-day. Seemed to start failin' before we got halfway over the Tehachapi; and he's been gettin' wuss and wuss every minute, ever since we got down on the desert. He needs rest. My wife and chtldren needs it too—powerful bad."

The Lizard dike was suggested. The Lizard was a long black ridge of rocks that shot out into the desert at the foot of Soledad Butte. In a way it resembled a great black lizard, its head lying upon the rising slope and its body extending out into the sand, appearing at intervals above the surface, like the vertebræ of some mammoth beast half buried in the earth.

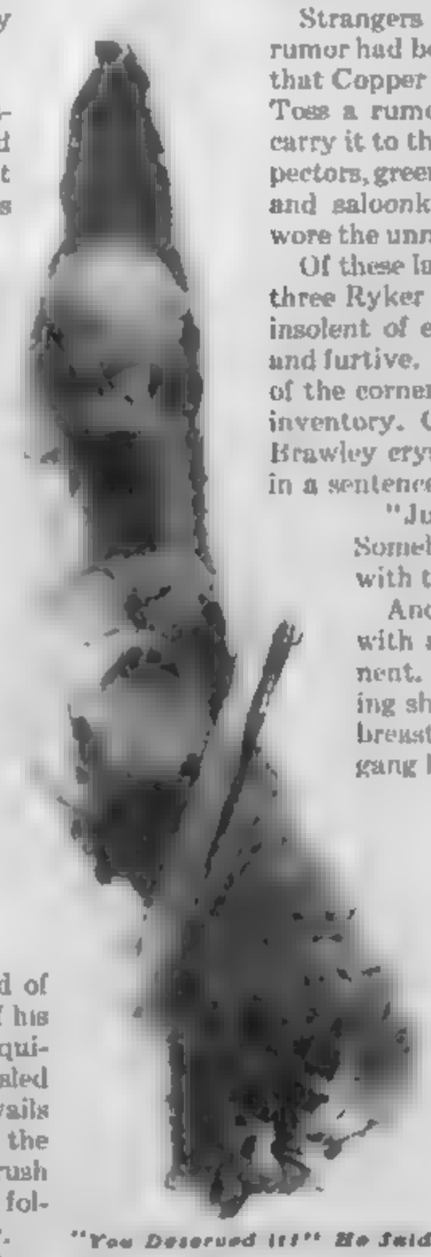
It was Old Dad Tolliver who suggested the Lizard as a possible camp for the strangers.

"And you might locate it while you're in the business," said Old Dad. "Nobody thinks there is any pay on it; but you go ahead and locate it anyway. If the camp makes a big strike"—he smiled—"you can sell the Lizard out in town lots."

Kentucky thanked him in a flat voice, quite devoid of inflection, and slapped the reins upon the bony back of his horse. The animal responded tremblingly and the equipage creaked down toward the Lizard dike, the two tousled heads peering back from beneath the canvas and the wails of the babe rising louder. The laboring wheels rolled the sand high as they lurched crookedly over the short brush that grew sparsely here and there. The yellow dog followed under the wagon, like a faithful spirit of poverty.

The Kentuckians camped at the foot of the mesa, three or four hundred yards below the Lizard's head. That night death came mercifully to the old horse, and next day Kentucky buried him. Then the man dismantled the worn-out wagon, and out of the wreckage constructed a rude shelter, using the battered canvas for a roof. In the evening he tacked up a location notice on the Lizard's head and began to dig. The Copper Sky Camp promptly forgot him; for he was far down from the main field of activity, which was high up on the rocky slope of the Butte.

A year passed. Kentucky managed to get a few odd jobs and so kept his family from absolute starvation. Provisions were high and water cost a dollar a barrel. But most of the time he was down in the shaft on the Lizard's head, with his wife standing by the rude windlass, winding up bucket after bucket of the yellow waste and adding it painfully to the slowly growing dump pile. But nobody noticed; for a small strike had been made on the Queen Esther and valuable float had been found farther up the slope, where the gray dump spilled over the shoulder of the Happy Chance ledge.



"You Deserved It!" He Said Grimly. "You Deserved It—and You Got It!"

Strangers were coming into camp, and a rumor had been tossed into the air—a rumor that Copper Sky was going to be a big thing. Toss a rumor into the air and the winds carry it to the uttermost corners. Old prospectors, green prospectors, wildcat promoters and saloonkeepers came—and a few who wore the unmistakable signs of birds of prey.

Of these latter, the most notable were the three Ryker brothers. They were bold and insolent of eye, insolent of speech, vulpine and furtive. Copper Sky observed them out of the corner of its eye and made a mental inventory. Old one-eyed Cœur d'Alene Tom Brawley crystallized the camp's suspicions in a sentence.

"Jumpers," he said, "and gunmen. Somebody will have to shoot it out with them some day."

And again the months went on, with a great strike seemingly imminent. Men labored like fiends, driving shafts and tunnels into the hard breast of old Soledad. But the Ryker gang hovered hungrily upon the edge of things, watching. And nobody thought of Kentucky, away down on the Lizard's head, or noted that both man and wife were worn almost to skeletons, though they toiled day by day, feeding the yellow dump pile.

II

COPPER SKY itself was a thing of scattered shacks, dotting the rocky slope here and there, close up against the great body of the Butte. From the window of old Judge Navlett's office one could look far across the desert, over the intervening shacks that straggled down the slope, and see how the heat mystery wriggled and danced, weaving strange mirages away out toward the east, where the Panamint Range lay like a crouching beast against the sky line. Judge Navlett was justice of the peace, district recorder—and an honest man.

The door opened and three men came in. Judge Navlett looked up and a strange glint came into the steady eyes lying beneath their ambush of bushy gray brows. The three men were the Ryker brothers. One of them advanced and laid a paper upon the table before the judge.

"Like to have you record that, Judge," he said. "And here's the recording fee." He placed a silver dollar beside the paper and waited.

Judge Navlett gazed at the paper as though it were a rattlesnake.

"Why," he exclaimed, "this is the Lizard Claim—Kentucky's claim!"

The three grinned insolently.

"Sure!" chuckled the spokesman. "But it's ours now—see? Faulty location—see? We just happened to find out that the poor fish had struck rich ore. We had a hunch that he wouldn't have sense enough to make a proper location; and, sure enough, he hadn't! So we relocated it—see?"

He had a trick of twisting down the corner of his mouth when he said "See?"—a trick that Judge Navlett found singularly repulsive; just why, he could not have told.

There were no more words. The Ryker gang went out; and after a long time the judge began entering the filing in the district's book of records.

Hardly had he finished when once more the door opened and Kentucky came in. The man was pale, and the pallor accentuated most shockingly the pitiful emaciation of his face.

"Jedge," he said before he was hardly seated, "I've come to ask your opinion—and I ain't got nary dollar to pay you for it."

"It makes no difference, Kentucky," said Judge Navlett. "A dollar never ought to stand between neighbors."

"Thank ye, Jedge." Kentucky rubbed his forehead with a thin, bony hand, which was cracked and calloused with hard work, the knuckles scarred and bruised where the unfamiliar singlejack had glanced from the drillhead upon them. "I been jumped, Jedge," he said.

"I know," said Judge Navlett; he tapped the open page before him, where the ink was hardly dry.

"They said my location was wrong," continued Kentucky. "They give me until six o'clock to-morrow to get off the claim. Told me they'd shoot me if they found me there trespassin' after that hour." He took a paper from his pocket and handed it to the judge. "It's a copy of my location notice," he said. "Read it, Jedge, and tell me what's wrong with it."

Judge Navlett read carefully and sighed.

"Is it wrong, then?" asked Kentucky.

Judge Navlett nodded.

"There's no doubt that your corner monuments are set right," he said; "but the description of your boundaries reads this way: 'Beginning at a stone monument marked North Center; running thence in an easterly direction to

a monument marked Northeast Corner; thence south to a monument marked Southeast Corner; thence east to a monument marked'—— Don't you see?" broke off Judge Navlett in hopeless exasperation. "According to this description you ran east instead of west; consequently your description shows your boundary line to be nothing but a zigzag line beginning at your North Center monument and wandering off into the desert to God knows where!"

He took up a blank and wrote rapidly for some minutes.

"There," he said, "is the correct description, written in the form of an amended location."

He handed the paper to Kentucky and sat gazing moodily through the window, and down beyond the town to where a torn, stained canvas flapped in the wind among the scattered greasewood below the yellow dump.

Kentucky gazed also with dull eyes. "I done a heap o' work there, Jedge—me and my little woman."

Judge Navlett nodded.

"And we done it in good faith. I *know* my monuments read right. But this paper ——" Here the first spark of passion seemed to strike from the man's negative personality. "Is it my fault that I ain't got the schoolin' to show me the tricks and turns of language writin'? Is it my fault I didn't have the money to hire somebody like you to draw up this here notice all legal and bindin'? I set my monuments high and at the right places. I done everything in good faith. Why should me and my family have to suffer just because the readin' was wrong?"

Judge Navlett was silent. Why is there no answer to the impotent cry of protest from the one whom Nature and Circumstance robbed before ever he was born?

Kentucky rose and picked up his hat with a trembling hand.

"And there ain't no hope at all, Jedge?" he asked miserably, his hand on the doorknob.

"No hope, Kentucky," said Judge Navlett. "Some camps hang claim jumpers; and here and there a man—shoots 'em. No; I'm sorry to say there is no help for it. As a judge I am bound to say that in taking your property these men are acting within their rights. As a man I might say that they are infernal skunks of hell! And and ——" Judge Navlett choked.

Kentucky opened the door.

"Thank ye, Jedge," he said. "I—I understand. Much obleeged." And he went out. A moment later he put his head back into the room.

"Just one more question, Jedge," he said: "Couldn't my amended location make it all right—noways at all?"

"No," the judge assured him. "This relocation of the Rykers would take precedence in any case. You see, your boundaries, as described in your notice, do not in any way inclose your claim. The Ryker notice does "

Kentucky thought for a full minute, his shrunken head bowed in the barely open doorway. "But if it wasn't for that relocation of the Rykers?" he asked finally.

"Your amended location would be perfectly good."

"Much obleeged." Still Kentucky stayed. "My wife's sick," he said irrelevantly—"powerful sick."

Then he closed the door softly and went away.

III

ON THE afternoon of the next day Judge Navlett found his gaze constantly seeking the window and straying down to the Lizard's head. As the hour of six approached, Kentucky came in and sat down where he, too, could see through the window and down to the Lizard's head.

"How is your wife to-day?" asked Judge Navlett.

But, even as he asked the question, his eyes were on the Lizard's head. Three men appeared by the yellow dump and advanced to the mouth of the shaft.

"Porely, Jedge; porely."

But Kentucky, too, was watching the three men creep under the rude windlass, upon which showed a patch of white which gleamed in the dying sunlight. It was the Ryker notice, tacked upon the windlass frame. The men disappeared down the shaft.

"She had a bad night, Jedge—a mighty bad night. . . . I'll tell you later."

He was watching through the window and his voice trailed off into a whisper.

Both men fell silent; both were looking down toward the Lizard. Inside the room there was a silence so profound that the great old-fashioned watch in Judge Navlett's pocket sounded like a wall clock. A gentle wind rustled the

"If I Seem to Say Too Much, Judge, or if You Feel Yourse'f Gettin' Weary, Just Try to Remember That I'm Talkin' for My Life"

landscape of scattered greasewood among the widely separated shacks. A dingy black raven sailed by with a guttural "Awrrkk!"—swept low to the ground by the Lizard windlass, circled once, and then floated steadily down into the far sky line and was gone. The sky was a dull blue, turning to a darker hue along the east, where the night was creeping up from the Panaminta. The sun's last rays, shooting from under the shoulder of old Soledad, fell feebly upon the windlass below and the white paper posted upon its frame.

Suddenly the Lizard's head seemed to rise into the air, as though lifted by some monstrous thing struggling upward in convulsive agony from the core of the earth; and from the mouth of the shaft a hell of black smoke and shattered rock roared into the sky, and the accompanying detonation seemed to flatten out the world. The awful echo of it crashed back from the face of the impending Butte like a second explosion. Then the sinister blackness spread and floated heavily away. There was a hideous silence.

For a second Judge Navlett's horrified eyes met Kentucky's. Then, bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves, the old man ran from the room and down the rough ways toward the scene of the explosion. Everywhere appeared men running. The tremendous thunder of the cataclasm had advertised its tragedy, and high up on the slopes of Soledad red-shirted figures were leaping along the ledges and hurrying downward over precarious trails.

And as he ran, somewhere in the back of his mind Judge Navlett kept remembering Kentucky's eyes as he had met them in that paralyzed second following the explosion. The man had not seemed surprised!

These two were the first to arrive at the Lizard's head. No shaft was there. Instead there was a wide, sunken hole filled with blackened rubble; and up from among the jagged masses a sluggish black smoke oozed in scattered ribbons. The air was full of biting vapor and one could taste death in it.

Men began to arrive. In an incredibly short time an excited crowd surged about the crater. Old one-eyed Cœur d'Alene Tom Brawley came running by, carrying a shovel. He recognized Kentucky and stopped.

"How did you get away, old-timer?" he asked, panting.

Kentucky shook his head.

"I wasn't here," he said.

Brawley's hoarse voice rose above the uproar.

"Here's Kentucky, boys!" he roared. "He ain't killed none, after all!"

The crowd stilled and listened, watching Kentucky.

"Who was it, old-timer?" asked Brawley. "Wasn't somebody in the shaft?"

Kentucky nodded.

"Three of 'em," he replied. "The three Rykers."

"Rykers? What were they doing in your hole, Kentucky?"

Kentucky cast a faded eye down into the smoking ruin.

"They calculated to jump me," he said simply.

Brawley flung down his shovel and, turning, spat into the pit.

"A fine job!" he bawled. "They can stay there until hell ships ice cream to Greenland before I'll help dig 'em out! Unless *you* want help, Kentucky. In that case, of course ——"

Kentucky shook his head.

"I ain't aimin' to dig none in it again," he said. "Much obleeged."

"Then it's up to the coroner!" grinned old Cœur d'Alene; "and he'll have to love a jumper a heap more than I do before he'll spend two or three weeks muckin' down through that mess on the chance of finding maybe a suspender button or a bent corkscrew when he gets to the bottom. So far as I'm concerned, the Ryker gang is dead and buried; and I'm going right uptown to buy myself a drink because I'm so sorry. All who sympathize with my poor busted feelin's thataway will come along and have one too."

The unanimous laugh which followed was the only requiem that sounded above the grave of the Ryker brothers. As the crowd moved away, still talking excitedly and following the old pagan to his celebration, Kentucky touched Judge Navlett upon the arm.

(Continued on Page 109)

THE DUB

By DANA BURNET

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

THE managing editor, who was considered an excellent judge of men, confessed afterward that he had hired him because of his ears.

"They fascinated me," said the Old Man, "and before I could get my mind off 'em I had offered him fifteen dollars a week, which is ridiculous."

As ridiculous as it was, the presence of Sandringham Wilson upon the staff of the Kingstown, West Virginia, Daily Sentinel nevertheless became an accomplished fact.

He appeared one June morning with a hopeful countenance, a high standing collar, and a pair of trick ears that would have been his everlasting fortune in vaudeville. For upward of a fortnight he sat in the corner devoted exclusively to the cubs and the water-cooler, unnoticed by anyone except the auburn-haired young woman who kept the files. At the end of that time the city editor sent for him, and in the voice of one who confers a great happiness upon his fellow man told him to go out and write a description of Main Street. Every Sentinel reporter for the past fifty years has begun his journalistic career by writing a description of Main Street. It is a tradition in the office.

Sandringham Wilson departed in a daze of joy. Half an hour later he returned and, after considerable labor, brought forth a single sheet of copy paper which he delivered to the desk with an exalted smile.

"The poor dub!" said the city editor. "He thinks it's literature."

Then the city editor began to read the dub's description of Main Street. He had no more than glanced at it, however, when he was seized with a sort of vertigo. He arose and walked with uncertain step into his superior's office. "Do you see what I see?" he asked feebly.

It Was Whispered That a New Era Had Begun, Not Only for Kingstown and the Sentinel, But for the World as Well

The director of the Sentinel's fortunes took the sheet of paper held out to him, and surveyed it with phlegmatic calm. It was covered with sprawling hieroglyphics, as follows:

MAIN STREET

A beautiful snake asleep in the sun—
An old snake that has made a philosophy of sleep—
An old brown snake that knows it is better to have dreams than ambitions.
Young snakes run in every direction from its lazy sides, and dart their tongues into the yellow waters of the River, and fatten upon the plump Hills . . .
But the old snake sleeps in the dust of the years, and is beautiful ——

The managing editor, having read thus far, lifted his eyes from the page and looked at his assistant.

"Print it!" said he.

"Where?" asked the city editor.

"On the front page, with a box round it."

"A box! Oh, I see. You want to fence in the snakes!"

"I want to call the attention of Kingstown to the only original description of Main Street ever printed," said the managing editor, and added: "I knew that there was something unusual about this boy Buckingham ——"

"Sandringham," said the city editor.

"Sandringham—besides his ears. Why, damn my spectacles, he may be a genius!"

"Take it from me," said the city editor, "he's a dub."

The opinion of the world at large varied between these two extremes. The following morning Sandringham Wilson awoke—not to fame, perhaps—but at least to fame's first sidelong glances. Let a man be utterly condemned or utterly approved and he will perish with pain or pleasure as the case may be. But let him be caught squarely between two judgments and he will be squeezed up from obscurity as inevitably as rocks are squeezed out of the ground by the opposing actions of heat and cold.

Thus it was with Sandringham Wilson, whose description of Main Street had cleft Kingstown in twain. Approximately one half of the Sentinel's readers immediately took pen in hand to express their hurt surprise at the desecration of a thoroughfare which had once sustained the martial tread of General Grant. The other half no less promptly hailed Sandringham's bit of *vers libre* as a symbol of culture and a pledge of progress. This latter view, fortunately for those concerned, was entertained by Colonel Perse Allison, the hereditary proprietor of the Sentinel, whose daughter, Miss Charlotte Allison, recently had been graduated from an Eastern college. In the course of her senior year, Miss Allison had taken a course in Tagore and the New Poetry. Consequently she waxed enthusiastic over Sandringham Wilson.

"You must encourage him, papa," she said. "Real artists are so scarce—especially here in America. And I'm sure that he is a real artist. I have a good mind to give him a tea."

"Wait till he justifies our expectations," said the colonel shrewdly, "and I'll give him twenty-five dollars a week."

Miss Allison shook her head.

Her dark eyes—reputed to be the most beautiful in Kingstown—grew even darker with that melancholy which afflicts idealistic youth.

"No," she said. "What an artist needs is human sympathy, not—not material reward."

Miss Allison, thanks to her sojourn in the East, had analyzed the artistic nature with great exactitude. Sandringham Wilson cared nothing for the munificent stipend which he received every Thursday noon. He invariably got rid of it before the following Monday, so that he was in continual difficulties with his landlord. On the other hand, he cared considerably for the auburn-haired young woman who had distinguished him from the water-cooler.

Miss Lucy, as she was known to the staff, occupied a unique place in the Sentinel office. She was down on the books as Librarian, and in justification of that title maintained a shelf of dusty volumes consisting of the Encyclopedia Britannica, Who's Who, The Home Book of Verse, and a very dilapidated Bible. But her real employment was to cheer the footsteps of beginning journalists; to cherish them in sickness as in health, and to save for them, as far as possible, the shattered remnants of their early illusions. The beginning journalists, in return, fell mildly in love with her, year after year, until such time as their hearts were broken and their educations completed.

Miss Lucy was not a beautiful woman, but decidedly she was not plain. She possessed a trim, neat figure, a good complexion, and a pair of very kind blue eyes. Her hair was of a dark-reddish shade, and possessed a certain undulating quality which all feminine critics agree is of inestimable value. Her years were twenty-seven.

She had smiled upon Sandringham Wilson in his obscurity. Consequently he regarded her with a vast and behemothian tenderness, as the mastiff regards the child who has patted his ponderous head. He formed the habit of walking home with her evenings, much to the gratification of the boarding house in which Miss Lucy resided. Indeed, the young man's devotion was freely remarked upon, and though it was conceded quite generally that his ears were too large it was admitted as widely that ears do not make the man.

Mrs. Tuthill, the landlady, was so intrigued by hope as to sweep and dust a large double room upon the second floor, which chamber she contrived to hint to Mr. Wilson might be had for the absurdly reasonable sum of eight dollars per week.

Mr. Wilson looked at her with his trustful and somewhat absent-minded smile.

"I'll take it," said he. It was what he always said when people asked him to buy or rent things.

Mrs. Tuthill fairly thrust the keys into his hand, insisting meanwhile that she felt like a mother toward him; collected a week's rent in advance, and departed to provide the boarding house with a premise for future deductions.

The boarding house, with one exception, was delighted at this turn of events. The one exception was Miss Lucy, who hastily sought out the simple Sandringham.

"Oh!" she said with a blush that was quite lost upon that blundering innocent. "You shouldn't have taken a room here!"

"Why not?" he asked. "It's a first-rate room."

"But—but you can't afford it!"

"Oh, yes, I can. I've figured it out, and I can afford it very nicely. You see, I get fifteen dollars a week, and the room is only eight dollars, so that I have seven left."

Miss Lucy laughed helplessly, and Sandringham Wilson ascended the stairs to his new chambers with the pleasant sense of a man who lives not only well, but efficiently. It may be added that the subsequent whisperings of boarding-house gossip never penetrated the armor of his innocence. If it had occurred to him to fall in love with Miss Lucy, he would have done so. But it did not occur to him.

Nothing occurred to him, in fact, except the strange and grotesque flowering of his own imagination. He was like a child who, having been provided with paper and pencil, finds himself marvelously full of pictures. He looked upon the world as one might look at a procession of clouds in the sky, seeing therein the drift and change of curious shapes which have no meaning in heaven or earth, but which, conceived as a spectacle, are of fascinating interest to the beholder.

"The worst of it is that he can't see anything but animals," said the city editor resentfully to his chief. "If I have to handle his copy much longer I'll get the d. t.'s. Listen to this!"

And the city editor read aloud the following contribution to American letters:

THE WHITE RABBIT

There is a White Rabbit who lives under a lilac bush in an old back street—
Every morning I see him hopping about the flower-tangled yard—
He has timid eyes and a crop of pink whiskers
And sometimes he ventures as far as the hedge
And looks at the world as though to say:
"You think that I am an old gentleman with a respectable past and a decent crumb of a future—
But I am not what I seem;
I am a White Rabbit with a gift for gardens ——"

The city editor's voice came to a lugubrious pause. The managing editor rubbed his chin and thoughtfully damned his spectacles.

"People enjoy menageries," he said. "I believe I'll give this boy Cunningham ——"

"Sandringham," said the city editor wearily.

"Sandringham—a column of his own."

"Call it The Ark," advised the city editor, and went about his business with the glowing sense of having said a good thing.

So it fell about that Sandringham Wilson was accorded space upon the editorial page, and became the ringmaster of a small but satisfactory circus which he conducted with childish enthusiasm and a considerable cracking of the whip. The circulation of the Sentinel rose steadily.

Colonel Perse Allison, once more placing himself squarely upon the side of progress, took occasion to commend the managing editor.

"My daughter, suh," observed the colonel, tilting back in the chair that was reserved for his ceremonial visits to the office, "my daughter says that this young fellow Dillingham ——"

"Birmingham," interposed the managing editor.

"Birmingham—is a real genius. If he is, I don't want him hidin' his light under a bushel, suh. Pussonally, his writin' reminds me of old Jed Harper's cohn whisky. That whisky, suh, was as full of wild animals as a fust-rate zoo. It was mighty good whisky," added the colonel reminiscently, "up to the point where it killed yu outright."

"The boy's a queer duffer," said the managing editor. "Frankly I don't know whether his stuff will ever be popular. But it's something new—and this is the United States of America ——"

The colonel nodded, pulled his white mustaches, and looked out of the window.

"Did it ever strike yu, suh," said he, "that Kingstown was wallowin' knee-deep in sin and corruption?"

The managing editor gazed suspiciously at his employer.

"I reckon it's no worse than most towns of its size," he answered warily.

The colonel brought his right fist into sharp contact with his left palm.

"It's a modern Gomorrah, suh! It needs upliftin' the worst way. My daughter, suh ——"

The managing editor half rose from his chair.

"I resign," said he.

"Nonsense, suh! Yu are indispensable to the paper, suh. Your salary is increased by half, suh."

The managing editor sighed and sank down again.

"I suppose," he said, glancing sharply at the colonel, "I suppose that I am to find a place for Miss Charlotte on the staff!"

"Exactly, suh!"

The following Monday morning, at ten o'clock, Miss Charlotte Allison, looking especially beautiful, walked into

the city room of the Daily Sentinel and sat down with an air of charming humility. Coincidentally it was whispered throughout the office that a new era had begun, not only for Kingstown and the Sentinel, but for the world as well.

Every city that is large enough to be respectable must maintain, necessarily, some element of evil upon which to lay the burden of its sins. Kingstown maintained a gambling element, which was headed by a picturesque gentleman named Triggs. Whenever Kingstown was to be reformed John Triggs was run out of town. In his earlier and more impulsive days Mr. Triggs had struggled against these periodic banishments, both with legal argument and an old-fashioned revolver, so that the party of purification had generally to hire a lawyer and occasionally an undertaker. Of late years, however, Mr. Triggs had gone lightly enough, well knowing that he was indispensable to Kingstown's moral outbursts, and quite certain that he would be suffered to return within the month. Kingstown had only to lift an admonishing finger, or to glance significantly in his direction, and John Triggs betook himself into exile, leaving behind him that sense of civic sweetness which comes only with the purging of the communistic soul. At least Mr. Triggs theoretically betook himself into exile. As a matter of hard fact he merely closed the front door of his popular, if horrendous, Casino, and retired into a rear room neatly outfitted to accommodate the business of the closed season. All this was thoroughly understood and appreciated by the authorities.

Thus when the Daily Sentinel announced, in a stentorian editorial, that it was high time for Kingstown to redeem its soul from sin, John Triggs merely stroked his decorative goatee, glanced somewhat wistfully at the historic weapon above the bar, and retired into his quarters in the rear. His attitude was that of a man who plays a rather childish, but at the same time expedient, game. He calculated that the tide of righteousness would turn in about two weeks. But Mr. Triggs had not counted upon the activities of Miss Allison.

Scarcely had that lovely young modern established herself in the office of the Sentinel when the whole atmosphere of the gentle, lazy old paper became surcharged with currents of belligerent progress. Miss Allison herself launched out almost immediately into a series of inspirational essays: essays written in a fine collegiate style, and published twice weekly in the column adjoining Sandringham Wilson's literary circus. But by far the most important result of her journalistic enterprise was the effect that she produced upon her fellow members of the staff.

The young men of the Sentinel became imbued with a passion for revolt, for reform, for high spiritual adventure. Some wrote plays. Some wrote poetry of the better sort. Some turned to socialism and the thought of universal brotherhood—possibly because Miss Allison had promised to be a sister to them all. The contagion spread even to the editorial department, which consisted of a certain Mr. Lance Podderfoot and a somnambulistic negro boy who was popularly supposed to look after Mr. Podderfoot's proofs. Mr. Podderfoot was a tall, tapering individual with eyeglasses and an extraordinary golden mustache. He had been in love with Miss Allison, in an abstract sort of way, for the past ten years. Now, inspired by her presence, he took the Sentinel's campaign for civic purity with unwonted seriousness and hurled broadside after broadside of double-leaded editorials at the bewildered and increasingly resentful Mr. Triggs.

Nevertheless, Miss Allison felt her triumph to be incomplete. For the one person whom she had hoped especially to inspire continued to sit sprawled in his corner, chuckling rudely to himself and writing grotesque lampoons upon mankind in general. All Miss Allison's subtleties of approach had fallen short of the mark.

Sandringham Wilson, busy painting the human race in terms of flora and fauna, was impervious to subtlety of any sort. Thus it happened upon a summer's morn that Miss Allison crossed the city room with a resolute smile upon her lips and extended the hand of good fellowship to Sandringham Wilson.

"You are doing perfectly splendid work!" she announced, in the assured tone of one who not only recognizes genius, but does so regardless of the consequences.

Sandringham Wilson, who had been scribbling contentedly in his corner—like a dog worrying a bone—got awkwardly to his feet, and perceiving the dainty hand of Miss Allison hovering in mid-air seized it with obvious bewilderment.

"How do," said he, insensibly moving his remarkable ears.

The city editor, who had observed this pantomime from afar, groaned aloud and reached for the cut plug that was the one solace of his sorrowing spirit.

"The dub," he muttered, "the poor—damned—dub!"

So Miss Allison's public greeting to genius was not the success that she had planned. But at least it had served to break the ice. Thereafter she gave herself determinedly to the task of winning this strange creature's friendship, devoting quite as much time to that project as she did to her inspirational essays. She even took Miss Lucy into her confidence—Miss Lucy being the only other woman within earshot.

"Of course I'm not interested in him personally," said Miss Allison. "It's his art!"

"Of course!" echoed Miss Lucy, and smiled to hide the pain in her breast.

"He's really very fond of you, isn't he?" continued Miss Allison with an air of youth addressing age.

"Oh, no," said Miss Lucy hastily; "I'm just a habit with him."

"You do monopolize him dreadfully. Everyone is talking about it."

"Talking!"

"Yes. But I shouldn't mind that if I were you. People always talk—especially in small provincial towns like this—don't you think?"

Miss Lucy did not reply; but that night she looked tragically at her reflection in the mirror.

"Twenty-seven—last—April!" she said slowly, accusingly. And then crushed by the burden of her years she wept, and was compelled to bathe her eyes with cold water before going down to tea.

Later she sat with Sandringham Wilson upon the steps of Mrs. Tuthill's boarding house and adjusted her existence to the iron laws of spinsterhood.

"You mustn't walk home with me any more," she said, going at once to the heart of the matter.

"Why not?" he asked in honest bewilderment.

"I have my reasons."

"But I like to walk home with you. I enjoy it."

"That is one of the reasons," said Miss Lucy.

There was a moment's silence, during which Mr. Wilson puffed solemnly at a cigarette which he had forgotten to light. Finally he said:

"Perhaps you don't enjoy having me?"

Miss Lucy laid her hand lightly upon his sleeve.

"Oh, yes, I do. But I've concluded that it isn't right for you to lavish all your attentions upon one old maid. You're getting to be quite a famous person now, you know, and I'm sure that there are others who ——" She paused, drew breath, and concluded firmly: "Others who would enjoy having you walk home with them."

"I had never thought of that," said the simple Sandringham.

Miss Lucy smiled a rather twisted smile. And then she began to talk to him, in a very serious voice, about the beauty of giving pleasure to others. And he missed the excellent satire of it completely.

The upshot of the matter was that upon the following afternoon Sandringham Wilson walked home with the radiant and obviously triumphant Miss Allison—walked home with her gravely, firmly, and at a pace marked more by determination of purpose than by any inherent gallantry. They had proceeded but a few blocks, indeed, when he stopped and looked intently down at her.

"Are you really enjoying it?" he asked.

"The walk? Oh, yes. I adore walking—though perhaps if we didn't go quite so fast ——"

"Ha!" said Mr. Wilson, and strode on again, but at a somewhat milder rate of speed.

Miss Allison, who up to this point had been forced to economize on breath, now found herself free to say those things which must necessarily be said if the world is ever to come to any good.

"Mr. Wilson," she began with sweet seriousness, "I have been wanting to talk to you about the broader aspects of your work. Sometimes I have wondered whether you realized its full significance. Artists are so apt to be a trifle self-centered—don't you think?"

She glanced up at her companion with that frank smile which so became her lovely countenance; but immediately the smile waned and disappeared.

Mr. Wilson was not paying the slightest heed to her remarks. He was staring with fascinated interest at a chance passerby: a middle-aged stout woman in a flowered-silk dress, whose supposedly civilized bonnet was adorned with monstrous waving feathers.

"By George!" said Mr. Wilson. "The human parrot! I've never seen such a fine specimen before."

"But she has a soul," interposed Miss Allison gently.

"If she has," said Sandringham, "it's sawdust."

And forthwith he began to improvise a poem on the Human Parrot. At first his labors of composition were purely mental, but soon the lines burst from his lips. Quite unconsciously he chanted his poem aloud, to the amusement of various pedestrians and the embarrassment of Miss Allison.

"I met a Parrot walking along Main Street"—thus ran his inspiration—

"You are an Artist—a Real Artist—and Yet You Alone, of All the Members of the Staff, are Not Working for Revolt"

"A gorgeous green and gold Parrot with a red topknot—
She had the fine successful look of one who has reduced life to a single phrase.
So I asked her for her formula
And she replied:
'Polly wants a cracker!'
And I marveled at her wisdom.
But when she dies she will not go to heaven—
She will go to some celestial taxidermist
To be stuffed."

By this time a small crowd had collected at the poet's heels, much to Miss Allison's dismay. The poet himself seemed distinctly pleased at the acquisition of an audience, and went forward with the air of a public character, repeating and polishing his narrative in a fine sonorous voice.

It was with undisguised relief, therefore, that Miss Allison turned in at her own gate and, after closing it firmly in the face of the crowd, led her genius to the sheltered cloister of the colonel's garden. There Sandringham was invited to seat himself beneath a rustic pergola, which he did with no enthusiasm.

"They seemed to like my stuff about the parrot," he said. "I—I wouldn't mind walking a little farther—if you're not tired?"

"I'm exhausted," said Miss Allison firmly.

"Ah!" sighed the poet.

Miss Allison cast about for a means of diversion.

"Would you like a julep?" she asked.

Sandringham Wilson looked at her with new interest and promptly forgot his immortal lines.

"Without much sugar, if you please," said he.

So the poet had his julep, with a minimum of sugar, and Miss Allison had tea. And the shadows drew a misty curtain about their sylvan retreat.

"Art," said Miss Allison suddenly, "is cruel. It must be cruel. I quite understand ——"

"This is the best julep that I have ever tasted," murmured Sandringham Wilson, upon whose spirit had descended a great peace.

Miss Allison was conscious of a slight shock, but she was resolved to continue the conversation upon an exalted plane. It is not often that one encounters genius in a pergola.

"The true artist," she persisted, "should be without pity. If he felt pity he would be tempted to cloud the mirror that he holds up to the eyes of the race. Tell me," she whispered, turning to him, "are you ever sorry for the world?"

"No," said Sandringham Wilson.

Again Miss Allison experienced that sensation of slight shock.

"Why, then," she demanded somewhat coldly, "why, then, are you trying to help the world? Why are you seeking to better it? Why are you so busy picturing its soul?"

"You mean the stuff I do for the Sentinel?"

"Your work; yes!"

The poet was moved to confession.

"It isn't work," said he; "it's fun. I have never been able to understand," he added simply, "why they pay me for it."

"Mr. Wilson! Surely you are joking!"

The young man shook his head.

"They'll find out about me one of these days, and then I'll have to go back to reporting," he concluded, and took a long drink of his julep, as though to drown the melancholy thought.

Miss Allison sprang to her feet. Her eyes were bright with indignation. Her cheeks were prettily flushed. The idea of genius not comprehending its own divinity was more than she could bear.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "You must see, you must understand! It's all very well for you to be individualistic—in a sense—but your work belongs to others."

"Yes," said Sandringham, "it belongs to the paper."

"Exactly! And the paper belongs to Kingstown, and Kingstown belongs to America, and America belongs to the world. So you see that you are universal, after all!"

He seemed rather bewildered at her logic.

"I am not accustomed to taking a julep at this hour of the afternoon," he stated apologetically. "May I ask what you are getting at?"

"I am getting at your responsibility," cried Miss Allison, "your moral responsibility. You are an artist—a real artist—and yet you alone, of all the members of the staff, are not working for revolt. Every person in the Sentinel office, except yourself, is working for revolt. The spirit is splendid, simply splendid! Mr. Podderfoot especially —"

"Why should he want to run John Triggs out of town?" asked Sandringham Wilson, suddenly aroused. "Why should anyone want to run John Triggs out of town? That man Triggs is one of the most interesting creatures in Kingstown. He is the nearest approach to the human goat that I have ever seen."

Miss Allison looked at him as an angel—a very modern angel—might have looked at some particularly exasperating backslider. There was so much despair in her glance, indeed, that Sandringham Wilson rose from his seat feeling instinctively that hospitality was at an end. Miss Allison accompanied him in dignified silence to the gate.

She had decided upon a cool parting, a very cool parting indeed. But the soft haze of the evening, the scent of roses, the habitual peace of the elm-shaded street and, above all, the noble desire to uplift mankind—which was ever present in her nature—conspired to defeat her purpose. She placed her hand in the poet's, and looking up at him said with a sweet sadness:

"You are much more splendid than you realize. Some day you will grow tired of just—making pictures. Some day you will want to serve—and then you will understand what I have been trying to tell you ——"

Her voice died in a lovely trailing whisper. Her hand gently pressed his. He stood holding that hand a pleasant prisoner, and wondering whether the julep had gone to his head. He was aware that she had said something, but what it was he could not get clear. He only knew that her face was upturned to him in a beautiful, flowerlike way, and that, flowerlike, it seemed to await some culminating benison of nature. It seemed—expectant.

Sandringham Wilson leaned down and kissed the pleasant lips of Miss Allison. And at that moment two persons walking along the sidewalk stopped by common impulse in front of the colonel's gate and said:

"Oh!"

They were Miss Lucy and Mr. Lance Podderfoot.

It was an excellent dramatic situation, but as usual no dramatist was present to take advantage of it. And the actors themselves were not coached in their parts, so that they muffed them quite badly. Mr. Podderfoot turned red, stared fiercely at Mr. Wilson, and gnawed his extraordinary mustache. Miss Lucy looked white and startled. Miss Allison, after recoiling involuntarily from the salute, made a tremendous attempt to appear at ease and came dangerously near being absurd.

Of them all, the poet seemed the most genuinely astonished at his own behavior. His ears were agitated. His voice fell vaguely upon the twilight air:

"Amazing, by George! Quite unintentional—and temporary. I should never have taken that julep!"

Some two hours later, after a purely perfunctory dinner and a tasteless cigar, Sandringham Wilson climbed the boarding-house stairs to Miss Lucy's chamber. He was unaccountably depressed in spirit, painfully troubled in mind. Somehow his world had gone askew.

He knocked and was immediately appalled at his own temerity. There was a dreadful moment of waiting. Then he found himself face to face with Miss Lucy. She was pale and disturbingly unfamiliar.

"I came up to see if you were—all right," he stammered. "I—Mrs. Tuthill thought you might have a headache."

"I'm perfectly well, thank you."

The "thank you" smote him uncommonly hard.

"I wanted to explain about that business—this afternoon," he went on rather desperately. "It worries me. I should like to define it ——"

"Why should you define it to me?" she asked with unexpected vigor.

He looked at her determinedly.

"I define it," said he, "as the logical accident of illogical circumstances. It is essential to me that you should understand ——"

Miss Lucy became the spinster incarnate. She assumed an overwhelming age; she put on years.

"My dear boy," she said, "I understand that you have kissed the prettiest girl in Kingstown. More than that I do not care to know. And your secret is quite safe, so far as I am concerned."

The door closed. Sandringham Wilson turned and went slowly down the stairs to his own room. His definition had not served to clear the atmosphere. Apparently it had only complicated matters. The awful thought of having a secret caused the cold sweat to break out upon his forehead. And such a secret! He spent a miserable night.

The Sentinel's campaign for civic purity thundered rapidly to its climax. Mr. Lance Podderfoot's editorials became exceedingly bitter in tone. He attacked the astounded Mr. Triggs with unprecedented violence. He pointed out that the gambling element was still in full control of its evil faculties; that the Casino was closed only in theory; that life in general was a sham and a delusion and that Kingstown was no place for the entertainment of ideals. There was something almost personal in Mr. Podderfoot's despondency. As a matter of fact he had never recovered from that scene at Miss Allison's gate. He had been deeply wounded. He had been darkly and passionately jealous. He had taken that kiss as a theme. He had enlarged and embroidered it into a philosophy of despair. He had hurled it like a thunderbolt at the sacrificial person of John Triggs.

The effect upon Mr. Triggs was interesting and ominous. Day by day he grew more morose, more gloomily indignant. He drank prodigious amounts of his own

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"Shoot Me," Said Sandringham Wilson. "I'm the Editor!"

DEEP MINING FOR BRAINS

By Edward Mott Woolley

DECORATIONS BY J. GORDON SMYTH

JIMMY LITTLEPAY, of the silks and velvets, went into the superintendent's office one day and asked for more money. How could any fellow live decently and pay the installments for an engagement ring on fifteen dollars a week?

Jimmy's plaint came at a time when the store was getting ready to adopt different methods of handling employees; so he was turned over to a new executive known as the development manager. This executive sent for the sales records of the silks and velvets, and after he had asked Jimmy a lot of questions he suddenly said to him:

"Can you start for Europe to-morrow morning?"

"W-what?" inquired Jimmy.

"I am going to make you buyer of the silks. You will sail at ten o'clock; but meantime you'll have time to talk with the merchandise manager and the president. You want more money, and here is a big-man job. It's worth five thousand dollars a year at the start, Mr. Littlepay; but, of course, if you don't make good ——"

"W-wait a minute! W-wait ——"

"It's all up to you, I say. You have a good opinion of yourself, and you've had four years in the silks and velvets. In four years a fellow can learn quite a lot."

Jimmy got up, somewhat pale.

"Excuse me," he said. "I appreciate your joke; but cut it out! I am not qualified for a silk buyer; but that is no reason why you should play horse with me. All I ask is decent pay for the job I've got right now."

"Please sit down," suggested the development manager. "Really, Mr. Littlepay, it was not more absurd to offer you the buyership than for you to demand more money because you wish to get married."

Clever Methods of Stimulating Clerks

THEN for ten minutes he held a clinic. At fifteen dollars a week Littlepay had been costing the store, according to the records, eight and four-tenths per cent of his sales. In four years he had shown no gains; nor had he exhibited anything worth noting in the way of ambition, initiative, observation, or special knowledge of silks and velvets and ways of selling them. As a producer he was worth less than fifteen dollars a week to the store. Why hadn't he figured it out for himself?

Then he gave Littlepay a touch of consolation:

"You are not altogether to blame, because the store hasn't helped you much. In the future we mean to look at each man and woman in the organization something as a miner regards his undeveloped claim. We are going to develop our human properties with intensive mining; and you may go to Europe yet."

Jimmy hasn't achieved this aim; but he almost doubled his sales the following year, and his pay is now round twenty-five dollars a week.

There are large profits to be made from the deep mining of men and women for brains; and every now and then a rich vein is struck. Nevertheless, there are hard problems in this kind of mining.

Take the case of Teddy A., who applied for a job at the age of twenty. On the application blank was the question: "What is your ambition in life?" And Teddy wrote: "Drive delivery wagon."

In a store without intensive management they might have taken the boy at his word, and perhaps he would have stayed out on the wagon all his life, an economic loss to the store and to the world, and a personal failure.

Instead, they put Teddy in the rugs, as a junior, at seven dollars a week; and then they began experimental drillings to find out what they could make of him. There is a system in this store requiring floor managers to make periodic reports on all employees, going into detail and answering many specific questions; and the first report on Teddy A. was a dreadful roast. For one thing, he had no sense of personal appearance. His clothes were soiled and ragged; his tie was hopeless; his shoes were unacquainted with the brush.

Here was a problem of some interest. Perhaps Teddy was a worthless claim; and if so, the sooner they found it out and abandoned him the better. But beneath those shabby clothes might lie a pay streak!

It is one of the fundamental theories of the development department that unless the faculty of observation can be cultivated it is practically impossible to develop a person. It is also a theory that in teaching observation the academic discussion should be secondary to actual contact. So they gave Teddy half a day off and told him to spend it in the store, making notes about the six best-dressed men he encountered.

Right here comes in another important factor in this method of mining human nature. Periodic absences from routine duty are compulsory, for definite purposes in which observation plays a large part. This idea is quite the reverse of the old-fashioned don't-miss-an-hour scheme of things.

Perhaps you know the grocery clerk who hasn't lost a day in seventeen years. "Good, hard-working, faithful chap!" says his boss, who has taken maybe six days off himself.

Neither of them ever had a chance to observe that some grocery stores and some clerks are different, and neither has climbed very high in the scale of success. Yet if they had taken a hundred days off they might not have observed anything worth copying, unless they did their observing under the direction of minds more keenly analytical than their own. You can set it down as an axiom that the average human nature will not mine itself.

Teddy A., however, responded satisfactorily to the test; for when he turned in his report next day he wore a new necktie and had polished his shoes. After that his progress in dress was rapid. It required only a lecture or two and a few more observation trips to turn him into a well-dressed young man.

Meantime they set out to develop his ambition. In one of the classrooms they had a big chart of the store organization, and all over it were red stickpins; and they made him understand that each one stood for a man. The ordinary chart is just a piece of the furnishings; but this one was a stage, with live men walking over it. They talked about men, and told him over and over that he could walk on that stage in almost any rôle he chose. It depended on himself. They told him the stories of some of the boys who had gone into stores just as he had done, and how they had gone up and up. To this boy, who had lived twenty years in an ant hill, it was a revelation—a sort of afflatus.

Then they gave him a lesson to do:

"Write some little stories about successful men. Dig them up out of biographies in the store library; out of the newspapers; from everyday life about you."

There is nothing that grips a man so much as the stories of men who have done things; and they cultivated Teddy's observation of opportunity so that in a little time he laughed at his erstwhile ambition to be a delivery driver. They developed other qualities in him, too; and now he is assistant manager of a department.

For variety, take Ned B. as an illustration. Here was another youth without much of an outlook on life; for he applied for work as an elevator boy. He had never thought in higher terms.

It is curious, by the way, to observe the number of boys and men who look out on a befogged horizon. Out of twenty applications for work at this store, by youths under twenty-one, only one aspired to be a buyer or higher executive. Glance at the others:

Four named the delivery wagon as their desideratum; two wanted to be elevator men; one had an ambition to be a flunky on the sidewalk and open automobile doors for customers; three thought they would like to be store detectives; two gave their ambition as floorwalker; seven viewed the position of salesman as their ultimate goal.

Ned was put at work in a stockroom; but first reports on him were unfavorable. In grading his qualities the executive who watched him gave him H for initiative, which signified hopeless.

In other words, the boy's faculty for original thinking was quite undeveloped. In this respect he was not much worse off than the average store employee, factory hand or office man who has had no specialized training in the great underlying faculty of observation. Perhaps Ned had never heard the word "initiative"; or, at least, it was an abstract term to him and he was unable to apply it to the practical things about him. He had a grammar-school education, which seems to be lacking in the application of the abstract to the concrete.

The Testing of Tillie

IN HIS work he had many sorts of packages to handle and to pass in and out; and when left to himself he did this in the most roundabout ways, frequently rehandling goods many times, when by the exercise of ingenuity he could have reduced the time and labor from ten to ninety per cent.

Some traps were set for him, as a test—such as mixing different kinds of bundles to see whether any systematic betterments would suggest themselves; but he fell into every trap ignominiously.

Then he was turned over to the development department, which gave him some preliminary talks on the importance of using his head. He had never been taught to think for himself, which is more or less of an extrinsic habit; though, of course, some people are endowed. Then he was sent on a trip through the store, with instructions to report ten things that could be done better. He turned in some grotesque recommendations, but among the lot was one that caught the attention of the executives. He criticized the drafty spaces adjacent to the entranceways; and the management had shields put up.

On being instructed in this line of thinking, Ned B. developed unusual initiative, and within a few months after his advent into the store he was making important suggestions—such as the sale of certain toys adjacent to the men's furnishings. A year or so later he won first prize in a suggestion contest, turning in the largest number of available ideas. He is now manager of a basement department.

There was a hard-working girl in the infants' wear—Tillie C.—whose record previous to the establishment of the development department showed an almost unbroken chain of days in harness, stretching back in weary monotony for a decade. I compared her sales for the first week in November, over a period of years, and they averaged round a hundred and ninety dollars. But in the two years following the development work her sales had jumped to an average of more than three hundred dollars. Tillie's story is an odd one. About the first thing the development manager said to her was this:

"Take Thursday off and spend it in the store studying the salespersons. Pick three clerks who you think deserve promotion. Don't bother about names, but make a report telling in detail your reasons for picking them."

Tillie's report showed that, even after all her years back of the counter, she was hazy as to many of the requirements of good salesmanship. The reasons she advanced were mostly superficial. In one instance she picked an elderly saleswoman because it seemed to her that this clerk deserved

recognition for long service; and in another case she gave her reason as "a pleasing personality." She chose a clerk in the toys because she seemed to like children.

Of course Tillie was working at a disadvantage because she had no access to sales records, and at best her opportunity to judge was limited. Yet she showed herself incapable of discerning such points as knowledge of goods, sincerity, tact, ability to express oneself clearly, knowledge of different types of customers, offensive mannerisms, and so on; in fact, Tillie had never heard salesmanship analyzed in this fashion. After all those years of labor she was still a mental infant in the selling field! But, late as it was, she began to look out on the sales world with the new vision of a nearsighted person wearing her first pair of glasses.

Anna D. worked in a department that sold bathing suits, sweaters, shawls, various dainty wraps, and fancy articles of many kinds. She had averaged round two hundred and fifteen dollars a week in sales and was considered a good saleswoman. The term "good" is about as unstandardized as the word "cigar."

In the course of his survey of the store the development man discovered her, and gave her unusual consideration because she showed certain glaring faults. In his peculiar mental viewpoint it was hard to understand how she had remained in the store two years. She was the kind of salesgirl who says to customers:

"What do you want to pay?"

"What color?"

"You take a big size, don't you?"

"We haven't any demand for that any more!"

"Would you care to see something more expensive?"

"This is the cheapest we have."

As a preliminary test in observation he sent her on some shopping trips to two classes of stores—the first representing the advanced and refined type of salesmanship, and the other the primitive sort. Not a word was said to her about her own faults, but she was asked merely to commend or criticize anything that impressed her.

Her report was quite inane and missed the point altogether. And no wonder; for she was mentally blind in these matters. Was she any worse in this respect than her employers had been? They could scarcely expect intelligent observation on her part, since they themselves had never observed that she was of a type of salesperson especially distasteful to customers.

Questions for Self-Analysis

ANNA D., however, was no fool; and when she began to comprehend real salesmanship she applied it to her own work and increased her sales sixty per cent in a year. You can only guess what her inward struggles were; but her efforts and those of the development department were fairly indicative of what may commonly be accomplished.

These things may sound like truisms to the keenly philosophical business man; yet the world is running over with employers and salespeople who are still in such a mist of crudity that even this elementary psychology is an utter stranger to them. Moreover, there is a new batch perpetually coming along, so that nothing but continuous development work will keep a business up to date.

It should not be inferred that this development progress is measured wholly by the detached individual sales records. Jessie E., before the development work began, sold six hundred and sixty dollars' worth of laces in November. In the following November—after having her observation, initiative and general salesmanship cultivated—she sold ten hundred and forty-nine dollars' worth. Though this gain shows up as her personal achievement, she is not really entitled to all the praise. Bertha F. may be responsible for some of it.

Bertha is in the knit underwear. In the old days of hit-or-miss salesmanship she sold, in November, eight hundred and ninety dollars' worth of goods. Afterward she sold, in November, twelve hundred and sixty dollars' worth. In addition, her improved influence in the store has been acting indirectly on the sales of Jessie E., and vice versa.

Though it is difficult to gauge this intangible influence, the store makes an attempt to estimate it by rating its salespeople fifty per cent for net sales and fifty per cent for the aggregate of the following qualities:

Health, appearance, manner, initiative, industry, accuracy, loyalty, cooperation, responsibility and knowledge.

An analysis of these qualities subdivides them something like this:

Health: Regular in attendance, healthful appearance, erect of posture, vigorous in daily work, alert in mind.

Appearance: Businesslike, dress according to requirements, hands and teeth well cared for, hair neatly arranged, clothing well brushed and neat.

Manner: Smiling, courteous, interested, tactful and persuasive, voice pleasant and speech correct.

Initiative: Introducing merchandise not asked for, making extra efforts to please customers, originality, finding things to be done, suggesting ways of improving service.

Industry: Serves customers promptly, good at stockkeeping, in department as much as possible, always on time in department.

Accuracy: States facts correctly, systematic worker, observes rules of the house, fills orders promptly, minimum of errors.

Loyalty: Speaks well of the house, does nothing to reflect discredit, offers constructive criticism, does everything possible to help the business, willing to stay late when necessary.

Coöperation: Saves expense when possible, willing to straighten out mistakes, willing to assist in other departments, assists fellow workers in own department, willing to assist with other work along with regular duties.

Responsibility: Willing to assume it, careful in making and keeping promises, avoids mistakes, does work satisfactorily, good stockkeeper.

Knowledge: Thorough knowledge of stock and of store system, familiar with location of departments, knowledge of store advertisements, knows steady customers.

You can see that this is a rather keen analysis. Each salesperson is rated monthly by the floor manager, buyer, and an assistant superintendent, as excellent, good, fair, poor or bad.

There are ratings, too, for rank in department sales, percentage of salary cost, returned goods, times late, times absent without just cause, and so on. One executive characterized some of these things as frills, but said that the moral effect, nevertheless, was excellent.

In investigating this subject in various stores I was surprised to find how much deep thinking had been given to this matter of development work; and for any person who wishes to increase his or her earning capacity I recommend a perusal of the following condensed self-analysis report, many of the questions in the original being omitted altogether, because of its length. Every salesperson is asked to fill this out, but only after careful meditation:

"What are your favorite studies? What studies do you like least? Are you doing any definite reading or studying? What? What studies have you taken that will help you in your position? What studies have you planned to help you in your present position? What studies that will prepare you for advancement? What papers or periodicals do you read regularly? What lines of merchandise do you understand? What lines do you like best? Would a knowledge of any foreign language help you? And, if so, have you made any plans in that direction?

"What do you do with your leisure time? Have you control over your temper and emotions? Do you use liquor? And, if so, do you consider it a safe habit? Can you concentrate your mind? Are you inclined to be lazy? Do you appreciate the price you must pay for success?

"Do you like or dislike to mingle with people, and do you realize that the proper contact with the world is essential to success? What are you doing to cultivate this quality? Are you studying self-expression or the forceful use of language? Can you trust yourself? Are you absolutely honest?

"What weak spots in your character are you building up? What is your greatest strength? What is your greatest weakness?

"What special training do you need? Do you work well under supervision? Without it? Are you willing to learn new and better ways of doing your work? Can you save money regularly? Are you in debt? Do you realize that your earning capacity depends on what you produce for your employers, not on length of service or favoritism? Do you understand that there are definite ways through which you can become more productive, and that by faithfully studying the development work of this store you can largely increase your income?

"Do you have to be told more than once to do a thing? What occupations have you followed, and for how long? Did you give them up for good reasons or for lack of courage and persistence?

"What is your greatest ambition? Could you reasonably set a higher goal, considering your natural endowments and the results others have accomplished under similar conditions?"

Then follow spaces in which the employee is to enter an estimate in the form of percentage of his or her personal qualities, some of which I have named in the foregoing. Others are adaptability, alertness, determination, discretion, economy, enthusiasm, frankness, imagination, optimism, patience, resourcefulness, thoughtfulness and thoroughness. And finally:

"Are you satisfied with yourself as shown in this analysis?"

The employees are invited to confer with the development department for advice in any effort toward improvement. Of course there are numerous classes going on all the time, which I shall not attempt to enumerate or describe.

A Better System of Promotions

I HAVE before me a copy of a different kind of analysis, made by a floor manager, the subject being a salesgirl in the candies and favors. The blank form contained many questions, and the substance of his report was this:

"M. W., aged twenty-two: Influence in department, good; discipline, good; inclined to relax in her work when not under direct supervision; is willing to learn and needs coaching in store systems; should be drilled in the analysis of salesmanship; has improved materially in last six months; believe she can increase her sales forty per cent. As a means of increasing her value to the store I should suggest Classes F and G."

In connection with these various analyses the fact was disclosed that the majority of salespersons had remained for years in the departments where they began, if they stayed in the store that long. There had never been any tangible policy of promotion and, hence, the opportunities were limited by those of the departments. Yet there were departments that returned the store very much larger profits than others. So the development department asked: "Why not give the salesforce the incentive of stepping from a poor department to one that can pay more?"

This was done, and definite lines of promotion established between departments closely related. For instance, experience in silks could be put to a higher utilization in the selling of silk waists and dresses. When a saleswoman reached maximum earnings in silks she was transferred as soon as possible to this other department.

In like manner the wash-goods people were advanced to the cheaper dress goods selling at prices inside a dollar a yard; then into plain blacks; next into fancy dress goods; and then into coats and suits, as being made up of the fabrics they had been handling.

A study of the salesmen and saleswomen in a number of departments showed that, under the old method, or lack of it, ambition was practically dormant, so far as getting into higher work was concerned. Gertie S. had been doing precisely the same thing for nine years, a topnotcher in the ribbons, yet at the limit of her aspirations because there was no door through which she could escape. Now she has been passed on into the millinery.

"Once in the basement, always there!" was a saying in the store, but not now.

Some clever development work may be seen in the methods of eliminating errors. A preliminary study of errors was made, requiring many months; and the common mistakes made by employees were found to aggregate about fifteen thousand a month. There were four hundred and thirty kinds of errors, including such things as overmeasuring goods, wrong change, names and

(Concluded on Page 101)

BRINGING OUT BARBARA

The Experiences of a New York Débutante

III

By ETHEL TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THE roses faded, and for several weeks I saw their sender no more. I had my sketch; but even that was only an impression of him upon whom my thoughts dwelt. Emotion feeds upon an absence of details—especially that vague form of it which agitates a young girl's breast. It was not love that was at the bottom of the emotion, but the emotion that was at the bottom of what, with beating heart, I thought I recognized as love. Whatever it was, it had taken hold of me and soothed my turbulence. I became surprisingly acquiescent in everything that mother demanded of me, and found myself the gainer by this docility. I went wherever I was told to go and endeavored to behave according to instructions.

By the time we were ready to exchange Long Island for Newport I had a large though sketchy acquaintance among those who were to share in our migration. It comprised nearly everybody except the Spencers, the Glendennings, the Winty Athertons, the Boltons, and a few others of their ilk, who remained consistently withdrawn. I did see the Bolton girl one day getting some polo practice in a field. She handled her mallet with the utmost skill, swinging it with long, sweeping, pendulum strokes of a brown arm, bare to the elbow. Her hair was all blown, her cheeks scarlet; she sat her scampering pony like a jockey. She looked like a real girl, and I wanted most awfully to meet her. I found out upon inquiry that she was fifteen; and that she never went out in the evening, but had her supper with her two little brothers at half past six.

There was no lack of girls of that age who did go out to our subdébutante festivities. The Hill twins, for example, wouldn't be sixteen until September. They were the two shoulder shakers who had been talking with John Randall at Mrs. Winslow's tea. Their mother had been deposed from office several months before upon grounds that had not failed to reach even our juvenile ears. Rumor had it that negotiations were pending for a successor; but meantime there was nobody to look after the twins, who floated about as they pleased.

Nobody looked after any of us, really. So long as we frequented only certain houses we were considered safe. We should have bored older people and they had no intention of being bored; so they would give us the run of the house for the evening, and take themselves off to more congenial companionship. After dinner there was always something to divert us from any attempt at acquiring the art of conversation: if not dancing, then an oily trick man, or a mind reader, or a singer of not very nice topical songs.

We moved to Newport toward the middle of July. Our house here was not so large as the Westbury house, but it was rather more ponderous.

It seemed too heavy for the contracted grounds upon which it stood. There was no space for a garden, so our flowers were forwarded to us from Long Island several times a week by express.

Whenever I thrust my nose out of doors I was in full view of the strollers along the shore walk. Everything we did here was done under the public eye. The resort outdid the suburb in gregariousness. Neither mother nor her associates ever seemed to feel the need of being alone.

Anybody to whom money is no consideration can own three houses, but nobody on earth can have three homes. Having no home of course we had no home life. We lived in other people's houses, and they in ours. None of us had any household gods, since such commodities do not come in triplicate.

The luxury in the midst of which I now found myself seemed to me harmful chiefly because of its falsification of values. The house, for example, instead of being a means to an end, became an end in itself.

Existence was complicated by the needless elaboration of what intrinsically was simple enough. It was not that we overdressed—any girl who appeared in lace and muslin on golf links or tennis courts would have been well laughed at; correct sport attire for the young consisted of the plainest of white shirt waists and skirts, but when it came to crispness and starchiness you might go to any lengths uncriticized.

Mother insisted that I should change oftener than the most fastidious standard of personal cleanliness could possibly have demanded. Every time I turned around there stood Yvonne holding out a fresh white skirt for me to put on. Serviceableness, for which such garments were designed, thus gave place to style, a term having meaning in one small stratum of society, but without signification to the rest of the world.

I should think it would have enraged the laundresses, of whom there were three in our laundry, to be obliged to go through the whole process of "doing up" a dress when all it needed was a little pressing to take out the creases. The idea was, I suppose, that, since they were paid to work, it made no difference what work they did.

Of our three abiding places Newport was the least familiar to me, for the nine weeks of my family's sojourn here I had for years spent in a girls' camp in Maine. It was a far cry from that to this. The transition had taken my breath away. I was given no pause to regain it. No allowance was made for any bewilderment on my part. A routine was mapped out for me and I was expected to follow it without ado. I got up late; for, once started on the day, it was one long, dizzying whirl. Its only quiet moments were those relegated to the changing of clothes. I now had too much exercise in conjunction with everything else. Sleepy from tennis and bathing, I had to sit up and make conversation in hot, crowded rooms at lunch; black coffee stimulated me to more exercise in the afternoon; tea restored my verve after that; then came dinner, with renewed chatter, food and coffee; and then, to finish off the evening, dancing! More exhausted than any factory girl, I tumbled into bed.

I began almost at once to form a variety of acquaintances among the opposite sex. Some blew in on yachts for a night; others came as visitors and stayed indefinitely. Few were under twenty, for the boys of our age liked girls older or younger than we were, when they liked them at all. Our swains ranged in age from eighty to twenty. There were retired rear-admirals who still danced, preferably with girls in their teens. There were men married, unmarried and remarried; there were paupers, pet cats and sudden millionaires; there was everybody who was anybody, and anybody who had become somebody by the magic of money, through foreign alliance, by hook or by crook. We had steel kings and crockery kings, cotton kings and carpet kings; the only monarch who hadn't broken in yet was the copper king, and from latest advices we were informed that he was on the way, and was due to arrive presently.

Between the girls who were not "out" and those who were there was drawn a strict line of demarcation. We were never invited to their entertainments, nor they to ours. But when it came to men, not one was considered too old or too experienced for us to associate with on equal terms. Once they had obtained the entrée they were asked "to everything." I wondered, when I first saw them standing about in the doorways at our very young dances, what we, who knew so little of the world, could possibly have to offer them.

One night I found out.

It was at a little dance at the Hills. The party was frankly "sticky," and everybody was having a dull time of it. The ballroom was hideously decorated in blue and silver, with designs reminiscent of the calliopes in circus parades. There was no angle at which these did not hit one in the eye. Wherever one looked were quirks and queris

She Looked Like a Real Girl and I Wanted Most Awfully to Meet Her

innumerable, Cupids with overdeveloped stomachs, and bowknots that did not tie anything.

After one unsuccessful effort to pilot him round the room I had sat out two interminable dances with my Long Island acquaintance, the Midnight Follies boy, whose name was Cyril Chub, and had come perilously near yawning right in his pink and placid face. Never to my dying day should I forget that soulless eye, that plastered hair and that perennial gardenia. From this extremity I was rescued by an oldish man, whom I had met on another occasion, and invited to seek coolness somewhere outside. I was flattered at his having remembered me, and gratefully accepted, though I knew nothing of him but his name, which was Watson. We went out on the veranda, but that was too damp, he thought; so we adjourned to the conservatory, a green and bowery spot most grateful to me after the glare of the lights inside.

I expressed my satisfaction and drew his attention to the beauty of a great palm with drooping fronds. We got to talking about flowers and I told him how I loved them. Then he began comparing girls to flowers; and I thought that sounded rather silly, but put it down to an older point of view. When I was fifty or sixty, no doubt I, too, should be sentimentalizing over the freshness and innocence of that youth which I was so matter of fact about just now. Still, it was tiresome of him to continue harping on this subject, with lowered voice and bated breath.

I had no idea there was anything personal about it, however, until his flowery language suddenly ceased and I distinctly felt something touch my bare arm. I could not believe that my senses had not played me false; and, drawing every muscle taut, I waited, absolutely still. Then I heard in an insinuating whisper:

"Don't be frightened, Little One. I'm not going to hurt you. I'm only helping you to wake up! You've got to wake up sometime, you know!"

In one bound I was out of that wicker chair. Luckily there was light enough to see the open door.

If there hadn't been I believe I should have crashed right through the glass.

In all my life nothing had ever so outraged and surprised me as this episode. As a result, I suddenly hated and distrusted all men—Allan Denning not excepted. John Randall alone escaped. I did not think of him at all. The bubble of my youthful self-sufficiency had burst. There was no gas left in my balloon. I wanted somebody to take care of me.

Mrs. Barton Winslow sat among the patronesses; *soignée;* exquisite; the woman of fashion from the tip of her small, white-crowned head to the toe of her slipper, but more, far more than that when you looked at her eyes—dark eyes, mirroring life—human eyes! . . . Oh, if I could have confided in her. . . . Instead, I went up to her, extended the tips of my fingers, murmured something about being tired, and left.

A thin line of light underneath mother's door showed me that she was within. Sadly I passed it; for mother had failed me. She had sent me forth unprepared and unwarned.

In my own room I sobbed for hours, flung athwart my bed. At last I slept, very heavily. In the morning I woke, stiff and weary, last night's melting succeeded by an exaggerated and deplorable cynicism. Since there was no one to take care of me, it behooved me in future to take care of myself. This I thenceforth did—a little too well. I thought I saw a devil lurking in ambush behind every masculine face; for there is no disillusion comparable in poignancy and passion to the disillusion of extreme youth.

The hours, with their overlapping engagements, hurried confusedly along, and I hurried with them. In Allan's absence I continued to include him in my sweeping distrust of men. I did not know when he was coming, or whether he was ever coming. Meantime I rushed from one activity to another. If anybody asked me to play golf or tennis, I played; wherever I was bidden to lunch, tea or dinner, I went. Mother arranged my engagements, Yvonne dressed me for them, and the chauffeur conveyed me to the designated spot. The more keyed up I got from overdoing, the more I overdid. Society had harnessed me to its chariot, a poor little three-year-old colt, without full strength of wind or limb.

Then, one day, Allan turned up. No sooner had I laid my hand in his and looked into his eyes than I found myself, by sheer force of reaction, more than ever under the spell. "All men are liars," I had thought. Now I said: "All men are liars—except one."

During this period John Randall did not exist for me. Ever since I had turned my back on him, and run straight into the arms of Allan Denning, the holder image of the latter had usurped his place upon my mental retina. The young painter had been the unattainable moon; Allan Denning was the coin which, held close to my eye, served to exclude that moon from my field of vision.

One night, however, the coin was struck aside and the moon shone once more in the midnight sky. It was at a vaudeville performance at one of the houses. Allan was sitting beside me. He did not honor many of our subdébutante dinners with his adult presence, but he often dropped in afterward to applaud good-naturedly whatever entertainment was on for the latter portion of the evening.

On this occasion it was acrobats. Upon an improvised platform a delicately muscular fellow, in tights, was awaiting, lithe and watchful as a panther, the moment for his leap onto the shoulders of a colleague. There was something in the set of his lips, the concentration of his eye, that vividly suggested the young painter and curiously clutched at my heart. The leap was made; more than the usual polite applause followed—even this assemblage had not escaped a thrill.

He who had evoked it deserved no less; spurred on by merciful necessity to sweat and strive, he had evaded softness, a quality warranted to make of whatever it touched that had once been young and glorious a thing all gone to rot—decadent and mean. From the boy's thin, streaming face my eyes turned to Allan. He was clapping, heavy-handed; complacently calling out "Bravo!" With a shock I wondered whether it were possible that he would one day be fat!

I dreamed feverishly of John Randall, clad in cheap pink tights.

As luck would have it, the very next day Mrs. Winslow invited me to lunch, to see her portrait, which had been all this time getting framed, and had just arrived from Long Island.

I was taken to the drawing-room to wait. With my foot on the threshold, I was arrested by the direct gaze of a pair of gentle yet burning eyes. The portrait hung over the mantel, directly opposite the door. The canvas was not very large. It showed Mrs. Winslow sitting at ease upon a sofa with plenty of give to it, and took in the knees. She was in a simple tea gown that fell in loose folds about her; her delicate neck, the poise of her exquisite head with its piled-up white hair—ah, with what appreciation had they been reproduced! With high courage, Randall had dared to put in every line he saw in that face of a woman approaching sixty; not one had been omitted. The result was that he had portrayed the dignity, the nobility, that only years can give; and proved that truth is beauty—beauty, truth.

So compelling, so intense was the quiet of that seated figure that it made all the little things with which my brain had been so busy fall away at once, leaving my spirit reverend and hushed. So absorbed was I in my contemplation that I did not hear Mrs. Winslow come in. I started when I felt her hand on my shoulder, and turned with a smile. But I could not speak for a minute, because—just as they did when I was listening to music—my eyes had filled with tears.

"There's not much doubt as to what you think of it," said my hostess, adding quietly: "I learned to know John Randall well during the sittings, and to value him highly as a friend."

Upon this opening might have ensued confidences that would have changed the whole course of this narrative, but for the fact that at this inopportune moment Ruth Alvord came dawdling in.

The following afternoon Mrs. Winslow exhibited the portrait by means of a tea. From four o'clock on her house was jammed. The portrait took Newport by storm. For the rest of the season, at least, the young artist's name would be on every tongue. Why wasn't he present? a hundred voices demanded. I made spurious criticisms of him to myself. He ought to have come, I argued, even if only out of curiosity. It must be an affectation—this seeming indifference as to whether thumbs turned up or down. Nobody could really be as cool as that.

Deep down inside I knew well enough that the reason its creator refused to embrace his big opportunity was nothing more important than myself. He wished still to avoid me. Out of pique or out of embarrassment—what matter, since he had not come?

Memory stands a poor chance in competition with the actual presence of a delightful, assiduous and constant companion, such as Denning. We were "Allan" and "Barbara" now; we swam together every morning, played golf every afternoon. A girl does want some man after having been with spinsters all her life, and here was a very charming one who was ever within call. Yet, even in his company, I was subject to moods of taciturnity and abstraction.

"You look so unsatisfied sometimes!" he commented one day, leaning on his club, throat bare, sun glinting on his hair. "I believe you still worry like the devil about being made to come out."

"I do—often," I admitted gravely.

For a while he regarded me in silence.

"If you became a highbrow," he then said whimsically, "what I want to know is: Where should I come in?"

My heart thumped agreeably.

"I didn't know you wanted to come in!" I stammered.

His smile went out.

"You bet I do!" he said in his deep, vibrant voice. "Why, I've told you a dozen times I'd never met anyone like you! We don't grow 'em round here. And now you talk about deserting us! Don't you think that's rather hard?"

My eye sought the horizon at the end of the wide sweep of green. He must have noticed its wistfulness, for he said consolingly:

"*I* understand exactly how you feel. But, unfortunately, I'm not your mother! The plain fact is, you're up against it. You don't know women with social ambitions as well as I do. You might talk yourself blue in the face—she wouldn't give in. She knows what she wants, and she wants what she wants, when she wants it! There's the whole thing in a nutshell. Why not succumb with a good grace? No rows—smooth sailing—lots of laughs on the side—somebody to laugh with—me! Is that such a ghastly prospect? Don't take it so seriously! Why, you're almost as serious as she is! Come on! Be a sport! Play the game!"

At seventeen you don't refuse to be a sport, any more than you refuse to take a dare. And the accusation of seriousness is a serious accusation, carrying with it the opprobrious implication of lack of a sense of humor. Besides, an exceedingly attractive young man, who intimates that he is in love with you, is an influential factor in any situation.

"Oh, very well!" I said gayly, though my spirit was troubled. "I don't care. I'll see it through."

The first of these statements was a lie. I did care, terribly. The second was a pledge. The importance that I was to attach to that pledge was evidence that I was incurably serious after all. In Allan Denning mother had gained a powerful ally.

I Thought That Sounded Rather Silly, But Put It Down to an Older Point of View

The Party Came Perilously Near Being a Frost

Two days later Mrs. Winslow was one of the guests at a luncheon of women at our house.

I was "down"; and as soon as opportunity offered she whispered in my ear:

"He's coming after all. I persuaded him. He's sailing himself up from New York in his own boat. He ought to be here to-day."

I paled and all my pulses thumped.

Mrs. Winslow introduced John Randall to Newport at an evening reception. I was there by her special request.

He shrank at sight of me; but I went straight up to him, where he stood under the portrait, and held out my hand.

"I can't tell you," I said slowly with look upturned to it, "how piayune, how idiotic, in the light of this, I seem to myself for having resented your resentment with me—about the letter ——"

A warm glow suffused his face.

"It was only because I couldn't bear to think of it that I was so cross," hesaid, boyishly eager. "Of their beginning the—metamorphosis stuff, you know. But now I see I was wrong. They haven't touched you! You're the very same girl I met that night."

I started away from him, wide-eyed.

"I don't think I am," I said uneasily. "You only get that impression because I'm still able to recognize inspiration in a picture when I see it."

He smiled.

"Anyone would be a fool," he averred, "not to draw inspiration from such a subject."

Somebody came up to him just then, after which Mrs. Winslow brought others, and presently he was surrounded—obliterated from my view—closed in. For the next two hours he was at the mercy of the throng. They would hardly permit him to breathe.

When the crowd had begun to thin out he found me again.

"Thank the Lord that's over!" he said with a deep, heartfelt sigh.

I laughed.

"How brown you are!" I commented. "I never knew a painter could be so brown. What fun it must have been, sailing up! I'd love so to sail."

"Come sailing with me to-morrow!" he flashed.

I shook my head, wondering what to tell him. He should never know of the friction that had occurred between myself and mother on his account. I was glad now that he had not divined her attitude toward him. With these thoughts in mind I was completely taken aback by his next words.

"Your mother's been awfully kind to-night," he said appreciatively. "Said how much she liked the portrait; asked me to dine week after next, and to tea on Tuesday."

This change of front on mother's part took my breath away. It hadn't mattered that I had vouched for this man out of the depths of my being, with everything in me that intuitively recognized what he was; she had forbidden our association just the same. What had altered her decision? Mrs. Winslow. Whom Mrs. Winslow accepted, it was meet that Mrs. West should accept. There was nothing for it but to get in line with the other sheep. Of my thoughts I showed nothing, but said eagerly:

"I hope you're coming!"

"Of course I am!" was his prompt reply. "Meantime, what about that sail? Come on! I'll get you back in a couple of hours. I swear I will!"

I beamed. There was nothing now to stand in the way of my accepting.

"It'll be wonderful!" I cried.

We looked at each other, radiant. Then suddenly the sun went out. I had remembered an engagement. How came it that it had slipped my mind?

"I forgot," I said. "I can't. I've got to play golf at half past three."

"Too bad!" Randall replied. "Oh, well; never mind."

His disappointment was evident, from his eyes all the way down to the sensitive tip of his chin. I found myself unaccountably contrasting that chin with Denning's. That Denning had allowed his to forfeit something of its natural contours outraged my artistic sense. Adonis he was, beyond question; but Adonis "to date," a little blunted as to edges—a few pounds overweight.

"Have you been doing any painting?" he asked with an effort, after a pause. "You have! I can read guilt in your eyes. Confess!"

I blushed furiously. If he should discover that my golf partner and the subject of my sketch were one and the same, it would spoil our fresh start.

"Only one sketch," I deprecated. "Nothing at all. I finished it in a day."

Glancing toward the door at this juncture I saw two or three late arrivals who had just come on from somewhere else. Allan was one of them. He joined us at once, turned to Randall, offered congratulations and shook hands. How charmingly cordial was his manner! No reminiscence in it of that cool stare with which he had looked him over at their first meeting. Was this change due to the recognition of genius, or could it be that he, too, was one of the sheep? Instantly dismissing this suspicion, I yet wished he had been endowed with foresight rather than hindsight. He ought to have recognized at a glance the quality of that face. . . . I had!

"I only dropped in for a minute," Allan said. "Good night, Barbara. Don't forget our match to-morrow, will you? Three-thirty. And do show Mr. Randall that sketch you did of me. She did a cracking sketch of me, Mr. Randall. Get her to show it to you. Make her!"

He was off, and Randall and I were left uncomfortably together. I knew what that line in his forehead meant, that almost imperceptible quiver of the chin. He was drawing deductions at the rate of a million a minute.

"Please," I besought him, in acute distress, "stop thinking—what you are thinking! I might just as well have sketched anybody. He happened along just when I wanted to sketch. When I want to sketch I sketch anything that comes along. I ——"

From these verbal involutions I was rescued by mother, who, approaching, wished Mr. Randall good night with the utmost cordiality and said it was time to take me home.

When I laid my hand in his something in his expression reminded me of the way Miss Wier had looked when she had come upon me in my dinky little hat.

Tuesday came without my having caught sight of him again. That afternoon my game was unspeakable, I was so afraid of not getting through before five. Luckily Allan was due somewhere else at teatime; so we only played nine holes. In his absence I was sure of an opportunity for a frank talk with Randall that would clear things up.

Arrived at home, I waited confidently; and he didn't come. After everybody had been sitting around for hours, the doorbell rang. I heard soft sounds, as of things being laid down on a table.

"It is he, after all!" I thought, exuberant.

It wasn't he. It was Allan!

One moment of blank disappointment; and then a lightning chemical transformation of all the ingredients of that disappointment—the chief, hurt pride—into overwhelming gratitude toward a friend who never failed.

"I thought you weren't coming to-day," I whispered. "I thought you were going to have tea with the Glynn-Rollinses."

Before answering, he bent so close that in one moment I seemed to feel the pressure of his lips upon mine.

"I've had tea with the Glynn-Rollinses," he said, implying that the Glynn-Rollinses were powerless to hold him long away from me. "And now I'm going to have more tea," he added comfortably, "with you."

He chatted for a while with mother, who handed it to him, and with the other guests; and then we went and sat on a remote sofa. He was not only in high spirits but he was most awfully good-looking in golf clothes. Some day I would sketch him like that—one leg thrown over the other; hair all crisped and kinked with fog; tea-cup in hand. I would sketch him forty ways and show all the sketches to John Randall, just to see him wince—for so reckless was my mood that I delighted in the thought of hurting.

He began gossiping about people; I responded. It was a form of diversion I despised; but my ideas were all out of kilter this afternoon—and it required so little effort. He laughed at some rumor I retailed. I followed it up with another choice bit; he laughed again, and the more he laughed, the hotter my cheeks flamed—the more excitedly and incoherently I talked.

"Do you know," he commented, suddenly slapping his knee, "I've never known you to let yourself go like this before! By George! You're waking up!"

At this expression, I stared at him. Could it be true? "I'm only helping you to wake up," had hissed the serpent. "You've got to wake up sometime, you know!" Ah, how soon I had begun to wake up!

That night a formidable dinner occurred at our house, and I entered the drawing-room amid a loud hubbub of indignant talk ensuing from a medley of dowagers, diamonds and fans, all in motion. No strikers gathered on a street corner could have given more unmistakable evidence of indignant agitation.

The men who were there did not say anything; they let the women talk.

A single name was on everybody's tongue—the name of the new lion. It appeared that this lion, instead of submitting to being decorated with garlands by soft hands, had shown his teeth. In plain English, devoid of metaphor, John Randall had actually dared, without a word of explanation to anybody, to give Newport the slip. Taking advantage of the lasting qualities of the breeze, which my weather eye had foretold, he had slipped his moorings at Mrs. Winslow's dock that very afternoon and sailed away into the sunset in his little catboat.

Enter cocktails—exit girl. That was my program. That night I thought the cocktails would never come! Snatches of talk reached my ears:

(Continued on Page 93)

ALIEN ENEMIES

By Melville Davisson Post

Scotland Yard Men Always Bring Their Captives to Jail in an Enclosed Yard, So That They Will Not be Known Generally

FOR the present situation in the United States our Government has little precedent in its own history. On any day it may be called upon to deal with the problem of alien enemies. In the solution of this problem it will doubtless follow what seems expedient to American conditions; but the experience of Great Britain, under conditions in some respect parallel, may be cited as a guiding factor.

The policy of England has been a careless liberality in dealing with all resident aliens. Deposed princes and the conspirators who had deposed them came with equal freedom to the English Islands. London was the headquarters of all revolutionist propaganda in Europe. Every form of fanaticism was released there. The whole island was practically free to any alien upon the same terms as to the English resident. This national policy was in contradistinction to that of any continental country. France and Germany required the registration of all foreign visitors.

Consequently when war was declared the continental countries had an accurate record of every alien, on that date, within their borders. Great Britain was practically in the position of the United States at this time. It was not precisely in the position of the United States, for, as early as 1905, the government realized that the great system of German espionage which had been laid down carefully over the whole of France had also been extended to the English Islands. At the suggestion of the Admiralty and War Office a Special Intelligence Department was organized to operate with the Home Office, Metropolitan Police, and the principal police force.

This was a tardy initiative.

Men like Lord Roberts, the Earl of Portsmouth, the Earl of Crawford, Lord Leith of Fyvie, Viscount St. Aldwyn, Lord St. Davids, the Earl of Selborne, Viscount Galway, Lord Curzon, and others, had warned the country in vain against a system of German espionage by resident aliens. But the force of these warnings was so slight that, even after the Special Intelligence Department had been set up, it was found that the existing laws were so confused and defective that it was necessary to pass the Official Secrets Act. This Act, passed in 1911, undertook to put the subject on a clear basis, and to extend the law to cover any information that might be conveyed to an enemy and be useful to it in time of war.

Suspects Under Martial Law

THIS precautionary measure proved to be of great service to the English Government. Under it they discovered the central headquarters which resident aliens had set up in Caledonian Road, London—an Intelligence Department conducted by a naturalized German who had been a resident of Great Britain for sixteen years. The authorities watched and shadowed the movements of resident aliens from this headquarters, but without taking any hostile action or allowing them to know they were being watched. Only when the resident alien, under the direction of this central office, undertook to send documents of importance out of the country was he arrested.

It was not the object of the Special Intelligence Department to institute prosecutions. Public opinion regarded German espionage in England as a nightmare of the fancy, the idle alarms of timid and excited persons. For this reason the Special Intelligence Department kept its discoveries secret, and contented itself with endeavoring to locate the resident aliens connected with the German headquarters.

It happened, therefore, that on August fourth, before the declaration of war, upon the direction of the Home Secretary, the secret service of Great Britain was able to put under arrest at once twenty of the principal resident aliens acting as spies in the country; and they were able, immediately upon the declaration of war, to intern a great number of persons who had been under special observation.

The British Home Office believed that these precautionary measures, begun in 1905 and carried forward by the Special Intelligence Department, broke the backbone of the German spy organization, which had been established by resident aliens before the war.

But this belief was not entirely justified.

Unquestionably a precaution, even to this extent, had been of incalculable advantage. But, as the Home Office admitted, it was still necessary to take the most rigorous steps to prevent the establishment of any fresh organization, and to deal with individual alien enemies who might previously have been working in the country outside of the organization, or who might be sent to it in the guise of neutrals after the declaration of war.

In addition to these advanced measures the English Government acted with more expedition than one would imagine. The Aliens Restriction Act was passed on the fifth of August, and immediately the Home Office and the police, by an Order-in-Council, were given stringent powers to deal with aliens, and especially alien enemies.

The Home Office and the police took over very large powers under this Act.

They were now able to prevent any alien from coming into or going out of the country; they were able to divide the country into districts and remove from these districts undesirable resident aliens. It was thought unadvisable to permit resident aliens, whether naturalized or not, to reside in the vicinity of naval bases, dockyards, munitions plants, or other strategic points. These sections of the country were laid off in prohibited areas. The following report of a military order is illustrative:

"Notices to quit coastal towns adjoining the Tyneside district were yesterday served by the police, on behalf of the military authorities, upon persons regarded as undesirable residents. The people affected include enemy aliens and naturalized aliens of both sexes; also, British-born descendants of aliens, including even the second generation. Exceptions have been made in cases of advanced age and extreme youthfulness. New addresses must be approved by the military. Notices were also served on German residents in Sunderland to leave the town and district and move into an area approved by the military authorities. The order applies to men, women and children, whether naturalized or not, and must be obeyed within eight days. The approved area will be about thirty miles from the coast."

Leading authorities in England advocated the transportation of all aliens to a distance inland of at least thirty miles from the coast.

But these precautions were not considered sufficient. The Defense of the Realm Act was passed on August eighth, and Orders-in-Council under this Act were immediately issued. These orders covered, in the widest terms, any attempt on the part of either aliens or British subjects to communicate any information that "is calculated to be or might be directly or indirectly useful to the enemy."

The objects of these orders were to make espionage a military offense instead of a civil one, and to permit summary punishment. Under this Act the offender could be tried by a court-martial and sentenced to penal servitude for life. The police and military authorities were empowered to make arrests without a warrant. Under the Defense of the Realm Act the police could take into custody, without any preliminary paper, any person whose behavior was such as to give rise to suspicion; and the one so arrested could be summarily turned over to the military authorities for trial by court-martial.

This took the whole matter out of the hands of the civil authorities and put it into the hands of the military authorities.

Stamping Out Internal Espionage

WITH one stroke this Act did away with all the delays and safeguards the civil law might throw round either a British subject or an alien enemy charged with espionage. It enabled the military authorities to deal, in any case, with expedition.

The Act provided that only in the event of the military authorities being of the opinion that there was no prima-facie case, on the charge of espionage or any other offense triable by military law, could the prisoner be turned over to the civil authorities.

All internal espionage in Great Britain now became a war crime.

The only distinction was that if one were tried under the Defense of the Realm Act the maximum punishment was penal servitude for life. If he were dealt with outside of the Act he was punishable with death. Practically the whole country, by this Act, was put into the same position as territory occupied by arms. The same methods of summary arrest and court-martial trial were in effect all over England; and the only distinction was that the accused was imprisoned for life instead of being executed.

It will be seen that civil jurisdiction was entirely set aside. This meant that the country would be protected against alien enemies by swift military measures; but that if any mistakes were made they could be afterward remedied. An accused person imprisoned for an offense was not beyond a reconsideration at some later date.

While the authorities found it necessary to apply military measures to the whole country against the danger of espionage by alien enemies, the civil authorities also acted.

The government thought it expedient to keep track of every alien in England. It, therefore, required every foreigner, not naturalized, to register his address, give up any

A Scene on Embankment. The Police Were Picking Up Suspected Aliens All Over London

weapons, and not to leave his residence, for a distance of more than five miles, without obtaining special permission from the authorities. In addition to this, as has been said, all alien residents were transported from districts of military or naval importance.

This registration was by no means so difficult as one would suppose. The post-office authorities were able to handle it everywhere, and in a very short time the country had a complete registration of all aliens, with a fairly complete knowledge of their movements.

The authorities estimated that they had about twenty-seven thousand alien residents in England in 1915. At the opening of hostihties foreign residents were permitted to go out of England and were given a certain time in which to leave the country. This privilege was condemned by some of the military authorities, who held that it was merely permitting German and Austrian reservists to join their regiments.

And when, on January fourteenth, the United States Embassy, acting for Germany and Austria, announced that German men over fifty-five and Austrians over fifty, together with all those physically unfit for military service, were to be assisted to leave Great Britain, this permission, granted by the Home Office, was thought unwise by more than one English authority.

Quick Results From Special Measures

THEY pointed out, with great force, that men unfit for military service were not, under any rule that they could imagine, thereby unfitted for military espionage, and that it was merely a method by which information from all over England could be carried to the German and Austrian authorities.

At the very opening of the war the Home Office gave the closest attention to the possibility of conspiracies to commit outrage. Naturally such conspiracies would be undertaken with the greatest secrecy; so that the only practical thing was to guard the railroad lines, munitions plants, and all means of communication, industries, public works, naval bases, and so on.

From the beginning the Home Office assured the English people that any alien enemy residents whom the police believed likely to be dangerous had been arrested and were being held as prisoners of war. It also announced that as soon as the military authorities desired it general action would be taken to arrest and hand over to military custody all Germans of military age, subject to exceptions which the Home Office thought necessary on grounds of public policy. Under these orders some ten thousand German and Austrian residents in England were rounded up in detention camps.

The English authorities were of the opinion that these precautions pretty thoroughly broke down the system of espionage by resident aliens in England. They based their conclusion upon a significant fact: The English Invisible Service on the continent turned over to the War Office a German Army order. This army order disclosed that on August twenty-first the German military commanders were still ignorant of the dispatch and movements of the British Expeditionary Forces. This seemed extraordinary, because for many days prior to August twenty-first large numbers of people in England knew all about the British Expeditionary Forces.

Nevertheless, the Home Office warned the people that there should be no relaxation in the efforts of the Special Intelligence Department and the police to prevent a spy system from being set up again in England by resident aliens; and it requested everybody to give the authorities any information with respect to suspected persons. They were to make their report to the local police, who were, in turn, to communicate with the Special Intelligence Department. The people were advised to communicate with their local police secretly; not to make any public utterance or any communications to the newspapers.

Sir James Henry Dalziel had advised the government to turn the whole matter over to an Aliens Board. The Board should have entire charge of this feature of the national defense. He thought that such a method would be more direct, and would prevent any conflict among the three departments which were undertaking to work together—that is to say, the Home Office, the Police and Post Office Departments. The English Government rejected this suggestion. But it is worth while to remember it and to consider its advantages.

Several Aliens Were Caught in This Street, and in One House Rifles Were Found Between the Floors and Buried in the Cellar

Another thing of striking significance is the fact that Great Britain found it necessary in the midst of the war to revise its naturalization laws, and to exclude everybody whose good character could not be conclusively established and who was without an adequate knowledge of the English language.

The Act contained, also, a clause of marked interest to the American Government. This clause gave the Secretary of State power to revoke any naturalization certificate obtained by false representation or fraud. The language of the clause is as follows:

"Where it appears to the Secretary of State that a certificate of naturalization granted by him has been obtained by false representations or fraud, the Secretary of State may, by order, revoke the certificate; and the order of revocation shall have effect from such date as the Secretary of State may direct."

It will be observed that this provision of the Act gave the government power to revoke immediately any certificate of naturalization and at once to deprive any naturalized foreigner of his right of citizenship. This meant that the government could act quickly and with the summary authority of military tribunals against any naturalized foreigner, without being compelled to deal with him in the civil courts as a citizen.

It is proper to remember that when war with a foreign country is imminent there is always a rush on the part of subjects of the foreign state to take out naturalization papers in the country in which they are domiciled. For example, it is reported that in the first four days after the American Government had severed diplomatic relations with Germany five thousand subjects of the German and Austrian Governments presented themselves for naturalization in New York City.

Leading newspapers, strangely, commented upon this as illustrative of a great patriotic impulse on the part of these aliens, and a conclusive decision in favor of the American Government as against the governments of their birth. But has such a conclusion any justification in fact?

The rush to naturalization means merely that the foreigner in America wishes to avoid the discrimination which might be shown against him in the event of hostilities. He has in mind the English detention camps and the rigid methods of sequestration adopted against resident aliens in France and Germany on the opening of the war.

The English authorities assure us that enemy aliens who intend to remain in the service of their own government always take out naturalization papers. They report distinguishing cases in which such persons have resorted to all sorts of devious devices in order to obtain these much-prized documents. One English authority maintains that the naturalized alien spy is to-day one of the most dangerous enemies to the British Government.

We, therefore, hesitate to conclude that the rush to naturalization is necessarily evidence of any great moving desire of loyalty to the American Government.

"Naturalization," says an English author, "is one of the spy's favorite devices, and surely one of his best methods of disarming any possible suspicion."

The experiences of the English Government seem to justify this conclusion. Adolph Ahlers, a naturalized foreigner, who undertook to send German reservists out of England, said, at his trial for high treason, that, though naturalized, he was at heart attached to his own country. Such experiences moved the English Government to provide a summary method for the revocation of a naturalization certificate.

Sequestration and Registration

THE French Government has also considered this protective step. Early in the war a law was proposed giving the French Government authority to withdraw naturalization from persons who preserved their original nationality, or who, by reason of their attitude to the enemies of France, are judged unworthy of French nationality. The American Government will do well to consider the advisability of this protective step.

On any day the American Government may find it necessary to consider how it shall act toward resident aliens. Its quota of this element of population is perhaps larger than that of any other government. The naturalized foreigner, having the right of citizenship, would be entitled to common protection under that right. And it must be constantly remembered that we have assembled a great patriotic citizenry under this class—a citizenry that has already come forward with declared loyal intent.

But, against the dangers of misuse, authority could be given to revoke naturalization, after the manner of the provision in the English Aliens Act. We could deal with unnaturalized aliens by two methods only:

Sequestration—that is to say, by rounding up undesirables into detention camps. This method is decidedly the most advisable with respect to all aliens under suspicion and such as the authorities have any reason to believe might develop into active enemies. The Government Secret Service, after an experience of almost three years, ought to be able to indicate at once such dangerous aliens as it would be advisable to sequester in detention camps.

The second step, in the light of the experience of the English Government, would be to remove all resident aliens from the vicinity of naval and army bases, munitions plants, submarine bases, coaling stations, and all places connected with the national defense.

Foreign experience shows that this provision for national defense ought to be taken at once upon the determination of hostilities.

After these provisions have been accomplished the Post Office Department ought to be empowered to effect a registration of all resident aliens from countries hostile to the government. This could be easily accomplished. Such a step would at once place before the authorities the residences and names of all hostile aliens in the United States. Later, then, if it should be deemed necessary, these

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PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Attaching the Stare of an Alien Who Was Also Held as a Spy

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 17, 1917

National Solvency

IF GERMANY pushed the United States into alignment with the Allies, coöperation with them would doubtless involve a more liberal extension of credit, and the question of their solvency would take on new importance. Having borrowed eighteen billion dollars in thirty-one months, England is unquestionably as solvent as she was three years ago and no limit to her financial resources is in sight.

Macaulay pointed out that the public debt—unprecedented at that time—created by the wars with Louis XIV was regarded by many intelligent men as a menace to national solvency; yet "trade flourished, wealth increased, the nation grew richer and richer." The far greater debt created a century later by the wars with France gave rise to gloomy predictions of bankruptcy. If a banker had been told at the beginning of the French Revolution that thirty years later the British Government would be punctually meeting the interest on a public debt of four billion dollars he would hardly have believed it. Yet again trade flourished and the nation grew richer and richer.

It is often said the belligerents are mortgaging the future. But they are not spending the future; because that is impossible. The only thing that can possibly be spent is a dollar in hand at the present moment. So whatever England spends is money that Englishmen have in hand now. The nation is poorer because the money might have been invested in productive enterprises instead of being dissipated in war; but the power to produce is as great as it was before. It simply hasn't been increased as it should have been.

In the Same Boat

THE railroad freight congestion and embargo in February are reminders that Germany could not succeed in its designs upon England without inflicting an enormous loss upon the United States. We shipped to Europe last year three and three-quarter billion dollars' worth of goods, while exports to Canada and in some other directions were a reflection of war demand. All trade and industry in the United States at present is more or less directly linked with this enormous export business. The price of nearly every commodity is affected by it. The German plan implied a virtual embargo upon shipments to Europe. That it would react disastrously upon business of all sorts throughout the country goes without saying. It would affect the prices of farm products as much as those of the steel mill. It would throw much labor out of employment.

Submarines so far have usually kept well out of reach of war vessels, so while German submarines were keeping merchant ships from reaching the Allies, English cruisers would keep them from reaching Germany. If the German "prohibited area" could be made effective, trade between the United States and Europe would be virtually suspended. The consequences to this country would, of course, be less disastrous than to the Allies, yet sufficiently disastrous to warrant our resisting them.

England's command of the sea has been hardly exercised in this war, yet in practical effect it has seriously crippled nobody except her enemies. As to its practical effect upon ourselves, there is the record of three and three-quarter billion dollars of American goods shipped to Europe in a year. To acquiesce in Germany's assumption of control over any sea area she chose to prohibit would mean virtually to give up the sea altogether. It would be impossible for Germany to ruin England in that way without inflicting immense damage upon us.

Conscription of Capital

RADICALS in the British Parliament and elsewhere have been saying that conscription of men and labor should be accompanied by conscription of capital. In fact, that is about what has taken place.

Up to the beginning of February the British Government had borrowed fifteen billion dollars for war purposes. This was four times as much capital as the London market had ever supplied, for all purposes, in a like length of time. We should naturally expect that when the demand for anything was multiplied fourfold the price of the thing would advance sharply. Under free play of competition the price of capital undoubtedly would have advanced sharply. But the government had a virtual monopoly of the investment market and for this last war loan it paid four per cent net, after deducting income tax. At that price it secured over three billion dollars of fresh money.

Commodity prices have risen two-thirds since the war began. In other words, a four per cent income, measured in purchasing power, is little better than a two per cent income in July, 1914. In a free market and without a powerful sentimental compulsion capital would no doubt have made better terms for itself.

In announcing this last loan the Chancellor of the Exchequer said bluntly the terms were the best the government proposed to offer, and he intimated that if all the money it needed was not forthcoming voluntarily on those terms, it would resort to other measures—presumably meaning a forced loan. But, in fact, while preserving volunteer forms, conscription of capital has virtually taken place. The government gets capital on its own terms. Some bankers here who talk of a high interest rate on government bonds in case the United States should have to borrow very extensively may keep that in mind.

Business Combination

THE Sherman Law has been on the statute book more than a quarter of a century; but the basic question with which it was supposed to deal—namely, May competitive business concerns combine?—is still an open one. Briefs recently filed by the Government in the Steel and Harvester cases ask a conclusive answer to this question.

The broad facts in these cases are identical. Both concerns were formed by combining, through a holding company, plants that had been independent and competitive. All the results of the combinations were brought out in voluminous testimony before the trial courts. It was not shown that either combination had used its dominant position in the trade oppressively; that it had unduly advanced prices, or lowered wages, or pursued competitors unconscionably. No harm to the public was proved.

The trial courts decided one case in favor of the Government and the other against the Government. That is, on substantially the same set of facts and with all the court decisions for twenty years before them, they took practically opposite views of the meaning of the law.

The Government's contention is that such combinations, although no actual harm can be traced to them, must be dissolved because they are presumed to possess the power to do harm; that artificial restrictions must not be placed upon the competitive system through combinations of competing business. The defendants hold substantially that such combinations are permissible unless some actual wrong and harm can be attributed to them. The Government wants the cases decided according to a theory and the defendants want a decision according to the facts.

The Supreme Court's answer will have an important bearing upon the whole question of business organization.

Niggardly

WE SPEND on public schools about one and a half per cent of the national income, or, say, one-fifth as much as we spend on alcoholic drink and tobacco. Our pretension of a deep interest in popular education is a good deal of a sham. If we felt such an interest as we profess we should be spending three times the present amount, taking the country over. The backward states would be spending five or six times the present sum.

For adequate instruction there should be double the present teaching force and public school teachers as a class should be better paid. Many prosperous sections of the United States cling to a pioneer equipment for the education of children because they are too indifferent and too stingy to improve it. Much the worst disadvantage of farm life in various regions lies in the rural schools.

It is by no means wholly from snobbishness that many people who can afford it send their children to private schools. It is because of an idea—founded on fact in too many cases—that instruction in private schools, with fewer pupils to the teacher and greater attention to the individual pupil, is superior to that in public schools.

If democracy is to justify the best democratic hopes, then every other political question that comes up is inferior to the question of the public schools, for that involves the fundamental thing of giving every child the best practicable start and opportunities as nearly as possible equal to his competitors. There are very difficult questions of technic—what should be taught and how; but they do not affect the general proposition that at least double the money should be spent on public education.

Immigration

AS AGAINST the theory that immigration would be of negligible proportions for many years after the war, even if we put no restrictions upon it, the fact that our net gain in alien population in 1916 was greater than in 1914 may have some significance. As compared with 1915 the number of immigrants increased by a hundred thousand in spite of all the obstacles raised by a second year of war, while the number of aliens departing from the country was smaller than in the year before by over a hundred thousand. Departures, in fact, were but little over one-fourth the average for 1912, 1913 and 1914. If any inference can be drawn from decidedly increased arrivals and decreased departures in the second year of war it is not that immigration after the war will be negligible.

But if we assume that immigration will be negligible for many years, to say that we will admit only those who on the whole are most likely to make desirable additions to the population is still sound principle. It overthrows the theory that we are morally bound to hold an open door for whoever seeks residence here—a theory which, in fact, we have never practiced, for we have always put restrictions upon immigration.

American Ships

FOR many months before July 1, 1916, the upbuilding of the American merchant marine had been engaging the attention of President, Congress and public. Since that date, according to a recent report in the Journal of Commerce, one hundred and nine American ships of about one hundred and thirty-six thousand tons have been sold to foreign flags—half of them to Norwegians and the remainder to various nationalities.

At the date of the report about two million tons were building in American shipyards—exclusive, of course, of war vessels. Three hundred thousand tons were for the Government, in the form of coast-guard boats, lighthouse tenders, and so on; four hundred and twenty-five thousand tons were for foreign owners; five hundred and twenty-five thousand tons were tankers or small craft; the remainder included lake boats, so the net prospective addition to ocean-going merchant marine available for general trade was about five hundred thousand tons.

A proclamation by the President under the new Shipping Act put restrictions upon the sale of American bottoms to foreign flags, and the Shipping Board has moved for an amendment under which sale to foreign owners of vessels under construction may be prevented.

It is an encouraging sign that the board gives no indication of an intention to embark upon Government purchase or construction of ships at present; but the whole question of American merchant marine is still to be solved.

Poor Team Work

WHEN President Wilson handed Count von Bernstorff his passport the situation was this: The United States had said flatly that merchant vessels plying between this country and England should not be sunk without warning, and Germany had said flatly they would be sunk without warning. At that moment an American liner lay at the dock in New York ready to sail. The obvious move was to take the women and children off the boat and send it out at once.

The international drama had reached a climax. Germany and the United States confronted each other. One said "It shall!" the other said "It shall not!" A student of public psychology would have known that one declaration or the other should then be validated by an act. But apparently there was no coöperation. The liner, it seems, waited for the Government to tell it what to do and a direct, open command from the Government to sail would have had the appearance of inviting Germany to knock the chip off its shoulder. Nothing happened, and when any drama comes up to a climax and nothing happens an important psychological value is lost. Any situation that works up to a breaking point and simply hangs there tends to grow stale. The incident suggests the lack of intimacy between Government and business. Having clearly stated the lowest terms upon which it would maintain friendly relations, there was nothing for the United States to do but go about its business, leaving Germany to decide whether it would accept the terms or not.

FINANCING WAR

By WILL PAYNE

TO FINANCE a war the United States Government could, no doubt, quite readily raise ten billion dollars yearly during three years at about four per cent interest.

Two and a half years ago that statement would have been considered absurd; but meantime financiers have learned things about the borrowing powers of a modern nation that they had not dreamed of.

For several years before August, 1914, there was a growing menace of war in Europe. The Kaiser had shocked his good friend the Czar by appearing before him "in shining armor," as a reminder that he had better let Austria's Balkan plans alone. The Morocco affair happened. Germany levied an extraordinary tax on capital to strengthen imperial armaments. France raised the term of active military service from two years to three. Russia undertook a vast plan of military expansion. England laid down more and bigger battleships.

Amid these disturbing signs bankers, economists and the business community generally held fast to the reassuring idea that a great European war was almost out of the question, because the money to carry it on could not be found. Experts wrote a whole library on this subject, demonstrating to their own satisfaction that a war involving four or five big nations, under modern conditions, would be so enormously expensive that even the richest states could not long endure the strain.

There were many expert estimates as to what such a war would cost. Only a year before the war actually happened a very distinguished French economist made an elaborate calculation as to the cost of a war involving Germany, Austria, England, France, Russia, Italy and Rumania. He figured that it would come to fifty-four million dollars a day.

All Guesses Prove Wrong

THIS calculation was pretty generally regarded as quite extravagant—also, as supererogatory, because it was held that a decidedly smaller daily expense would soon bring the belligerents to their senses through financial exhaustion.

The daily cost of the war, in fact, is almost exactly double what this French economist calculated it would be. War has been going on for two and a half years, and as yet there is not the slightest sign of financial exhaustion. Apparently, so far as finances are concerned, it can go on for two and a half years more.

In estimating how much a government could borrow for war the economists took the situation as they found it. Of course, if a government borrows a dollar for war, or any other purpose, somebody must have a dollar to lend; and they simply calculated, on the evidence at hand, how many dollars there were to lend. Some years before the war happened a capable statistician had figured up that the total amount of capital in the civilized world which was available for investment in government bonds, or anything else, came to only two and a half billion dollars a year.

Presumably his calculation was made with care and intelligence; yet here is the indubitable fact that in two and a half years a fraction of the civilized world has dug up nearly sixty billion dollars for investment in government war securities. The calculators simply did not understand the resources of a rich modern nation. They did not begin to see how much investable capital such a nation can produce when everybody not under arms is working and saving to the limit, and the whole national energy is bent to the one object.

For example, in a banner year before the war the London market had absorbed about one and a third billion dollars of new securities, that being the total of all the stocks, bonds, and so on, which were floated in the twelvemonth; and that was considered about the limit of England's capacity in the investment line. But in a year after war broke out the same market readily absorbed four and a half billion dollars of government war loans. Banks, insurance companies, and like concerns, invested more heavily in war loans than they would have invested in other securities. Prices were high and many lines of business that fed the war were producing large profits, which went into war loans. Labor that was not in the training camps was fully employed at rising wages.

At this writing the British Government is floating its third great war loan; and subscriptions, representing the savings of all sorts of business and all classes of people, are pouring in. The insurance companies alone have subscribed more than three hundred million dollars. On all accounts England has been borrowing at the rate of six billion dollars a year and Germany considerably over four billions. On the basis of comparative national wealth and income, then, the United States could borrow at least ten.

As to our investments on a peace basis, stocks and bonds issued for new capital—excluding those issued to replace old obligations, and so on—and listed on the New York Stock Exchange in 1916, amounted to two billion dollars. Of course, taking the country over, many stocks and bonds representing investment of new capital were issued and not listed on the New York Stock Exchange—among them some four hundred million dollars of municipal bonds. About a billion dollars was invested in new buildings in cities and a large amount in real-estate loans for purposes other than city building. Judging by the experience of England, Germany and France we could invest in war bonds at least two or three times the amount of our visible investments on a peace basis.

In the European countries now at war, investment—except in war loans—has almost stopped. Municipal and industrial extensions and improvements that would ordinarily take up much capital are mostly deferred. Government borrowing monopolizes the market. We have just seen that England in a year subscribed four times as much for war loans as she had ever before subscribed for listed securities. The same thing would happen here under a like national necessity. One may almost say that the Government could borrow as much money as it could spend at home.

Another universally held ante-bellum opinion was that if war continued more than a few months, and the belligerents were not bankrupt, they would have to bid higher and higher for capital, so that interest rates would rise to a height unknown in Europe for a century. Experience has upset that calculation as completely as the one about speedy financial exhaustion.

England's first war loan bore three and a half per cent and was sold at a small discount. The second loan bore four and a half per cent, and was also sold at a small discount. The third loan, exclusive of loans floated in America and of temporary financing at home, bears five per cent and is sold at ninety-five cents on the dollar. Nominally that is quite a rise in interest rates. But England's war loans are subject to income tax and the income tax has been moved up to twenty-five per cent on incomes over ten thousand dollars a year, at which rate the government withholds the tax. So the net yield to the investor, which means the net cost to the government, is only four per cent. Indeed, part of the new loan is in the form of a tax-free four per cent bond; so, if a subscriber thinks the income tax may be boosted still higher he can insure himself against that by taking the tax-exempt bond.

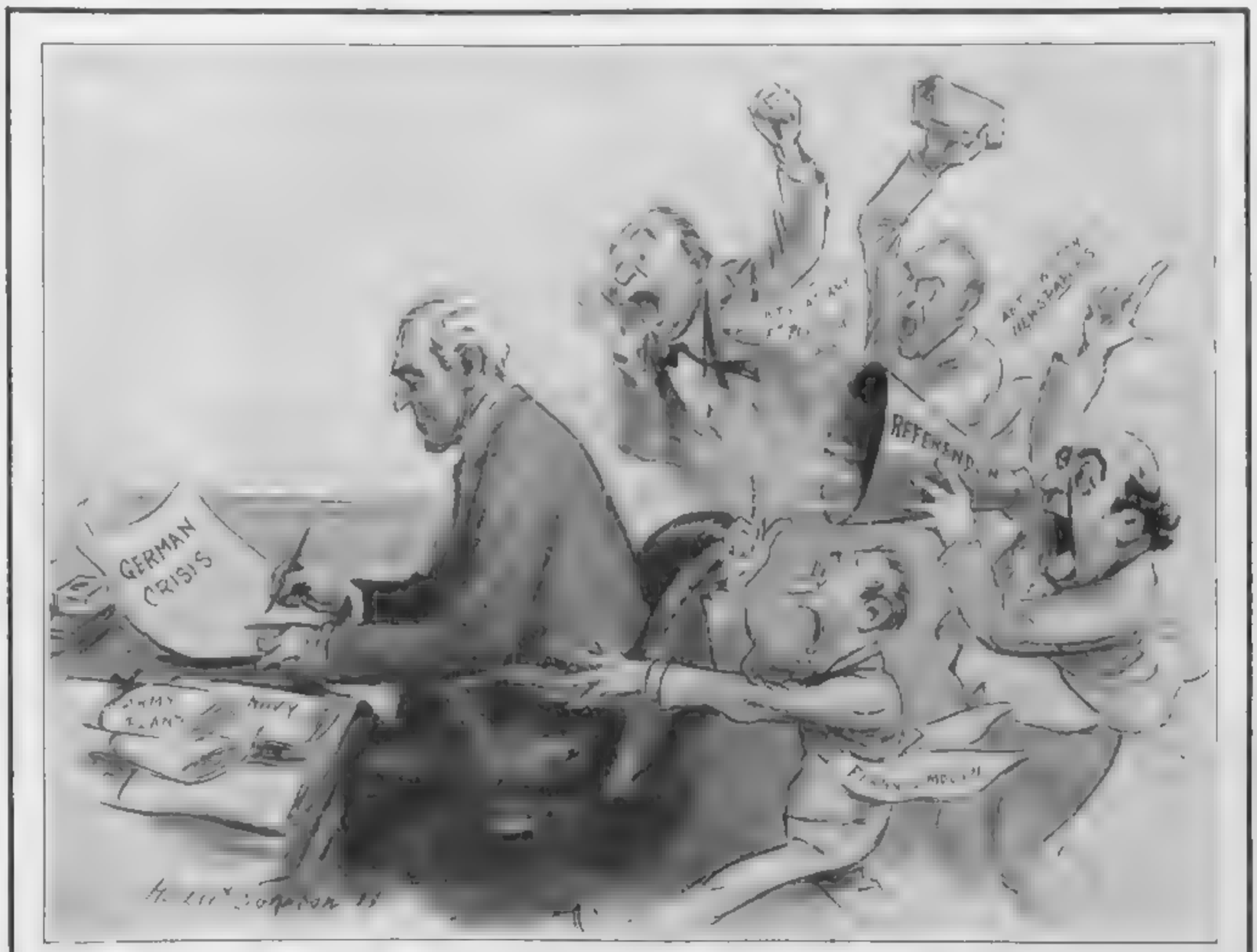
Germany's War Loans

GERMANY, with a rather longer look ahead, began at five per cent and has floated five loans, aggregating nearly twelve billion dollars at that rate. The first loan, in fact, was offered at ninety-seven and a half cents on the dollar, and the last at ninety-eight cents; so the interest rate has actually fallen a trifle in spite of the government's enormous borrowings.

The two cases show that in such a situation as that of England and Germany it is not necessary for the government to bid high in order to attract capital. When the government, being virtually the only borrower, has a monopoly of the investment market it can fix the interest rate; and if that rate is at all reasonable whatever investable capital there is in the country will come forward. In peacetime the government has not so free a hand, because it then comes into the money market in competition with many other bidders for capital—railroads, public utilities, and so on; and the patriotic fervor of a war is lacking.

Very good judges of the investment market in the United States think that our Government could borrow half a billion dollars now at about three per cent, and probably another half billion round three and a half. But if the Government were faced with the probability of a big borrowing campaign it might as well start with an interest rate that it could presumably maintain to the end, say about four per cent.

Investors would be somewhat shy of a three per cent loan if they thought it was going to be followed in a few months by a four per cent loan. Fair treatment would imply that investors in the first loan should be given the right to convert their bonds into any future issue which bore a higher interest rate. England followed that policy, the first three and a half per cent bonds being convertible into the second four and



The Gas Attack

a half per cents, and the latter into the new fives. Germany achieved the same equitable end more simply by fixing the rate at five per cent in the beginning and sticking to it. Give our Government a monopoly of the investment market and that emotional state which a big war begets, and it could no doubt borrow ten billion dollars a year at four per cent.

At the date of the November, 1916, report to the Comptroller of the Currency, the resources of the national banks of the United States were considerably greater than the aggregate resources of the central banks of all the belligerent countries, including Japan; while the resources of our state banks were only a little less than those of the national banks. At the end of last June all the banks held six billion dollars of stock and bond investments, exclusive of government bonds held by national banks to secure circulation. In two years these bank investments had increased over a billion and a quarter. Life-insurance companies now hold over five billion dollars of invested assets, and a ten-year comparison shows an average increase near ten per cent a year. Mutual savings banks have over five billion dollars, mostly invested in mortgages, bonds and stocks. These figures suggest the larger reservoirs that can be tapped for government loans.

But if the Government had to borrow on anything like the scale indicated it should immediately resort to a radical increase in taxation. Next to issuing flat money, failure to augment government revenue by sweeping increases in taxation has been the great fault in war financing. A heavy increase in taxation not only supports the credit of the state, often enabling it to borrow to better advantage, but enforces thrift. Many Englishmen advocated it on the latter ground alone. Yet, alone among the big belligerents, England faced this situation squarely, raising the government's revenue, roughly, a hundred and fifty per cent—or from a normal of less than one billion dollars to two and a half billions—by ruthless taxation, which bore especially upon those able to stand it.

Thus, the chancellor was in a position to say recently that, notwithstanding the enormous borrowing and the huge rise in interest charge, if the country should return to a peace footing, with government charges, other than interest, the same as before the war, present revenue, after paying bond interest and pensions would leave a surplus of about half a billion dollars a year, to be applied to the extinction of the debt.

National Sinking Funds

It may be mentioned here that this latest British loan contains a sinking-fund provision, though for many years a sinking fund for a government in England's position has been regarded as an obsolete absurdity. In financing the Napoleonic wars Pitt fell in with an arithmetical crank who persuaded him that by setting aside yearly for the sinking fund a given percentage of each loan, and investing the sinking fund at compound interest, it would in due time produce a sum that would cancel the debt. The theory is practicable enough for a borrower who borrows once and then stops; but for one who is continually borrowing it means that he is taking out of each new loan the sums necessary to keep up the sinking fund for prior loans—in other words, that he is borrowing money to get himself out of debt. The new British sinking fund, however, has another object. By it the government proposes to create a reserve with which it can support the market for government bonds—in other words, go into the market and buy bonds when the price falls.

The revenue of the British Government before the war was not very much greater than the ordinary revenue of our Government. It was raised to two and a half billion dollars without crippling industry, handicapping production or materially lessening the accumulation of investable capital. Our government revenue could be multiplied in the same or a greater ratio.

For example, the income of the British people is about one-tenth that of the American people; but the British income tax is now yielding from seven to eight times as much as our Federal income tax—meaning the tax both on individuals and corporations. Its yield is some thirteen times that of our individual income tax.

We adopted an income tax during the Civil War, when the population of the country, North and South, was about a third what it now is, its wealth about one-twelfth the present figure, and its income not over one-eighth that of 1916. The Civil War income tax, finally, was five per cent on incomes over six hundred dollars but under five thousand, and ten per cent on those over five thousand dollars. In its best year it yielded seventy-three million dollars—or five millions more than our individual income tax yielded in 1916.

With little over one-third of the present population, the Civil War income tax was paid by four hundred and sixty thousand persons, or about a hundred thousand more than are paying income tax now.

On that showing it is certain that a Federal income tax could be made to yield three-quarters of a billion dollars. The exemption, it will be seen, was only six hundred dollars. That made it almost everybody's tax, and almost everybody paid it. Without any elaborate machinery for collecting income at the source, evasions were probably negligible when the tax was at its best. Our present income tax provides elaborate precautions for catching income at the source; but it was designed to be a "rich man's" tax, and a study of revenue returns raises a presumption that there are many evasions among those whose incomes are not far from the exemption line. Being a rich man's tax, perhaps a good many citizens do not choose to regard themselves as rich men for taxation purposes.

The Excess-Profits Tax

In 1867 the income-tax exemption was raised to two thousand dollars. At once the number of taxpayers dropped to about half what it had been. Within two years the yield of the tax had fallen off by half. Doubtless war fervor would put an end to a good deal of tax evasion. By rigorous application of the law the Government could put an end to much of it. Probably it could raise ten times as much by an income tax as it raised in 1866.

The so-called "excess-profits" tax in the new revenue law is expected to produce two hundred and twenty-four million dollars of revenue. The tax is eight per cent on net profits of corporations and partnerships in excess of eight per cent on the capital invested. This calculation would imply that the profits of corporation and partnerships in excess of eight per cent on the capital invested amount to two billion eight hundred million dollars a year. England's excess-profits tax, or "war-profits tax," takes fifty per cent of net profits above those earned before the war. Of course our levy of eight per cent could be decidedly increased in a pinch.

The new Federal inheritance tax could be decidedly increased, with lower exemptions and higher rates for estates under a quarter of a million dollars. Stamp taxes could be reimposed, liquor and tobacco taxes increased, more revenue-producing import duties levied. In comparison with England it must be borne in mind that American taxpayers have a big bill to shoulder for state and local government—amounting to at least one and a half times the cost of the Federal Government. All the same, the Federal Government, if put to its trumps, could no doubt boost its revenue to three billion dollars a year.

Whatever it has lost, the world has found out how to finance a war. This incredibly costly war in Europe, in fact, has been financed with less friction, less confusion, less bungling and breakdown of financial machinery than any other really great war. It shows a great development of the art of finance.

It is true the first effect of war was panic—mostly a big bankers' panic, as usual. But under the circumstances bankers might well be forgiven. The growth of international trade had developed an enormous web of international debits and credits, which war threw into an apparently hopeless tangle. London banks held about two billion dollars of bills of exchange mostly based on foreign trade, which were uncollectible at the moment. London held several billion dollars of American securities, which it might dump on the New York market. There was no telling where anybody stood. So finance simply shut up shop for a time. But, once the machinery was gotten into gear again, it has operated with remarkable smoothness.

Money has been readily obtainable, not only for war but for everyday business purposes. At this writing the interest rate on call loans at London is three and a half per cent, and at Berlin four and five-eighths per cent. That a great amount of business aside from the war is going forward is evident from the steady growth of British exports, which amounted to two and a half billion dollars in 1916 against one billion nine hundred million in 1915; and to two hundred and thirty million dollars in January, 1917, against one hundred and forty millions in the corresponding month two years before. It is true that foreign exchange has been in an altogether abnormal position, requiring great gold shipments as to England and France, and going to a great discount as to Germany. Nevertheless, there has been money enough to go round among all the big belligerents, with no breakdown of the financial apparatus.

As I said before, business is getting very little capital for extensions and permanent improvements. The investment market is almost completely monopolized by the government. For example, new securities floated on the London market in 1916 footed up six and a half billion dollars against only one and a quarter billions in 1913; but all except about fifty million dollars of this was for government account, whereas in 1913 nearly a billion dollars was for cities, railroads, manufacturing, shipping, and so on—that is, for ordinary industrial and commercial purposes. This means, of course, that pretty much all ordinary building, extending and improving is being deferred until after the war; yet the ordinary business plant is kept going, and, though the British Government at the beginning of February had borrowed fifteen billion dollars, money for business purposes was comparatively cheap. It may be noted incidentally that the capital subscribed in 1916 was more than five times the total for 1913, which was a fair ordinary year—showing how the supply of capital can be multiplied when a rich nation is put to the test.

Except as to the foreign exchanges, the financial machinery appears to be working smoothly and efficiently in Germany and elsewhere. In a word, the world has found out how to finance a war. The remarkable success of the Bank of France in financing the Franco-Prussian war and the payment of a billion-dollar cash indemnity to Germany might perhaps be cited as a parallel achievement, and England had financed twenty years of Napoleonic warfare with remarkable success; but this country's experience in war finance gives little of which to boast.

The Revolutionary War, of course, mainly financed itself. On that side it was such a welter of poor makeshifts which promptly broke down under the first strain, that even now students of the period have some difficulty in untangling the record. The Continental Congress had little aptitude and little authority. Mainly it got money when and how it could, and the several Colonies did much the same on their own account. From all available data it has been calculated that the total income of the Continental Treasury, from 1775 to 1783, measured in specie value, amounted to a little less than sixty-six million dollars, over half of which was obtained by the issue of paper money.

Printing-Press Currency

Like Revolutionary France, the Southern Confederacy, and other hard-pressed belligerents, the Continental Congress simply printed paper promises to pay, called them "money," and handed them out to its creditors. It attempted to provide for the redemption of this currency by apportioning to each state the amount it should be obliged to pay off. But, as neither the Central Government nor the several states had visible means of paying the notes, their value soon began to decline; and as their value declined it took more and more of them to meet the needs of the government. Up to 1790 the Central Government had issued two hundred and forty million dollars of this currency, and the several states had issued over two hundred millions more. At the beginning of 1779 it took eight dollars in notes to equal one dollar in specie, and by the end of the year the ratio was nearly forty to one. By the beginning of January, 1781, the ratio was one hundred to one.

About then they ceased to be regarded as currency and were frankly regarded as jokes, being bawled about at one thousand dollars in notes for one real dollar. A Revolutionary writer says barber shops were papered with them; sailors, being paid off in bundles of practically worthless currency, pinned the bills over their clothes and paraded the streets literally covered with "money." The great losses from this depreciated currency no doubt fell heaviest upon those least able to bear them.

When the War of 1812 came along the United States had a real Government, and that Government had the sound traditions bequeathed by Hamilton. It steered clear of fiat money; but its credit was weak, and it suffered throughout the war because of the stubborn refusal of New England, then probably the richest section of the country, to give the Government financial support. The war was highly unpopular there, where the shipping and commercial interests had been hard hit by Jefferson's embargo. Of forty-one million dollars borrowed by the Government to the end of 1814, exclusive of temporary loans, the New England States contributed less than three million dollars. The Government's six per cent bonds and temporary loans were placed at a progressive discount. A committee of Congress in 1830 estimated that, for loans amounting to over eighty million dollars, face value, the Treasury actually received only thirty-four million dollars, specie value.

Civil War financing began rather promisingly; though Lincoln found the Treasury practically empty and the credit of the Government so low—due largely to war prospects—that in the winter before his inauguration it had been obliged to pay twelve per cent interest on temporary loans. Secretary Chase recommended increase in taxation and an issue of short-term bonds bearing seven and three-tenths per cent interest—a rate high enough, in his opinion, to insure their successful flotation. Congress went but a short way in meeting his recommendation for more taxes, but did authorize the loan.

Civil War Finances

The secretary then negotiated with a syndicate of Boston, New York and Philadelphia banks, which agreed to subscribe to a hundred and fifty million dollars of the new bonds at par, taking them in three installments. As the combined capital of the banks was only a hundred and twenty million dollars, and their total specie holdings half that, this was quite an undertaking. Unfortunately, however, the banks and the secretary presently fell out—partly because the secretary, like so many other distinguished American politicians, was suspicious of the big banking fraternity.

The mistake of failing to order a radical increase in taxation no doubt hurt the Government's credit. Military and international affairs developed unprosperously. At the end of the year New York banks suspended specie payments, and that example was promptly followed by banks elsewhere and by the Government.

In that situation Congress resorted to practically irredeemable paper money, authorizing—in February, 1862—an issue of one hundred and fifty million dollars of legal-tender notes. That was the beginning of the greenbacks. Bankers and others protested vigorously, drawing upon experience for examples of the dangers of such currency. But selfish motives were attributed to the bankers.

To Congress, meeting the Government's needs by simply printing notes seemed the easiest way; and no doubt the country generally took that view. In congressional debates bankers were referred to as "usurers"; and it was held to be utterly incompatible with the dignity of the United States Government to go "shinning round Wall Street" trying to borrow money when it possessed the power to issue money. Congress adhered to the dignified course.

Probably no event in modern financial history has been more discussed than this Civil War resort to legal-tender notes. During the war the Government issued four hundred and thirty-one million dollars of them. Their value, as measured in specie, pretty steadily declined. At the beginning of 1862 a hundred dollars of notes were worth ninety-eight dollars in specie. In July, 1864, when the note issues ceased, a hundred dollars in notes were worth thirty-nine dollars in specie.

This involved, of course, a great rise in the currency price of commodities, which made the war just that much more expensive to the Government. The net effect of this paper money in increasing the cost of

(Concluded on Page 88)

Water Storage Tanks on the Roofs of Down-town New York © Jackson & Whitman, N. Y.

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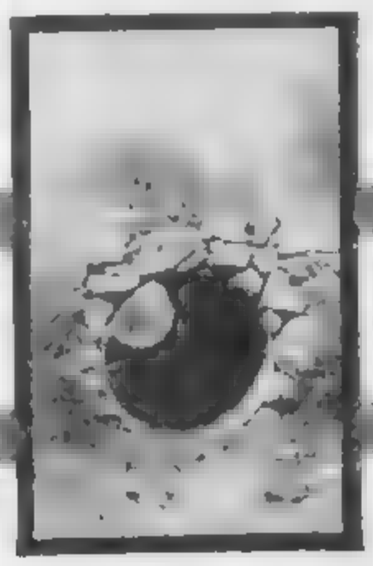

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Intake end of Armco [illegible]

SEA POWER

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

F. EDWIN HINDERWICK interrupted three months' debate by the directors of the All-Seas Shipping Trust by stepping forward and saying in a modulated, thin voice:

"You gentlemen miss the point of this sudden success of the Southern Mail Packet Line. You speak of nothing but the fact that the company that lost its brains when Henry Barstow died is keeping its old business and getting ours. I believe I can assure you ——"

Nobody ever asked F. Edwin Hinderwick what he meant when he went so far as to say "I believe I can assure you." This time his fellow directors drew back, silent and shamefaced. One only, a tall, gray-bearded, pallid-cheeked magnate from Vladivostok, spoke hesitatingly:

"Don't make any mistakes, Mr. Hinderwick. Miss Barstow, who inherited the majority of the Southern Mail's shares, evidently has the entire loyalty of her subordinates. And her line is somewhat of a national pet too. Its ships fly the American flag. We are not too popular as it is."

Hinderwick opened his cold gray eyes.

"Mistakes?" he said in a muffled voice. "The gist of the matter is that this small rival company has seized a flour contract that belongs to us. If Miss Barstow is actually in control—a girl of twenty-eight can't be for long—she must be taught to respect agreements and the rights of others."

"I don't know anything about that," the other speaker went on with an expression of distaste. "But somebody has shown a vast deal of energy and wisdom in taking an old fleet, a directorate of three old men, a score of old captains, and making of them into a modern, dashing, machine finished business concern that is fast getting control of the cream of the Pacific trade. Whoever it may be is no person to go at—er—clumsily."

Hinderwick did not change his sneer.

"Ah!" he remarked. His fellow directors shrank back still farther into their seats; but they said nothing, and acquiesced without demur in leaving the problem to a man of whom they didn't at all approve.

Mr. Hinderwick belonged to the small, enviable class of those whose secret movements and thoughts are of immense interest to a large group. Powerful and unscrupulous, he was hated and shunned. He was at once wicked and indispensable. By pure mass of wealth and undiluted energy he dictated policies no man would own to, executed plans every man secretly fought against, and, with it all, led an openly successful and commended existence.

Within two months after he had made his cool boast a door clicked to in the bustling offices of the Southern Mail in San Francisco and a rakishly capped messenger boy put a yellow envelope before Ezekiel Ames, deputy chairman and general manager. The old man read the message, tucked it into his waistcoat pocket, and proceeded out of his own room into another with "Domestic Business" painted beneath the name "James Matthews."

"Captain Matthews," Ames said, "I guess we made a little mistake after all in accepting that cargo from Luey Shun. Our Sybarite has been taken into Kirkwall by a British cruiser. I have a cable here from Hudson saying that the Admiralty has affidavits that that Luey Shun freight is for Germany. Luey Shun told us on his word as a Chinese banker that it wasn't; but someone has set the authorities against us. Third ship of ours to be taken in and us made to stand the loss."

Matthews brushed his thin chin whisker with a sinewy hand.

"You and I have known Luey Shun for sixteen long years," he said curtly. "Crooked? No, the crook is at the other end. Somebody is swearing our life away."

Four Able-Bodied Men in New Uniforms Were Bearing F. Edwin Hinderwick to the Stairs

"The Sybarite may as well be marked off our books for six months anyway," Ames said with a sigh. "And there's forty thousand tons waiting for her and our other ships right at Bush Terminal. It—— I don't like the imputation on our good faith, captain."

"Hey?" Matthews said dryly. "You make a fuss over foreign business! That's a risk during a war. But I've got my hands full right here on the coast. I told Angela not to fly too high. She persuaded you and me and Conrad to put two more steamers on the China run out of the Columbia River on that Export flour contract. It looked like half a million profit. But that business never had been ours, and we made enemies. Now the Export people are pointing to a clause in their contract allowing them to substitute tonnage where we can't load a consignment *in toto*."

"Well?" Ames demanded. "There's only five thousand tons on the wharf at Portland and our Sulu is there this morning with hatches off to load it."

"Load it!" Matthews croaked. "The Export people have suddenly wished another two thousand tons on us. The Sulu can't carry a ton over five thousand. And there's a big Japanese freighter right alongside this minute ready to load eight thousand. The Export folks give us five days to supply a ship with seven thousand tons capacity or they'll charter the Jap. See?"

Captain Ames' old eyes glittered.

"You and I have lived forty years in this business, more or less," he remarked. "I guess we know what's doing when a crook gets started. Somebody—and it's the All-Seas Trust—is after us. Secret information to the Admiralty! False oaths on information and belief! Secret dealings with weak men here and there. I tell you what, Matthews, they know that this line is owned by a woman. They know that Angela Barstow isn't fit to deal with them."

"Fit to deal with them?" snapped Matthews, reaching for his old derby. "They don't know Angela, cap'n. And they don't know us either."

The general manager shook his head.

"We ought to have a real, upstanding, two-fisted man at the head of this line," he mourned.

"'Man'?" repeated the other irascibly. "We'll show 'em!"

But when he was seated in Angela's pretty sitting room, with a cup of tea awkwardly balanced in his great palm, Captain Matthews lost some of his assurance. Very carefully and laboriously he explained the situation and predicted that matters would grow worse.

"Ames and Conrad and I know just how far a crook can go when he begins to fight underhanded," he concluded.

Angela contemplated her neat silk-shod feet.

"Just one man?" she suggested.

Matthews waved his hand impatiently.

"When you get down to facts it's mostly one man who has an idea," he said. "And in a case like this it isn't likely that many men would agree to dirty work. They might shut their eyes and let a man try it, though."

Angela sipped her tea thoughtfully.

"Ralph Somerset was here a while ago," she remarked presently. "Funny! He was awfully embarrassed! He warned me against trying to do too much."

"Too much!" Matthews responded with scorn. "He'll never die of that trouble."

"Still," Angela protested mildly, "he gives me ideas sometimes." Her eyes shone. "And I have an idea right now. You say it's usually one man who is back of deals like this? You suppose this—ah—gentleman thinks that I am only a woman and helpless?"

Matthews grunted an assent.

"In that case," she went on, "I believe I will work out the idea Ralph gave me."

Matthews rose.

"With Somerset?" he demanded gruffly. "You had best not confide the company's business to too many people."

"I shan't," she replied. "It's Ralph's idea—which he didn't know was an idea, poor boy—that I'm going to use."

"What was it?"

"Oh, just an idea about a man! Don't worry, godfather."

"I have to," he answered curtly. "I haven't a ship to send to the Columbia for that flour. The contract's worth half a million."

"Now just sit down again and give me the names of all the men who really have to do with this contract," she coaxed. "I don't mean the names of clerks. I want the big names—the men who can either let us have our rights or keep us from getting them."

Matthews carefully recited names and official titles.

"You can't do anything with them," he ended. "They would deny it. They aren't letting anyone even suspect what they are up to, or why."

"I must think," Angela responded.

Captain James Matthews hesitated.

"You know we aren't worrying about things for our own sakes," he croaked. "We don't aim to be rich and I guess we shouldn't go broke too badly. But you oughtn't to risk all your property, Angela. In fact, if things keep on the way they've been going the last two months I reckon the Southern Mail will haul down its flag in about six months. That is what we look at. Captain Henry left us in charge. We don't aim to bring his daughter to poverty."

"Pooh!" she said happily. "I'll never be poor as long as I have you boys with me. And a woman has her ways!"

II

AT NOON the next day Ezekiel Ames rose to receive his visitor and chief.

"We've been talking things over," he said. "Here come Conrad and Matthews now. We think we'd better make a concession."

(Continued on Page 33)

THE CONSERVATION OF ENERGY AND THE TRANSMISSION OF POWER

Belts Determine Dividends

In the quest for efficiency it is the obvious that is most often overlooked.

This is as conspicuous in the efficient transmission of power with belts, as a great railroad genius made it evident in the efficient transportation of freight.

In the haste and hurry of our national development railroad executives long overlooked the obvious truth that there were such things as unnecessary curves and reducible grades—both dividend-devouring wasters of power.

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For engine and machine—power-producer and power-user—depend for their final efficiency on the BELT.

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That is only another way of saying that belts determine dividends.

Because executives are now beginning to recognize this obvious connection between power-transmission and profits, the use of Blue Streak Belts is increasing enormously in every industry.

They are built to conserve power in transmission—cost records kept in scores of plants in every industry show that they do conserve it.

The method of construction and the materials used *compel* efficiency.

The specially-woven duck having a tested tensile strength 25% greater than that commonly used, makes for strength without power-squandering weight.

To insure maximum pulley contact Blue Streak Belts are made extraordinarily pliable by impregnation with highest grade friction at enormous pressure.

To make efficient use of the pulley contact thus obtained the belt is provided with a friction surface—flexible, tough and gripping.

What the tread is to a tire the friction surface is to Blue Streak Belts.

And no matter what the price of labor or materials the quality of Blue Streak Belts remains the same.

They are the best transmission belts The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company can make.

The demands of safety for employes as well as the need for conserving power everywhere recommend the use of Goodyearite. The durability and heat-resisting qualities of this asbestos sheet packing prevent the dangerous and costly blowouts chargeable to gaskets of inferior material.

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The carpenter knows the joy of feeling a perfect saw drive its way cleanly through a piece of lumber. He knows that perfect temper and hang, teeth perfectly adapted to their work—all the qualities a saw should possess—are summed up in the word "Disston." He knows the economy of buying quality.

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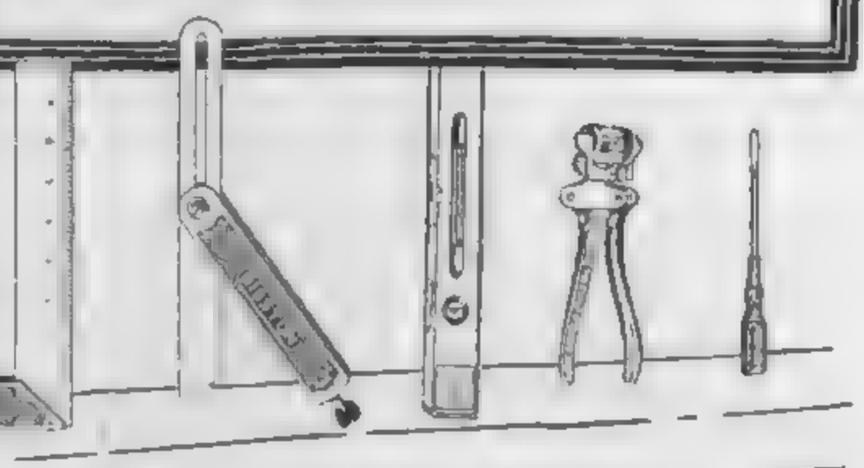

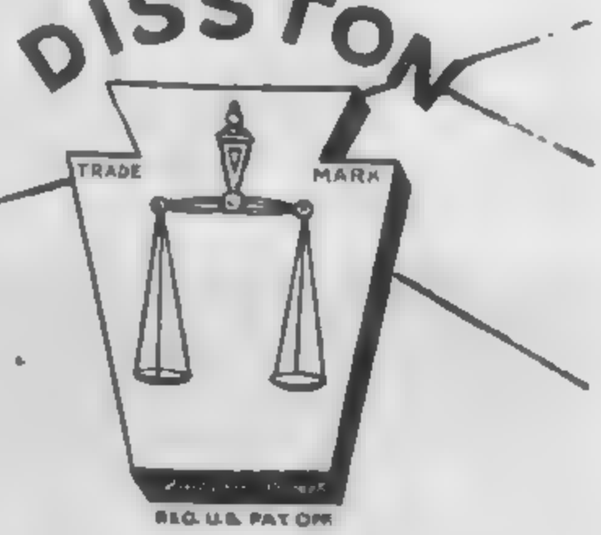

(Continued from Page 30)

Angela fixed her calm eyes on the three old men, giving each his own confidential glance.

"Yes," Ames went on, "it's been suggested, merely hinted, that if the Southern Mail will hand over that flour contract we won't have any more trouble."

"'Suggested'?" Angela repeated quietly. "By whom?"

Matthews shook his head. Martin Conrad answered:

"Just a suggestion. They're often made when a dispute arises. And in this case I believe the man meant well."

"The same man who schemed with the Export people to take advantage of a clause in the contract to throw business to a Jap?" she demanded. "The same person who got someone to make false affidavits in England?"

Hasty disclaimers came from the three, but Angela was not satisfied.

"I wouldn't trust him," she said. "You admit that there is crooked work going on to wreck our company. I know! How about the bribe offered Captain Simms if he would let that barley cargo catch on fire?"

"Simms is not safe," Ames returned. "The reason such an offer was made him—if it was made—was that Simms has a bad reputation."

"Why did you engage him as master of the Emperor?" she asked.

"Needed him," Matthews put in. "Simms' reputation isn't bad as a shipmaster and navigator. It's bad as a man-handler of crews. He was skipper of a whaler for a while—nearly hanged a couple of times. But nothing was ever said about his being crooked."

"I'm not saying it now," Ames hastily put in. "I'm merely explaining why people wanting a dirty job done would approach Simms. Anyway, he's a kind of embarrassing man to have on the pay roll."

"He took the Emperor smack into port without a ton spoiled," Matthews remarked acrimoniously. "And that was something."

Angela tapped the chair arm impatiently.

"That question is over with," she remarked. "Now I want to be sure of certain facts. As I understand your hints and innuendoes, you think some man in a rival line has gone to his partners and said 'Let me have a free hand in putting the Southern Mail out of business.' And the directors looked at him and turned their honorable backs while he went out. They'll never ask any questions and he'll tell them no more than they wish to know. Is that the way business is done?"

"Not by this line," Ames said sternly. Angela smiled.

"You are a dear! But suppose I tell you that I want a free hand, will you agree to turn your backs and never ask any questions? And be proud and upright and moral, and despise people that come and wag their heads and say you knew?"

There was a mortal silence in the big office. The three old men blinked and covertly glanced at each other. Finally Matthews, having wordlessly gathered the consensus, spoke mildly: "Angela, you just keep out of this. It's no business for a woman. Go and—and play with Ralph Somerset."

With a single oblique glance she silenced her godfather. Then with the crispness of authority she spoke:

"You remind me often enough that this is my line. Go ahead and make all the protests you are able to with the Export folks in Portland. Keep right after them week in and week out. Next month have two vessels in the Columbia River ready to load any amount. I'm going to fight. Captain Henry Barstow's flag isn't going to be hauled off a single trade route. And you'll let me have one hundred thousand dollars to-day to do as I please with, and introduce me to Captain Simms."

"But, Angela!" they cried in unison.

"Pooh!" she breathed affectionately.

Then: "Put a hundred thousand dollars to my credit in my bank this afternoon, and send for Captain Simms."

Promptly Israel Simms responded to the summons and was duly introduced to his superior. Angela looked coolly at the bronzed, elastic stepping, sullen-eyed man. Apparently satisfied, she nodded to the three oldsters, picked up her skirts and departed, Simms following her with a defiant expression of readiness to receive his discharge from the service.

Outside on the cobblestoned street Miss Barstow stopped and ordered him to call a taxi. Installed within it, she curtly said "The Park!" and made room for Simms.

"Now how was the bribe offered you when you were master of the Emperor and taking that barley to Hakodate?" she demanded.

Captain Simms laid his derby on his broad knee and frowned.

"Like they always do," he growled; "sent a man so crooked that nobody would ever believe him on earth. Ames laughed at me when I told him—said everybody knew the man for a crook, and I was a fool to think anybody would trust him on such a business. Which was exactly what the men who tried to wreck your ship expected people to say. And which is why they always pick a man so low to do dirty work that nobody will take him seriously. I knew he could come through with his promises. But what was the use of making a fuss? I kicked him out of my cabin and kept my mouth shut. I told Captain Ames and he laughed at me."

Angela beamed.

"Of course he would!" she responded. "He wouldn't admit that people did such things as bribe captains and burn ships. But I—I believe I'm a little of a pirate myself. How much of a one are you?"

Simms laughed.

"I've been master of ships since I was twenty-one. I've traded on the China Coast with cargo paid for in *chits* handed me by a coolie. I sealed in Bering when the smell of fur was enough to hang you. I've been up against all kinds of deals I never would have dreamt of. There isn't a crookeder game in the world than running ships when crookedness is the play. And I lost out because I bucked the crooks. I hate 'em! But when it comes to out-and-out scrapping, with nothing on the horizon except a feather of smoke, I like it. I was born a pirate. And I'm nothing but a kicked-about skipper of a freighter, with the general manager sniffing when I come round to see whether I ain't tainted with graft."

Angela nodded.

"I'm not going to ask you to do anything I don't do with you," she said quietly. "Captain Matthews and the rest are too honest. But I looked a man in the eyes three days ago"—she suddenly grew bitter-lipped—"and I knew I belonged with the pirates. He met me socially. He's quite the gentleman. He flattered me. He's in the shipping business. And I saw into his eyes. Ugh!"

Captain Simms nodded gravely.

"I get you," he said briefly. "I've been there." He burst out in a low voice: "And they tried to say I was a common murderer!"

Angela smiled faintly.

"They may say hard things about us this time. But now; will you do what I say?"

"I will," Captain Simms said soberly. "What does this—er—gentleman call himself?"

"By his right name," she replied pleasantly, "F. Edwin Hinderwick. He's a director in the Ultra-Asian and the Purple Stack lines, and he's smooth and he's wicked and he's conceited. That's where he fell into my net!" Miss Barstow's eyes gleamed. "I forgot his name and where he came from. And I looked my very best all the time. I couldn't remember he was in the shipping business, and the man actually crawled to make me understand who he was. 'I believe I can assure you that our interests are connected,'" she quoted. "The only true thing he said!"

"An honest man has a hundred weak points; a crook has just one," Simms remarked sagaciously.

"Quite right!" Angela assented. "Mr. Hinderwick's is wanting to be thought a dreadfully dangerous man. Maybe he is. We shall see."

"We shall," Simms said fervently. "I'm not overlooking that bribe. Hinderwick! Now where ——"

"He stops aboard the yacht of a friend of mine," Angela answered—"a very good friend and a very good yacht. Both have their uses."

"I think I see," Simms responded, "partly. Shanghai is our next port."

"How stupid you are!" she responded impatiently. "Mr. Hinderwick is a very big man. I must make him a very small man. I must play his own game. We have very little time, captain. There's a contract up in Portland the Southern Mail is going to keep. Mr. Hinderwick has made it his business to interfere with my flag all over the world. Only this morning the Jacqueline was refused clearance from Mororan on the ground that she had more coal than was needed for her voyage. And Kirkwall is full of our ships held up till the authorities can verify reports made to them from secret sources. All Hinderwick! And, therefore, we shall proceed to protest to Mr. Hinderwick."

Angela extracted two small newspaper clippings from her handbag and offered them to her companion. He read them with a puzzled face.

"I see by the first that F. Edwin Hinderwick will be in Portland three weeks from now to complete the organization of the new Astoria-Port Arthur Steamship Line," he remarked. "I see that. But this?" He held up the second clipping. "What in the world do you expect to have to do with the sale of the condemned old cruiser Alaska, Miss Barstow?"

"To private parties," she added. "That will be your affair. My affair is that Mr. F. Edwin Hinderwick expects to reach Portland on the date set for the signing up of the Astoria-Port Arthur Company on my good friend's yacht the Curlew. I am invited to go along with them. I expect to go. Now you will ——"

For two long hours the taxi circled through the windy dunes of Golden Gate Park, while Angela explained in detail to the impassive-faced Israel Simms what he had to accomplish in the following days. At the conclusion she drew out her check book.

"Here is five thousand to start with. When you reach Seattle you'll find fifty thousand more in the Seaboard Bank and fifty

A Boyish, Stern Face Upturned Brightened at Sight of Her

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Room with detached bath	$2, $2 50 and $3
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thousand coin at Wells Fargo Express Can you do it?"

Simms took the little check and folded it up with steady fingers.

"It's never been done," he remarked capably. "I hope to heaven it will never be done again. I'll do it."

Angela slowly spread a silk scarf on her lap.

"You see this bird of paradise embroidered on this corner?" she inquired. "I believe that will make an excellent flag for you." She tossed the silk into his hands. "Take it."

Captain Simms folded it and put it with the check.

"I have the dates down," he responded. "Now if you'll just get me to the ferry I'll start for Seattle and Bremerton navy yard."

III

THE following afternoon the careless and casual Ralph Somerset stopped his roadster outside the Barstow mansion and entered to ask for a cup of tea from its mistress. She received him with her usual good nature, gave him the tea, and balked a dozen attempts of the handsome youth to descend to sentimentalities.

"I am thinking seriously of going with you when you sail for Astoria with that nice Mr. Hinderwick," she said. "I almost telephoned your aunt I would go. But maybe you and Mr. Hinderwick will have a lot of business to talk over. I really believe you are thinking of going into his new big company."

"You are the one who has been urging me to do something worth while," he said.

"That's the very reason I don't want to interfere," she protested, "just when you are taking a serious interest in life."

"Hinderwick is really on the inside," Somerset explained. "He's the big man in a dozen combines. He doesn't say much, you understand. Too shrewd. But I'm being let in on a good thing. As Hinderwick suggested, I'd be in a position to—to kind of work in with the Southern Mail, offer friendly services, and all that'"

Angela smiled.

"Exactly! I didn't dare hint it to you, Ralph; but Mr. Hinderwick knows so much. It would be so nice to have a friend in another big line. That's why I don't want to intrude! I might spoil things."

"Not a bit of it!" he returned joyously. "It's all settled—on the Q. T., of course. Hinderwick says one must learn not to talk. But there's nothing to hinder your going with us. Aunt Elizabeth will be overjoyed. She's so lonely. And she can't entertain a man like Hinderwick, anyway."

"You will have to put off sailing till the very last minute," she said musingly. "I have engagements I simply can't break till the twenty-third."

"Pretty late," he responded. "That gives us only two days to get to Portland. But the Curlew can step, and I'd wait till the last minute on a chance of getting you as my guest."

"Count on me," she said cordially. "But you must positively stay away till then and not interrupt me. Entertain Mr. Hinderwick and get all your business settled first. I'll want you both to entertain me on the trip."

The following week Angela stayed away from the Southern Mail office and responded to Captain Matthews' daily telephones with pleasantries. But in the secrecy of her own room she spent serious hours over the steadily flowing streams of brief telegrams that arrived from Seattle and were signed "Paradise." They read as follows:

Auction property forty-two thousand stripped except machinery. Tug to-morrow to haul vessel to West Seattle.

Survey made. Fifteen thousand fits for voyage to West Coast Mexico. Coaling now. Crew gathering.

Reported in morning papers former cruiser bought for collier by Mexican capitalists. Three funnels or four?

Four funnels goes. Electric wiring badly messed. Coal all in bunkers. Papers hint at purchase by Central American republic. Crew assembling slowly. Picked men.

Townsend to-morrow afternoon for stores. Charter to Guaymas to load spiles outside port. Paint four thousand dollars.

Spiles load day after to-morrow. Crew on board. Steam up. Sail from straits four days.

Back from getting cargo. Clear Guaymas this afternoon. Wireless inspected and O. K.

S. S. PROTEST, at Sea 17 September. Thirty-three miles south Flattery. Steaming six knots. Light northwest breeze, smooth sea. Fog.

S. S. PROTEST, at Sea 18 September. Fog. Smooth sea. Steaming eight knots. Code PTS. All well.

There were others, but these marked the various steps in the accomplishment of her plan, and Angela waited for the final word. It came late one evening:

S. S. PROTEST.
Forty miles northwest Columbia. Very thick weather, southwest wind, heavy swell. Send orders. PARADISE.

With a swift brush of two hands she swept the accumulated messages into a drawer, locked it and went to the telephone.

"If you are so dreadfully anxious, Ralph," she said clearly to the person who answered, "I might be ready early in the morning."

Grateful monosyllables floated back.

"At six o'clock? You say your captain thinks bad weather is due? Aunt Jacqueline will suffer, won't she?"

Once the Curlew was at sea and sweeping gracefully up the California coast over a smooth sea, Angela Barstow assumed an unusual and flattering attitude of dependence on her host. At moments her abdication of her old independence and authority was almost embarrassing. He had somewhat boasted to Hinderwick of Angela's capacity for affairs, and now she openly confessed that business worried her, that she was incapable of understanding it.

"Mr. Hinderwick and you, Ralph, have convinced me that a woman ought to take advice of experienced men. Godfather Matthews means so well; but he's old and timid. Things bother him. Nothing seems to bother either of you. I know what a big thing you are both going into! Oh, I hear things!"

Again she prettily took it upon herself to inform Ralph on the high qualifications of his guest.

"It's like Mr. Hinderwick not to tell," she said. "But everybody in the shipping business knows he's the head and front of the All-Seas Trust and a dozen companies besides. I know he'll make your new line wonderfully successful." She glanced to the cold-eyed Hinderwick and went on: "They told me at the office we simply would have to share our business with the new line."

Ralph flushed.

"That's all right," he said modestly. "Hinderwick and I agreed on that. Of course with your old-fashioned directors you'll stand at a disadvantage, but don't let that worry you, Angela. I'm going to be there!"

"Coöperation is the life of modern business," Hinderwick remarked casually. "I know I—our lines always work for the common good—friendly offices, and all that, confidence, and so on. Then one has friends when it's a tight pinch."

Angela nodded gravely.

"I have always felt rather lonely," she murmured. "I simply can't understand all they try to tell me."

Hinderwick laid aside his frosty manner for good and exerted himself to promote the understanding suggested. Far into the night he skillfully interrogated and gave advice. He was glad to be of assistance. He referred to Mr. Somerset as "my able coadjutor," and spoke of combinations of extraordinary extent and power, dropped hints of a future "unforeseen by the general public," and finally clinched his smooth arguments with a smiling "We'd better let Miss Barstow into our new line, eh, Somerset?"

Angela glowed gratefully. As she passed to her room Ralph halted her:

"I told you I'd get into something worth while, old girl. The two of us might do wonders? Well, good night."

In her cabin Angela undressed slowly and thoughtfully. Once or twice she seemed to wince at some recollection, but compressed her lips determinedly.

The next morning Hinderwick followed up his advantage and made himself amazingly interesting and helpful. Angela poured out to him story after story of her difficulties. He solved them masterfully. He gave her to believe that he already had a

(Continued on Page 37)

TRY HAYNER CIGARS

DIRECT FROM FACTORY

Just to PROVE how fine they are—we will send you

25 for $1.25

PARCEL POST PAID

MEN—start now—buy the Hayner way—get your cigars fine, fresh and fragrant—direct from factory at the factory price.

Introductory Offer

Just to show you how fine they are—and what [illegible] Direct [illegible] —for only $1.25—parcel post paid by us

Note the Price

Only 5 cents each for cigars that in size, quality and workmanship cannot be equalled anywhere over the counter for less than 3 for 25c

Hayner Standards

[illegible] imported Hav[illegible] domestic tobaccos with genuine Sumatra wrapper—a mild, sweet [illegible] please every man who tries them.

Hayner Panetelas

Are particularly fine in flavor and aroma full 5-inch panetela shape [illegible] cool, even smoking cigar that is immensely popular with our patrons.

Money-Back Offer

Try these cigars. Send for a box of 25 Standards or 25 [illegible] smoke 8 or 10—judge squarely on their merit[illegible] you don't find them pleasing in every way, send back the balance and we will return your money without a word.

Exact size of Hayner Standards.

Don't wait—get our order in the mail *today*. You can't lose—we take all the risk and stand all the expense if we fail to please you

In ordering—state shape preferred [illegible] ards or Panetelas—and mention [illegible] you like light, medium or dark cigars.

Address our nearest office

THE HAYNER CIGAR CO., DESK "E"

Dayton, O. Washington, D. C. Boston, Mass.
St. Louis, Mo. Kansas City, Mo. St. Paul, Minn.
Toledo, O. Jacksonville, Fla. New Orleans, La.

ESTABLISHED 1866 CAPITAL $500,000

Lynco

MUSCLE MAKING ARCH SUPPORTS

Tortured Feet Relieved

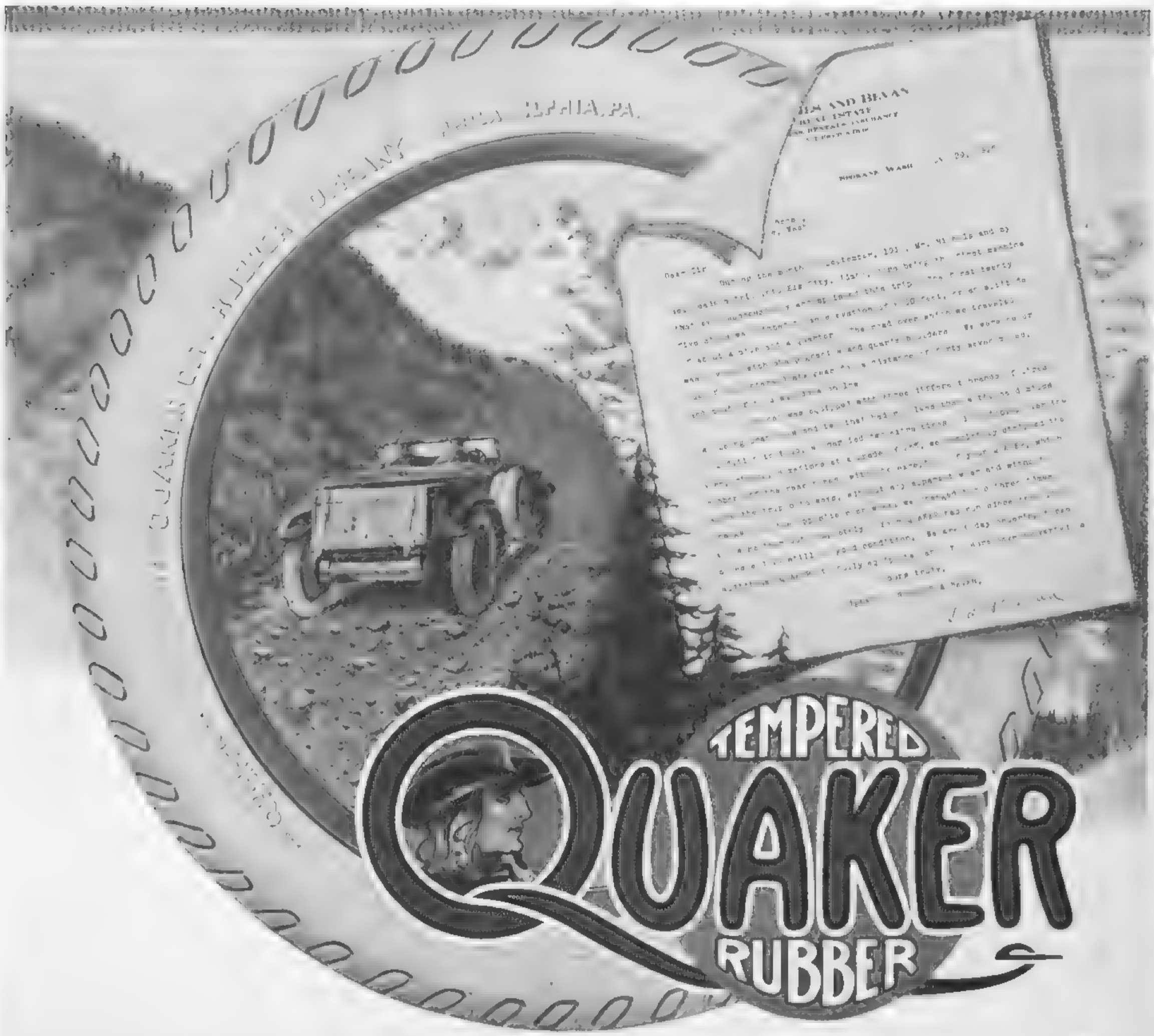
Illustrated on the left is the cause of the stress and strain, the torture and pain of the fallen arch. On the right, Lynco Muscle Making Arch Support demonstrates its ability to relieve the cause. In time, Lynco will build up the fallen arch and remove the cause.

Light-weight, durable sponge-rubber cushions, leather-covered (no metal). Sold by shoe dealers or mailed on receipt of $3 a pair. Give size of shoe and state whether for man, woman or child, or enclose diagram made by standing on paper and pencil-marking around stockinged foot.

Money cheerfully returned if you would rather have it, after you have tried

Lynn Rubber Mfg. Co.
352 Washington St.
Lynn, Mass.

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent free. Send sketch for *Free* opinion as to patentability. Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.



Isn't it MILEAGE you want from tires? Quaker Tires deliver exceptional mileage. They are adjusted on a 5000-mile basis, but are built to give big *excess* mileage. Records show that, in frequent instances, Quakers run 11,000 to 14,000 miles; Quakers have run 15,000 to 20,000 miles.

Time and again we have told you about Quaker Tires—the way they are built, the materials used, and the wonderful added resiliency, flexibility, elasticity and endurance secured by tempering the rubber. Now, users tell you what Quaker Tires do.

"I have a Quaker Tire purchased in July 1914, and run continuously until April 1, 1916, 9977 miles. Have had but one small blowout in it and the tread is not worn off yet."

(Signed) F. A. Turner, M. D., Rockport, Ill.

"I have and am still using Quaker casings on my car and have gotten the best of satisfaction out of them. I live in one of the roughest Counties in the State of Texas. Have got as much as 6000 to 7000 miles use of them. I average about 1000 miles per month and have used a Quaker Tire for nine months without a blowout or serious puncture."

(Signed) W. G. Abernathy,
Sheriff, Palo Pinto County, Texas.

"I will start this letter by saying that you have the best tire made. You shipped me a tire over two years ago and that same tire is running today. I am sorry that I haven't the mileage."

(Signed) W. E. Shackleford, Miami, Florida.

"In the month of June 1915, I purchased from your Company one pair of 3½ x 32 Non-Skid Quaker Tires, which I placed on my car and kept in constant service until the latter part of July 1916. During all this time they were free from blowouts and never had the original air taken out of them."

(Signed) John S. Kenney, Johnstown, Pa.

"I have used two Quaker Tires on a car which was bought second hand. One Quaker was practically new when the car was bought and was on the rear. I changed the new Quaker to a front wheel and have run it without necessary change for nearly 8,000 miles and expect to run it some more thousand before it is worn out."

(Signed) Andrew B. Winsor, Johnston, R. I.

Have a face-to-face talk with your local Quaker Tire dealer. Then, you will surely want to try a Quaker.

If there is no dealer near you, send direct to the Sales Dept. Your order will be filled at regular prices and charges prepaid within certain territory. Anyhow, write for a copy of "5000 Plus"—a snappy little booklet that tells things you ought to know about tires.

Quaker City Rubber Co.

Factories—Philadelphia

CHICAGO 182 W. Lake St. | PITTSBURGH 211 Wood St. | NEW YORK 63 Murray St.

Manufacturers of Belting, Packings, Valves, Steam Hose, Garden Hose, etc.

THREE PEOPLE A MOVING VAN, AND A DANGEROUS CURVE.

A youngster on roller skates. He doesn't think. He skates. And suddenly before he knows it—before *you* know it—he's in front of your car!

An absent-minded man with his nose in a newspaper. You know him—he's the kind who crosses streets without looking up. He too must be told that you're coming.

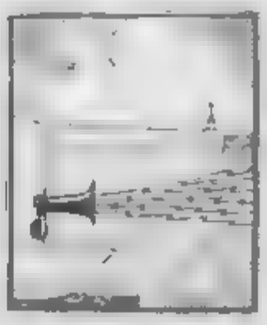
A woman on a shopping errand. She's thinking of clothes and shoes and groceries and the baby at home. She also crosses streets. And your car is bearing down upon her unnoticed. She too must be *warned*.

Half an hour later—you're in the country. There's a car ahead. A car moving SLOWLY. Or it may be a moving van—the driver half asleep. Or a farm wagon or a load of hay. You want to pass. There's not room. In some way you must let them know you are coming and ask them to turn out.

A mile further is a sharp turn. What's ahead? Possibly another car or a team. You don't know; you can't see. You're about to round that turn. It's dangerous.

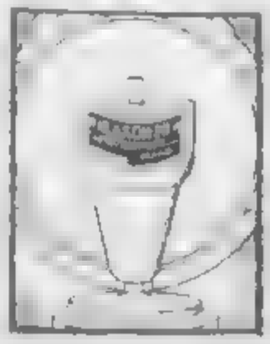
So AGAIN you sound your Klaxon!

A million Klaxon sound waves shoot forward—a mile ahead! The driver of the car around the bend instantly knows that you are coming. He edges over. Your share of the road is ready. You round that corner in SAFETY.



They always GET HEARD—those Klaxon sound waves. They're like the teeth of a saw. They CUT THROUGH other noises no matter how loud. They cut through the air itself with greater CARRYING POWER than any other sound waves known. And greater WARNING power!

And you'll find those Klaxon sound waves—which have made Klaxons the most widely used signals in the world—ONLY IN GENUINE KLAXONS.



Look for the word "KLAXON" on the name plate.

KLAXON Company, Newark, N. J.

If you're thinking of buying a car—

look on the horn for this important word:

"KLAXON"

(Continued from Page 34)

pretty fair insight into the affairs of the Southern Mail.

"And the last straw was when poor Captain Matthews came to me and told me we had lost a flour charter up in Portland to a Jap," she complained finally. "He couldn't understand it at all!"

Hinderwick smiled.

"I suppose not. As a matter of fact, we have got to allow foreign countries a little of the business—feed them along, so to speak, till we can combine and crush them. No need of making enemies when we have to do business with them."

"Oh," Angela murmured, "do you have trouble with the Japanese too?"

"We try not to," Hinderwick answered. "Coöperation—the strongest combination wins. And the prize is a big one."

Angela changed the conversation and did not revert to the subject again. But that evening, as they sat under the great space of the starry sky and talked to the steady beat of the yacht's engines, she said abruptly:

"You said this morning that the prize you were contending for on the Pacific was a big one, Mr. Hinderwick. You excite my curiosity. What is it?"

Hinderwick blew the smoke of his cigar thoughtfully from his thin lips.

"Half an empire," he said curtly. "They can say what they like, but trade follows the flag. Trade and empire are inseparable."

"That sounds like a hard saying," she responded.

The nattily dressed wireless operator stepped up and handed her a message. She unfolded it, read it, and glanced westward out over the gleaming sea. Then she looked up at her host.

"Such a funny message, Ralph!"

She gave him the paper and he peered at the writing.

"'Bird of paradise in full feather,'" he read. "What does it mean?"

Angela swept a blue scarf from her shoulders and spread it on her knee.

"It's a device I always have embroidered on my things," she explained. "See? And I always like captains of our steamers to get me a real one if they can."

F. Edwin Hinderwick laughed appreciatively.

"I tell you, Miss Barstow has the right idea of a woman's ownership of a steamship line! She leaves the business end to the directors while she collects fine feathers!"

Angela turned her eyes on the speaker and Somerset detected in them something which made him hasten to change the subject.

"I say, can you see that steamer out there?" he asked.

Miss Barstow glanced at the dark, low-lying vessel that was running along the horizon, and murmured:

"It looks like a passenger ship."

Hinderwick sat straight up in his chair and sniffed.

"It's a cruiser," he said stiffly; "and an odd type. Somerset, have your sailing master here and let's have his opinion on that ship."

There was an uneasy ring in the man's tones, and Somerset summoned his skipper, who nodded his head and stated that it was indeed a cruiser, and decidedly affirmed that he neither knew nor cared for its nationality.

"Four funnels!" Hinderwick remarked, fixing his pale eyes on the apparition. "Now ——"

The skipper's keen eyes saw something else. He stepped over and whispered to his owner.

Somerset laughed.

"Nonsense," he said, "we're a yacht! They aren't even watching us."

As he spoke a long pencil of extremely brilliant light shot from the foreward part of the cruiser and swung round till it rested on the yacht. In that intense and dazzling glow Angela sat motionless and serene. Her eyes did not remove themselves from Mr. Hinderwick's face. The light rested on the yacht a moment, and was then switched off. In the consequent darkness a yellowish-red spot flamed in the direction of the cruiser, and almost immediately a whirr, followed by a sharp zip-zip, told of a shot fired across the yacht's bows.

"Get inside the three-mile limit!" yelled Hinderwick. "It's a roving cruiser!"

The sailing master stepped to the rail and jerked a handle.

Suddenly a gong clanged below and the engines came to a stop. He stood there staring out into the darkness. Presently he remarked:

"She's running down to us, Mr. Somerset. Wants to board us, I reckon. I suppose we shall have to let her."

In the ensuing tumult Angela slipped down into the cabin and quickly locked the door of the room she knew to be Mr. Hinderwick's.

Then she returned to the deck unnoticed and watched proceedings.

The cruiser emerged from the shadows and showed herself a high-riding vessel of considerable tonnage. Angela could see the long, slightly tilted muzzles of four great guns projecting from the two turrets on her deck.

Smoke issued in vast clouds from her four funnels. Very few lights shone along her steel sides.

"Launch is away," the sailing master of the Curlew said presently. "We'll soon know what all this is about."

In a very brief time Angela heard the puffing of a steam launch alongside and saw Hinderwick peering at it over the rail. What he saw seemed to decide him. He slipped back and away down to the saloon. Through the skylight she saw him try to open his room door; then turn angrily to a bewildered servant.

In two swift strides she was at the yacht's rail. A boyish, stern face upturned brightened at sight of her.

The youth touched his gold-laced cap, swung himself up, and whispered to her as he stopped:

"Name of Mills. Cap'n Simms said to bring Hinderwick off."

"Down in the saloon trying to get into his room—valuable papers," she returned in a hasty whisper.

The young officer whirled, called to four men who leaped on deck, and curtly ordered them below to watch that no papers or luggage were disturbed. Then he politely addressed the captain of the Curlew and demanded to see his documents and his crew mustered.

The captain stood on his rights.

"Who are you, sir?"

"Lieutenant Mills, of Her Majesty's cruiser Protest," came the response. "Please lose no time."

The sailing master cast a single glance at the dark bulk cradling in the long swells to port, and yielded.

"I don't know what majesty nor who 'her' is," he muttered to his mate; "but that cruiser means business. Hello, what's this mean?"

Four able-bodied men in new uniforms were bearing F. Edwin Hinderwick to the stairs leading on deck. They were treating their prisoner with anything but respect, and the outraged magnate was protesting furiously. With a rush the group went by.

WINGFOOT

LAWN HOSE

The robins are here. Mother is meddling with clods and bulbs and trowel. And soon the baby shoots will be thrusting through the soil and ready for a gentle shower to start them off in life.

Such satisfaction it is to have Goodyear Wingfoot Lawn Hose then! Lawn Hose so seamlessly welded into one crack-proof, leak-proof, kink-proof unit. Lawn hose so tug free and tangle free, so glide-easy and wear enduring.

Goodyear goodness is in every foot of Goodyear Wingfoot Lawn Hose. Goodness in such measure that it is guaranteed against bursting for two whole lawn hose seasons.

Be sure it's Goodyear Wingfoot Lawn Hose you buy. It will add so much to your gardening pleasure.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

PENNSYLVANIA
Quality
LAWN MOWERS

"PENNSYLVANIA" *Quality* Lawn Mowers cost a great deal more to make and a little more to buy, but—their long and satisfactory service makes them cheaper in the end.

Every blade is of oil-hardened, water-tempered crucible tool steel, and so constructed as to be positively self-sharpening, cutting clean and true, in the same manner as a pair of fine shears. This feature saves the usual yearly cost of regrinding.

This mark is on the handle of all PENNSYLVANIA Quality Brands

"PENNSYLVANIA" Quality Mowers last a generation. Ask your hardware dealer or seedsman.

Pennsylvania Lawn Mower Works
1621 North 23d Street
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Frantz Premier

ELECTRIC CLEANER

CHEERY are the quarter million homes where Frantz Premiers are used. Would you have *your* wife greet you in the evening, fresh and untired from her day's work? Give her a Frantz Premier. Let it shoulder the drudgery of her household tasks.

Nine Pounds of Sterling Quality!

We have branches and dealers nearly everywhere Our price is modest—time payments if desired Booklet on request.

The Frantz Premier Co., Cleveland, Ohio

The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Sani-Flush

Makes It Easy For You

Shake a little *Sani-Flush* in the toilet bowl every few days. It makes stains disappear—puts an end to drudgery.

Sani-Flush

cleans the bowl thoroughly—even the hidden trap so difficult to reach. You don't need to rub, scrub or dip.

25 Cents a Can

Sani-Flush is made to clean toilet bowls only, not for general cleaning. It cannot harm the bowl or connections. Almost every dealer has it. If you do not find it readily, write

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
163 Walnut St.
Canton, Ohio

and Lieutenant Mills touched the captain on the sleeve.

"The man we're after," he said simply. "Wanted badly. His luggage and papers?"

The sailing master breathed with relief.

"You're welcome to him, sir," he said cordially. "His room is here."

"Locked," snapped the youth, and kicked the door in.

For ten minutes the boarders were silently busy. In that time they had huddled Hinderwick into the launch and crushed him into resentful silence; his luggage, traveling desk and papers were carefully stored under guard; a detail had wrecked the Curlew's wireless room; another had engaged in doing obscure things to the engines, to a choked chorus of anathema from the engineers; and Lieutenant Mills had held brief but satisfactory converse with the sailing master.

"Her Majesty's orders," he said in conclusion. "Don't attempt to tell me about the three-mile limit. You will proceed at daybreak to your destination and make what report you like."

The launch puffed away, and Somerset stared after it with unbelieving ejaculations. At last he turned and called:

"Angela, they've gone!"

"So has the young lady," said the mate gruffly. "She's with them in the launch out there."

Somerset raved incoherently for five minutes. Convinced at last that he was helpless, that the wireless was useless and the engines disabled beyond the engineers' ability to repair in less than ten hours, he subsided and began to ask questions as to the identity of the cruiser.

"I know nothing about her," his skipper sullenly answered. "That young lieutenant carried a parti-colored bird in embroidery in his cap, sir. I never heard of Her Majesty!"

Later he confided to his mate over a glass of mild grog:

"I says to myself when they grabbed that Hinderwick, says I: 'Less said the better by all!' I stand by that."

The mate smiled sardonically.

"A British cruiser in disguise, of course! Avoidin' international complications. I bet that Hinderwick wishes he was ashore!"

"We had one passenger that knew all about it," the skipper pursued. "I worked for her dad. Here's to her health!"

IV

DO WHAT he could, Captain Simms had been unable wholly to restore a warlike air to the stripped wardroom of the old cruiser Alaska. True, he had hastily mounted a couple of light quick-firers where the old quarter guns had been, the old arms rack was filled with modern rifles and the temporary light effects did their work. Yet he felt uncomfortable when the sounds of a whistle, the low calls of officers and a vast creaking of gear and thumping of blocks announced that the launch was back from its errand. But when his improvised lieutenant entered with a composed face and indicated a prisoner in the hands of the four impassive sailors behind him, Simms recovered his poise.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw Angela walk quietly in and slip into a shadowy nook.

"Are you Mr. F. Edwin Hinderwick?" Captain Simms asked politely.

"That's my name," snarled the prisoner. "I'm an American citizen and I demand to know what vessel this is."

"Tut-tut," said Captain Simms mildly. "Your papers?"

Hinderwick started to deny he had any, when a sailor calmly brought the desk, bags and files in and arranged them before his commander.

"All right," Simms said briefly. "Take the man away and lock him up."

"You'll get your superiors into the worst difficulty ever they had," Hinderwick foamed. "I am powerful. I can wreck careers and I can go right to headquarters."

"Your headquarters will be a room for'a'd," Simms said, and waved him away.

The door closed at last. Captain Simms mopped his forehead and smiled feebly at Miss Barstow.

"Now for the rest of it," he said. "Here are the man's papers—*if* they talk!"

They did, and through the long hours, broken occasionally by the entrance of an officer to report the yacht still helpless inshore, Angela Barstow studied the plans of F. Edwin Hinderwick. Now and then she would turn to her companion a face filled

(Concluded on Page 41)

YOU'LL ENJOY the comfort and service of this new double grip

PARIS GARTER
No metal can touch you

It's No. 2510; only 35c per pair. Ask to see this new number.

PARIS GARTER double grips at 50c also; single grips 50c, 35c and 25c.

A. STEIN & CO.
Founded 1887
Chicago New York

PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

"New-Skin"

—for cuts and scrapes

A liquid for little hurts. It forms a [illegible] of covering that protects the [illegible] and allows it to heal. Carry it with you always for emergencies.

At all druggists (10c, 25c). Or send us 25c. in stamps for the [illegible] size.

[illegible] the [illegible] New-Skin glass [illegible] and the paper cartons.

NEW-SKIN CO., NEW YORK

TEMPERATURE

its Relation to Health is Vital

Write for this Free Booklet

Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

This great manufacturing metropolis, anxious that the nation shall know more of her achievements—salutes you.

Milwaukee—a city of thirty-six hundred factories, foundries and mills, supplying to the people of practically every civilized nation, food, raiment, machinery and tools wherewith to labor—bespeaks your favor for her products.

In your home, your factory or on your own person you probably are using or wearing more than one Milwaukee product. You bought them not because they were made in Milwaukee, but because you knew their exceptional worth.

Glance over the few names of Milwaukee manufacturers listed and doubtless you will find amongst even these few, several whose products you have personally found to be of the highest standard. This standard is not incidental, but typical and characteristic of Milwaukee products.

Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Co.,
All kinds of power and industrial machinery

David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.,
Makers of Collegian Clothes

The Cutler-Hammer Mfg. Co.,
Largest producers of electrical controlling devices

Eagle Lye Works,
Largest exclusive lye manufacturers in U. S.

Evinrude Motor Company,
Detachable rowboat and canoe motors—80,000 sold

The Federal Rubber Co.,
Federal tires and mechanical rubber goods

Gemco Manufacturing Co.,
America's largest producers of automobile bumpers

Holeproof Hosiery Co.,
Famous Holeproof Hosiery—worn by millions

O. C. Hansen Mfg. Co.,
Quality gloves—known the world over

Hummel & Downing Co.,
Makers of fibre and corrugated shipping cases

B. J. Johnson Soap Co.,
Makers of Palmolive Soap and Cold Cream

Robert A. Johnston Co.,
Johnston's Chocolates. The appreciated candy

Kearney & Trecker Co.,
Milwaukee Milling Machines have double over arms

F. Mayer Boot & Shoe Co.,
Honorbilt shoes for men, women and children

Milwaukee Corrugating Co.,
Manufacturers of sheet metal building products

Milwaukee Paper Box Co.,
Candy boxes of quality

National Enameling & Stamping Co.,
Largest manufacturers of tin and enameled ware

Nunn & Bush Shoe Co.,
Service shoes—"Farm-Wear" Shoes—Army Shoes

Phoenix Knitting Works,
Phoenix silk hosiery—largest selling brand

Pawling & Harnischfeger Co.,
America's largest makers of electric cranes

The Richardson Phenix Co.,
Lubrication engineers and manufacturers

A. O. Smith Corporation
World's largest automobile frame plant

Sterling Motor Truck Co.,
Sterling Motor Trucks—2½, 3½, 5 and 7 ton

Sivyer Steel Casting Co.,
Quality has made their business national

Wisconsin Motor Mfg. Co.,
Auto, boat and aero motors—Three world's records

Milwaukee wants you to know more about the high quality of her products. The story of her progress is an interesting romance. You may have this story gratis—for the asking. Just write the

Rotary Club—Milwaukee

The Glorified Eight

Peerless introduces extremes of performance in one and the same distinguished car

IN the Peerless Eighty Horsepower Eight extremes meet limitations that formerly stood in the way of complete motor car enjoyment have been overcome. The most pleasing characteristics of equally attractive but opposite types of cars have been combined in one—the Peerless Eight.

Ultra smoothness, the extreme of responsive flexibility, delectable softness, are yours with marked economy of operation in a car capable of the speed of the charging racer and of prodigious feats of power.

Two Power Ranges

The "Loafing" Range

Imagine, if you will, your ideal car for ordinary everyday uses. It must creep on high gear with absolute smoothness. It must respond to the throttle without trace of hesitation and accelerate in a flash to any permissible city speed. It must give no sign or sound or effort in this accomplishment.

The Peerless Eight in its "loafing" range is ready to realize this ideal for you and to do it on half rations—consuming fuel so sparingly as to shame many a lesser powered six—even many a four.

The "Sporting" Range

But there comes the emergency which calls for superpower or the need or desire for speed of which no other ideally soft, smooth motor would be capable.

You have only to open the throttle wider to release the double poppets of the Peerless Eight and use her "sporting" range.

And now you have a brute of a car, responding with a deep note of rugged, relentless power which makes you master of any situation with which any motor car can contend.

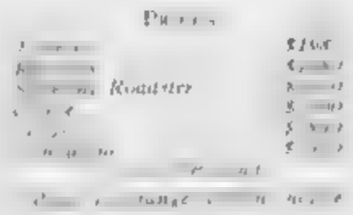
You have utterly changed the whole character of your car.

Peerless

All that the name implies

Give the Peerless dealer an early opportunity to demonstrate the well-nigh unbelievable contrasts in performance of which this car is capable.

The Peerless Motor Car Co., *Cleveland, O.*



Peerless Eight

(Concluded from Page 38)

with disgust. Each time Simms would shake his head and mutter:

"Dig on! We gotta have that man right. He mustn't have a leg to stand on before we get through with him."

At last they were done. Simms yawned.

"Just as you say. I say that he'll be good. Here you've got the evidence that he's dealing with both sides. He's no fool; he'll cry quits. Now if I were you I'd cut out the mutual recriminations and the bad words that he ought to hear and merely make him sign over to you control of this new company, the Astoria-Port Arthur! You'll just keep these documents, of course."

"It seems as if ——" she began.

Captain Simms shook his head.

"What do you care that he told people you were a silly fool? Just remember that we're out here where ships are likely to toddle along any time. A yacht helpless in the trough of the swell and a four-funneled cruiser in battle paint and with guns mounted *à la* Quaker might excite curiosity. We've got to hurry. Shall I ask Mr. Hinderwick in?"

"Do!" she said.

"Mr. Mills," the captain said gravely, when his subordinate appeared, "you will present my compliments to your guest in the locker and ask him to come this way. Also please spill the beans. It's daylight. Show the fellow our flag, will you?"

So F. Edwin Hinderwick, rubbing his smarting eyes, saw first by the gray light of the dawn a huge ensign floating above the rolling cruiser. He peered, stopped and gaped. A large, rudely worked but lifelike bird of paradise spread its plumage against the sky. A prod from behind hurried him on and into the alleyway leading to the captain's quarters. In that spacious apartment and in the presence of his captor Mr. Hinderwick lost his final courage. He glanced at Angela and then at the papers neatly docketed and spread on the desk. His face assumed a sickly, bilious hue.

"You see!" remarked Simms gravely.

"Piracy," mumbled Hinderwick. For an instant a savage glitter flared in his eyes. "Hanging matter!"

"It is," Simms agreed amiably, "for you. Right outside of us fifty miles is a British cruiser. They would enjoy these papers and your society. Right inshore is Uncle Sam, calm, patient, but kind of touchy about his honor. Uncle Sam would really enjoy your little manuscripts." He bowed to Angela. "I think Miss Barstow has a few things she wants to say to you."

Firmly, clearly and without a trace of feeling she laid her terms before Mr. Hinderwick. To his spasmodic attempts to play on her woman's fears and show her the risk she ran, she returned calm replies.

"You understand," she said simply, "that you must never bother me or my company again? You see that? You comprehend that I want control of your new company? You thoroughly understand that?"

Hinderwick gathered his courage.

"Well," he demanded with an endeavor to swagger, "you've talked quite a lot. What if I tell you to go to the devil?"

Simms lifted his hand.

"I'll tell you," he said evenly. "Miss Barstow foresaw that question of yours and asked me to answer it. And my answer is—sign that paper!"

Hinderwick glanced about him. Then sat down in the seat indicated and read the papers offered for his signature. At first his lip curled scornfully, but gradually fear showed in his face. He looked up, all his bravado vanished.

"These papers were prepared by a lawyer—this is a conspiracy! You are only tools!" he cried.

The captain sighed.

"You'll probably see the point. The less you ever have to say, the better for you."

F. Edwin Hinderwick signed. When he had finished he made a last attempt to recover his papers. Simms smiled cynically and dismissed him.

"Now, Miss Barstow," he said quickly, "you must hurry back to the yacht. I must be away from here in an hour. I know you can handle Hinderwick from now on."

"You are going to send him back to the yacht with me?" she asked.

"I am not," Simms said quietly. "I'll attend to him. You just go on up to Portland with Mr. Somerset and attend to the organization of the Astoria-Port Arthur line. You have the proxies, the papers to show, and all the instructions you need. Strike quickly."

Angela rose.

"I'll have a hard time explaining to Mr. Somerset," she murmured.

"Somerset? Tell him nothing. Tell him to wait a week. He'll see what you do in Portland, and when he sees the papers in a day or so he'll decide not to ask any more questions. He's innocent. But when he comes to think over the papers of his in Hinderwick's hands he'll lay low."

"And the papers?" she inquired.

Simms laughed.

"I'll have them safe for you. Now I must send you away. Hang it all, I enjoyed this game! I'm much obliged!"

They shook hands. The launch duly restored Miss Barstow to the deck of the Curlew, and hurried back while she stemmed the torrent of questions shot at her by her host and his aunt. She smiled and frowned. She drew Somerset away.

"It was important business for Mr. Hinderwick," she said. "He particularly hoped you would understand. He urged you to go on to Portland. He said you would know what to do there."

The young man nodded.

"I understand!" he returned in a whisper. "What a man! Angela, it makes one feel mighty good to be right in the heart of this international intrigue. To be trusted! We have seen a big thing! A cruiser out of nowhere—and the destinies of nations changed!"

"I know very little about the destinies of nations," she answered tartly. "That commander kept me awake on a sofa all night while he and Mr. Hinderwick talked business. My hair is a sight!"

▼

EZEKIEL AMES closed the door of James Matthews' room and demanded to know where Martin Conrad was.

"He was just looking for you," Captain Matthews replied testily. "You two are full of news. What's up?"

Conrad entered, stared round him and nodded. Together he and Ames laid before their associate the morning papers and two telegrams.

The news that leaped to James Matthews' eyes was this:

"PORTLAND, Sept. 27. To-day the organization of the Astoria-Port Arthur Steamship Company was completed by the election of Miss Angela Barstow to the presidency, Ralph Somerset to the vice presidency and the choice of Miss Barstow's company manager, Ezekiel Ames, as secretary and treasurer."

"SAN DIEGO, Sept. 27. The steam schooner Mahala, arriving at noon to-day from the North, confirms the reported loss at sea of the old cruiser Alaska which was sold to private parties by the Government some time ago and outfitted for the Mexican trade. The Mahala reported that the Alaska sprung a leak off Point Reyes and was abandoned by Captain Simms and his crew on the night of the twenty-fifth. The wrecked crew landed in Drakes Bay safely. No trace has been seen lately of the vessel and wreckage washed ashore points to her total destruction."

Captain Matthews looked up.

"Angela always did see something in that Ralph Somerset, and he's made good. Bless the girl!"

"Simms seems to have been in hard luck," Ames murmured.

"Simms?" rasped Matthews, brushing his chin whisker with his sinewy hand "Simms? The man's a fool. Got what he deserved. Lucky Angela dropped him."

"Dropped him?" repeated Conrad, shoving a yellow telegram under his associates' noses. "Look at that to me, the superintendent of the Southern Mail!"

Matthews and Ames bent over the message:

"ASHLAND, OREGON, Sept. 28.

"Martin Conrad,

"Sup't Southern Mail S. P. Co.

"Pier 162, S. F.

"Raise Simms' salary to three hundred a month and give him the Equator. Treat Captain Simms right.

"ANGELA BARSTOW."

"The Equator!" Ames murmured. "Our best ship! Now what in the deuce has Simms, the old cruiser Alaska and this new company got to do with Angela?"

"Angela?" repeated Matthews. "You get things wrong. I'm learning fast. I don't ask what have things got to do with Angela Barstow. I just wait round and see what Angela Barstow will do with men and ships and things!"

THE FINE ART OF DRESS
AS INTERPRETED IN

Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes

Putting a dollars-and-cents value upon an object of art doesn't commercialize it, provided the thought of price comes second to the fulfillment of an ideal.

When you say STEIN-BLOCH,
you've said STYLE.

THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.
TAILOR SHOPS AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE JOYS OF EVINRUDING

A spin across-lake to Picnic Point—or a trip up river where you can explore all the picturesque little bays and inlets—one place today, a new trip tomorrow—a world of ever-changing pleasures is yours if you own an

EVINRUDE
DETACHABLE ROWBOAT & CANOE MOTOR

Easily portable—take the Evinrude with you anywhere. Quickly attached to any rowboat or canoe. Equipment includes Evinrude Magneto—Built-in Flywheel Type, Automatic Reverse, and new refinements for 1917. More Power and Speed. Catalog and dealer's name on request.

Special folder describes rowboats, canoes, skiffs and accessories.

EVINRUDE MOTOR CO., 550 Evinrude Block, Milwaukee, Wis.

Distributing Branches:

69 Cortlandt Street, New York
214 State Street, Boston, Mass.
416 Market Street, San Francisco
211 Morrison Street, Portland, Oregon
E. Drolet, Montreal
A. R. Williams Mchy. Co., Toronto
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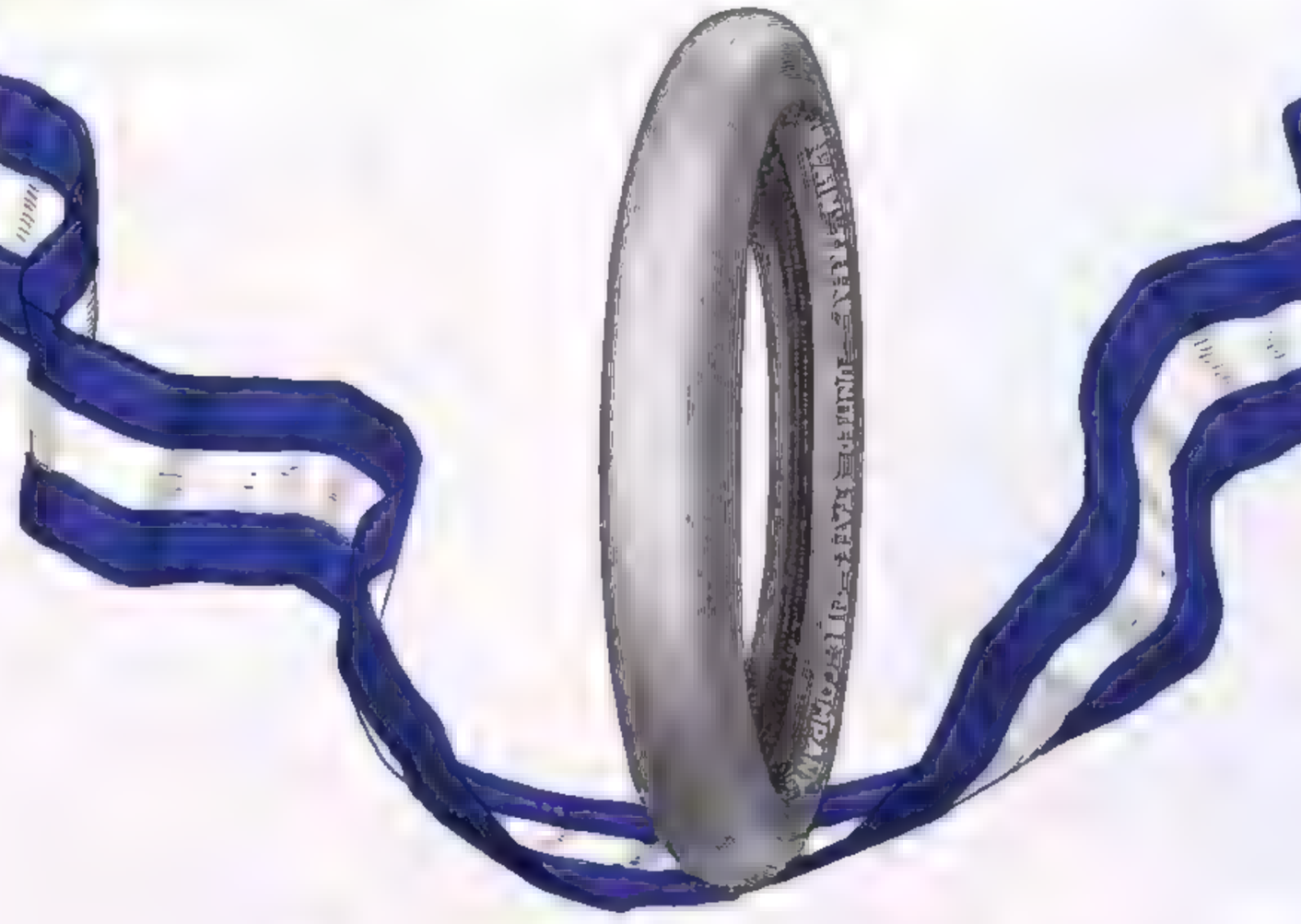
Over 80,000 sold—Used by 25 Governments

Join in the Nation's Most Popular Sport—Boating



Plain Tread Tires, like Cinderella,

get scant attention these days when everybody is talking about the relative merits of anti-skid tires.

Whereas the plain tread is the real basis of tire value—of wear—of mileage.

* * *

Get at the heart of the matter.

Compare the plain treads of different makes.

Then you can take up the consideration of anti-skids.

For the anti-skid is really a plain tread, plus anti-skid qualities.

* * *

Compare the ***United States "Plain" Tread*** with any other plain tread.

United States "Plain" Tread Tires are the product of

—microscopic and ruthless scrutiny of raw material,

—parental patience with even the veriest details of manufacture,

—an aggregation of workers who are aristocrats of skill,

—a manufacturing ideal to make a tire that shall wear, and keep on wearing, longer than any other tire.

* * *

The proof lies in these two conclusive facts:

—first, the continued amazing sales increases of United States Tires;

—second, the fact that these sales increases last year were proportionately far larger than the tremendous increase in the number of automobiles during the same time.

They are facts strong enough, big enough, masterful enough, to command conviction.

* * *

Then—if you want anti-skids, bear in mind that the ***United States "Nobby," "Chain," "Usco" and "Royal Cord"*** are so far in a class apart that even a casual examination of the design and structure of their treads is conclusive evidence.

So that in United States Tires—plain or anti-skid treads—you have the supreme of anti-skid efficiency and low-mileage-cost.

The five types

'Nobby' 'Chain'
'Royal Cord'
'Usco' 'Plain'

United States Tires Are Good Tires

A Tire for Every Need of Price and Use

Making Business Men

By ANNE SHANNON MONROE

ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY MUNSELL

"You Fallin' Me Too?"

IV

I WANTED to tell someone about the change in Bittner, and looked toward Miss Krog. But I knew she would not understand. She would not see in his attitude toward Mrs. Gray birth of reverence, the bending of the crude to the cultured, as a rude plant to sunlight. She would see only the beginning of what she would call a "case," and so I had to keep my observations to myself. It is dangerous to start such a suggestion in an office full of women.

Mr. Bittner came sauntering back as innocent as a lamb, and again paused by my desk. I looked up, waiting. But he seemed perplexed.

"Mrs. Gray would find it hard to attend to the entering of names on cards, giving out work, requiring results of the other workers, and so on," I said.

He sat down.

"Her big value," I continued, "is her sympathy, her kindliness and understanding. She has the knack of soothing. Her touch is like velvet. Why not advance her to the later, more difficult work on the Fifty Principles? Let her be chief instructor. She would like that better, I am sure, and I want to get rid of instruction work altogether. I have enough to do with the advertising."

"That's a good idea," he said, relieved. "Tell the bookkeeper to enter 'em both at eighteen a week from the first of the month."

"One other thing, Mr. Bittner," I said. "Miss Krog's work is dwindling terribly. I think it worries her. We have never used our number-four letters, and but very few of the number threes, as you know. Why not make her head of the entire book business as well as forewoman?"

"Book business won't last long."

"Neither will Miss Krog, unless we make her more important."

Miss Abbot's Decision

"I think we had better keep the book business alive as a come-back for the Fifty Principles people," I went on.

"That's not a bad idea. Tell Miss Krog about it."

"No, you tell her. It's better that you should."

He went over to her desk, and I went to the cage to speak to Miss Lutkins about raising the two women.

One other thing bothered me. Mr. Bittner had said nothing about Miss Abbot, and she was now doing very good work. While I was thinking about the best place for her in the business, she came up to me.

"Miss Gale," she said with sweet deliberation, "I am leaving Saturday."

"I am sorry, Miss Abbot. You are becoming valuable to us."

She dropped her eyes and seemed distressed.

"It isn't you," she said at last, "but some way I can't bear to work for an illiterate man like Mr. Bittner. He should be working for me, it is so absurd."

I smiled. I had once thought that same thing.

"Miss Abbot," I said, "the market proves one's value."

"Beg pardon?"

"The very fact that Mr. Bittner, still a young man, has got all our brains working to carry out his ideas proves that his brain is the keenest, regardless of appearances."

"It is just chance, opportunity," she said

"It is will power and initiative," I contradicted.

She sighed and looked out of the window. "I think a woman loses so much when she remains in such surroundings as these," she said at last.

"It takes a big woman not to," I agreed. "Look at Miss Lutkins."

"Have you never met gruff, ill-mannered women out of business?" I asked.

Dollar Democracy

She sighed. "Well, I've made up my mind to go. I am planning to take a course in library work."

"Can you manage there always to give out books only to educated people?" I asked. "It seems to me you will be a servant to a large illiterate public, where here you are servant to one."

She looked up startled. She did not like that word servant.

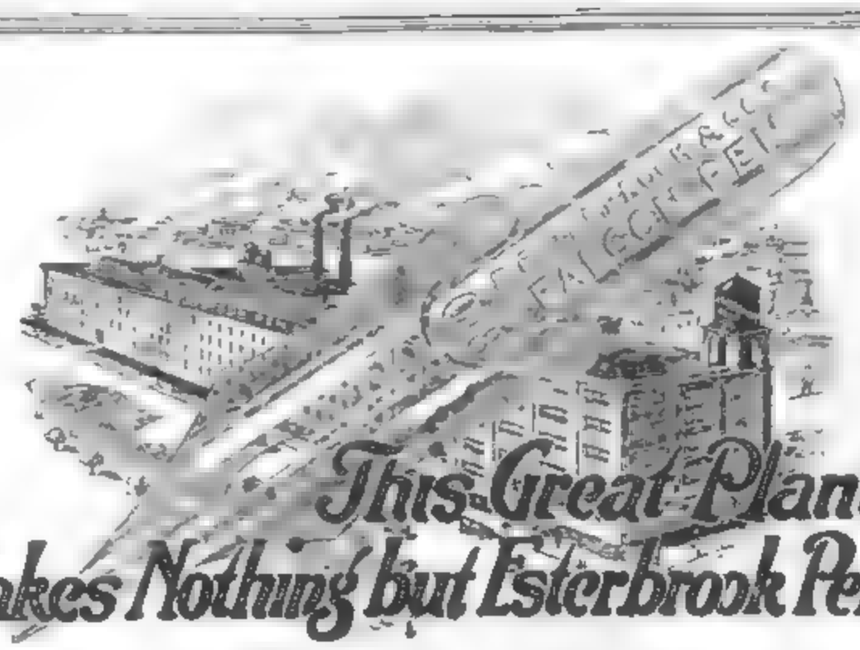
"All business, Miss Abbot, caters to all kinds of people. If you are a merchant you must sell to maids as well as ladies. Even in the professions there is no aristocracy of clientèle; clergymen preach to tramps, physicians attend washwomen, and lawyers divorce bootblacks. Money-changing levels all rank. In catering for pay we must cater to all alike. I am sorry you are going, but I wish you well."

She seemed perplexed about it all, but just then Mr. Bittner came in.

"Just the same, I'm going," she said. "And I think you are perfectly wonderful to stand it." She stooped suddenly and kissed me.

I was sorry to lose Miss Abbot. I had grown fond of her. But when I thought of her everlasting "Beg pardon" I felt cheered, and called up a woman who had applied for

(Continued on Page 45)



This Great Plant Makes Nothing but Esterbrook Pens

Esterbrook makes and *sells two hundred million pens every year.* And this quantity is constantly increasing—because the standards of worth and quality on which this business was founded have been faithfully maintained for more than 56 years.

Every ounce of steel used in Esterbrook Pens is laboratory-tested. Esterbrook Pens resist corrosion from modern acidulous inks. Esterbrook Pens have large ink capacity—save lots of dips and lots of time.

Send 10 cents for useful metal box containing one dozen assorted pens, including the famous 048 Falcon.

Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co., 72–100 Delaware Ave., Camden, N. J.

R. Esterbrook & Co.

PENS

—see these chairs at your dealer's today

$8.00 Saved! And Such A Comfort!

That's what thousands of weary business men and business women, housewives and others are saying as they stretch out and luxuriate in these wonderful Special chairs, offered at a big price-saving to further introduce the famous

Royal Easy Chairs

"PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES"

You, too, *must* own one of these "World's easiest easy chairs." You, too, must enjoy this comfort Just drop into one. "Push the button"—presto! the back reclines to any angle, locking there until released by another finger pressure—your limbs are upon the leg rest (concealed when not in use)—your whole body is supported, relaxed, consciously comfortable as nowhere else *except in bed.*

Highly artistic, stylish, durably made and upholstered, and with a push button device that is silent, hidden and trouble-proof. Such a chair soon becomes priceless!

But as a Special Introductory Offer we advertise two Royals of exceptionally fine quality at a price reduction of $7.00. And another dollar will be deducted from the cash price by your local dealer if you *take to him the dollar coupon in this ad.* That makes a clear saving of $8.00 on a chair you'll enjoy for years

Send for Free Booklet

giving valuable data on "Conscious Rest," and showing many popular Royal models. Also brings you name of your Royal dealer. Write today

ROYAL CHAIR CO.
1101 Chicago Street
STURGIS, MICH.

All Royals guaranteed None genuine without the word Royal stamped on Push Button

This Coupon Good for $1 at Your Dealer's

Forewarned is Forearmed

THE thrill of *more* power and *finer* style goes hand in hand with the thrill of spring days that call you into the open. Here is car quality, beauty and energy that *satisfy*. Velie Biltwel Six, with its silent, supple, special Continental motor, is more than equal to *any* spring road, or *any* hill that has just emerged from snows and rains.

And Velie Biltwel Six has *lots* of room. Its deep-tufted, genuine leather upholstery and long, under-slung springs give you restful comfort—the real luxury of riding. One seems to soar through the air, far above any mechanical bonds of control.

On country road or city boulevard, Velie Six commands the admiration of authority in car fashion and construction values.

The demand is enormous. Even now it is taxing the capacity of a mile of Velie factory to the utmost. Don't be disappointed when the greater rush is on. Insure a prompt delivery by placing your order now. Forewarned is forearmed.

If you have not obtained your Velie, see your nearest dealer at once. Eight body styles—open or convertible, including snappy Four Passenger Roadster, Touring Sedan and Coupé.

Ask for booklet—"How Velie Cars Are Made."

VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION
125 Velie Place Moline, Illinois

(Continued from Page 43)

work and left her address in case there should be a vacancy. She was so happy to come, she said, and would be at the office without fail the following morning.

But the morning came and she did not appear. I waited till noon, waited through the afternoon. At closing time I got her on the wire.

"Oh, Miss Gale," she gushed, "I decided that I just couldn't work over in that wholesale district. And I was too busy all day to call you up and tell you. I'm so sorry."

Being sorry didn't get out mail. It was just like so many women to imagine an excuse covered their responsibility. If women only wouldn't lie—if, for instance, they would have some other reason for being late than a car accident—it would be such a help. If the car accidents reported at our office as a reason for tardiness were duplicated in every other office in the city, I could see nothing but a vast flat waste of broken cables, damaged trolleys and telescoped elevated trains—a devastation comparable only to war. I rang off and again inserted an advertisement for desperate women.

When the September magazines came out, there, occupying two full pages, was the Borrige & Kemp advertisement. It was as Bittner had predicted, they had followed us up. They offered to American business men who had so far shown absolute confidence in the Borrige & Kemp business books, a complete course of instruction by mail in the Philosophy of Business, planned and written by the greatest masters of finance of the day. That the course was practical was guaranteed by the fact that a practical business man was the critic and instructor. The advertisement was written in Binks' most florid style. His picture was used, and under it were the words: "This is the man who will guide your work. It won't be done by cheap office girls." The price, forty-five dollars, was in bold type, and it cut just enough under ours to catch men economically minded. The advertisement was more striking than ours; and it had a hurry-up, get-on-the-band-wagon, don't-lose-a-minute impetus that would carry the reader through.

Although I had been prepared by Mr. Bittner for just this, the thing came to me with a shock. I sat a long time; not thinking or planning or wondering, just stunned. I had heard of such things, but I had not before experienced a direct steal in business.

Shrewd Stealing

Bittner came in, grinning; but his grin did not tell me much. He ambled over, sat down, and picking up the magazine gazed at the advertisement.

"He's got us on price," he said. "We've got him on every other count."

"Five dollars is quite a difference," I agreed mechanically.

"Too much. We gotta knock it."

"Cut?" I asked, surprised. That didn't seem to me dignified.

"Sometimes," he said, eying me narrowly, "you're that quick you beat me to it, and then again you're that slow I wonder how you get on at all."

"Remember the halves of the apple," I said, determined to keep my temper. "Where you're quick I don't need to be."

"That's so," he came back more genially. Then he got down to business. "We gotta liven up our October copy and meet his price by givin' more for the fifty dollars. We'll do it by givin' with the course of study the set o' desk books that we sell for ten dollars. We'll use 'em as an incentive to start at once. We'll say we'll give these books till the edition is exhausted. The offer's just good while they last."

"I wish we might use your picture," I said. "It adds to the personal pull. But of course we can't now. Binks is ahead of us."

"We'll make that face missed after a month or two," he came back, jabbing viciously at his pencil.

But his tone was not so confident as his words.

The fight was on.

Mr. Bittner sent off an inquiry at once, under an assumed name, that he might see just how Binks was handling his inquiries. He would also subscribe later, that we might be able to examine the steal closely.

It was a most difficult task for me to attend to Wagner's work which from the beginning I had handled personally. To correct his problems, send him our letters, talks and everything pertaining to the Fifty Principles, when I now knew positively that it was all being hustled away to Binks as fast as possible to be read by him, absorbed, and then retold in a florid, vivid style, was a maddening procedure. Binks had worked with Bittner so closely, he had had so much experience in taking the latter's ideas and running them through heavily padded copy, that he could do this with great facility. He knew the man so well that one phrase gave him a whole sentence. And with the many letters and the extra questions that Wagner had constantly propounded, Binks must now have the entire spirit of our plan. Wagner was on his last month's work. After a few months the fact that Bittner started in March and Binks in September would be lost on the reading public. They would merely represent two firms in the same business, and interested inquirers would investigate both. A subscriber to the two courses of study would recognize the current of similarity, but he would be as apt to think that we stole the idea from Binks as that he stole it from us.

Fifty Jumbled Principles

I had just started our October copy on its way East when Mr. Bittner came in and without a pause hurried over to my desk. I saw that something was wrong.

"Binks is using three pages in the principal October magazines," he said with a sharp indrawing of his breath. "I've telegraphed for three. What have you got that I can run in strong at once?"

I pulled down a file and drew out the various letters of commendation that I had been saving and placed them before him.

"That's the stuff! Select the most biting lines and head it: 'What men who have subscribed think of the Fifty Principles.' Get it copied right away."

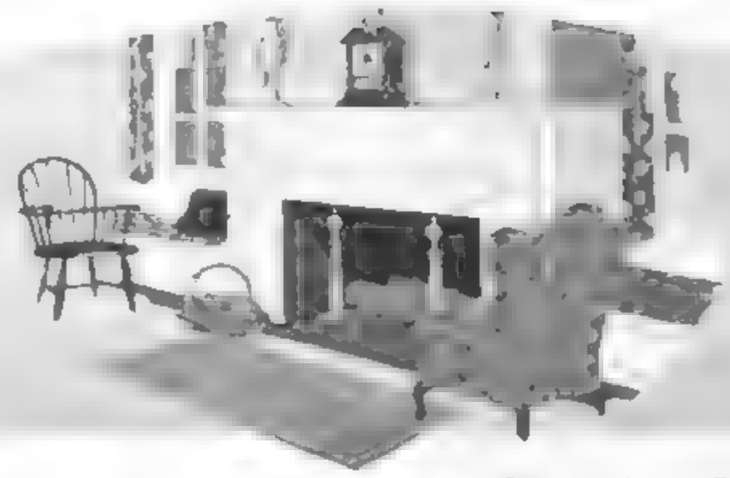
In a couple of hours the extra page was following up the first two to New York. Almost breathlessly I waited for the October issues. What would Binks put in his three pages? In the meantime I studied the first lessons of Binks' course of study as supplied through our "tool" subscriber. The main difference was one of phraseology. Where we called our papers "talks" he used the more academic word "lectures." Where we said "problems" he said "lessons." Where we used short crisp sentences he amplified. Where we suggested he developed the theme. Where we had been thorough he satisfied himself with a mere mention. But the most maddening part of the whole steal was his taking our later talks and putting the ideas in them early in his course. He had so jumbled the thing that should two friends subscribe for the two courses and work together, the Binks man would have all the pith and point of our later talks long before the Bittner man would have reached them. This would cheapen the Fifty Principles immeasurably. Always the impression is made on the first hearing; anything of the same nature after that seems weak.

There was one notable change from the old-time Binks: there were no errors of construction in his lectures. He evidently had an excellent critic.

The October magazines came in and I opened the first one, tense and anxious. I found that Binks' advertisement had the better position. He had secured his three pages earlier than we and was therefore given the preference; but our copy showed up better than his—at least I thought so. Every line was insistent with proof of value. Every line in that of Binks was a promise. But this would not last. He would take his keynote from us. Bittner at once sent off another dummy inquiry to see whether Binks had followed up our offer of the desk books.

We pitched into new literature, getting out special little folders to be used as inclosures in our follow-up letters. Bittner heard from Binks in due time. He was offering an inkstand as an inducement to subscribe immediately. He played up this offer in the opening paragraph of his number-one letter.

It was his first false move, and it brought a gleam into Bittner's eyes that made me sorry for Binks in spite of myself. To offer an inkstand to a substantial business man as an inducement to subscribe—well, you might as well offer a cigar or a box of candy. Our books were in line with the idea of study. They were a practical accessory to the Fifty Principles course, and we mentioned them in the last paragraph of our letter. We had taken it for granted that



Beautiful Enough for your Drawing Room—
Durable Enough for your Front Door—

economical enough for use wherever a fine, lasting finish is required. Such is Enamolin, *the whitest Enamel in the world.*

The leading painters and decorators have long known it as the "quality" Enamel. They have used it not only on their finest, most delicate work, but wherever conditions demanded good looks and hard service.

You, too, should know it. No matter how small or how large a job you have to do, Enamolin is *the* Enamel to use.

And what Enamolin is to woodwork, Namlac Floor Finish is to floors—the great floor beautifier—the strong floor protector—water-proof, scratch-proof, mar-proof.

Enamolin and Namlac Floor Finish are on sale at the better paint and hardware stores. If you cannot secure them, write us.

Ask for free copy of "The White Spot" booklet.

A sample can of either Enamolin or of Namlac Floor Finish sent for 10c
Address Consumers' Dept.

EMIL CALMAN & CO.
ESTABLISHED IN 1870
100 William St. New York

Enamolin

The Whitest Enamel in the world

A Range That Startled The World

Burns Natural or Artificial Gas and Coal or Wood

UNIVERSAL STOVES AND FURNACES

Yet has no parts to change! Think of it! When you want gas for the oven, turn the key. Click! Your oven's ready for *gas*. A reverse click—again it's ready for coal or wood. Oven heated with coal and gas together or separately—your bake day troubles banished with the Universal Combination Range.

Has all the incomparable cooking qualities of a fine, high-grade coal range—and the added convenience of gas when wanted. Keeps your kitchen

Cool in Summer Warm in Winter

Saves dollars and drudgery the year around.

The Universal has 4 coal lids and 4 gas burners all on top, a full-size 18" oven equipped with a self balancing door and oven thermometer, and other labor saving refinements.

Durable, trouble-proof, *absolutely SAFE!* Sanitary blue, or black porcelain enamel finish if desired. Easy to clean. No blackening. Handsomely trimmed in rust-proof silver nickel, yet reasonably priced. A big fuel saver.

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describing, illustrating this range. It brings name of your local dealer who [illegible] free demonstration [illegible] now. Universals are sold by all leading dealers—cash or payments.

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UNIVERSAL
COMBINATION RANGES

Repairless Roofs

Asphalt Shingles are going on thousands of roofs whose owners are tired of repair costs.

They are buying *Asphalt Shingles* to stop those expenses. They want a roofing that does not crack or leak. One that will last long after *other* roofings would have worn out.

They find these advantages in *Asphalt Shingles*. And with them they find a *triple-thick* roof—three substantial proofs that it cannot leak under any circumstances.

Asphalt Shingles

"The Roof that Stays Young"

No other roofing at a moderate price looks so beautiful. Rich, permanent colors that *last*. Evenly cut shingles that lay smoothly on the roof. Fire protection, too. Sparks will not ignite them. These are reasons why so many thousands of home owners are demanding *Asphalt Shingles*.

Reliable quality *Asphalt Shingles* are made with a strong felt, saturated or coated with Asphalt, with crushed rock products tightly embedded on the surface.

CALL on your Contractor, Lumber Dealer or Builder's Supply Man and insist on getting reliable quality *Asphalt Shingles*. This will insure you a roof that *stays young*.

ASPHALT SHINGLE PUBLICITY BUREAU, 957 Marquette Building, CHICAGO

Fast Shells and Fast Dogs Get the Most Game

The speed of a shot-shell depends largely on the strength of its primer and the width of its flash passage.

Test the primer of a Black Shell. Empty the shell of shot, wads and powder. How high will the primer alone shoot a quarter into the air? How high will another shell's primer shoot it?

Make this test yourself and select your shells by the result.

US THE BLACK SHELLS

Smokeless and Black Powders

Ask your dealer for The Black Shells. If he hasn't them mail $1.25 to our nearest selling agent to get a box of twenty five and he will ship prepaid. Be sure to specify gauge and details of load. This is a trial offer and holds good only in towns where The Black Shells are not now sold.

(General Selling Agents: National Lead Company, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia, Baltimore; National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh, United Lead Co., New York, Selby Smelting & Lead Co., San Francisco.

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY, 2601 TRINITY BUILDING, NEW YORK

subscribers would want them, would feel their need, would purchase them, and we had given them an opportunity to get them included with the Fifty Principles. Poor Binks, always close in small matters, always greedy about getting something for nothing, something free, had grabbed at the idea and had offered an inkstand! The value he put on free things himself made him overrate their value to the average business man.

"It's just as I told you," Bittner said, coming over to my desk with the open letter in his hand. "A man's gotta be right himself. He's gotta have the right perspective on business. Binks is right only in spots. He can't go far alone."

"He seems to have some pretty good people associated with him," I said. "His English is perfect."

"English is valuable only to get ideas over with," he came back quickly. "When they ain't no idea in it it's as harmless as a gun unloaded. Bein' pretty don't help."

"I wonder if that is altogether true," I said. "I wonder if lots of people are not carried along by the mere sound of words. They're hypnotic sometimes, words."

Bittner sat thinking.

"If I were he," I went on, "my next move would be to play up the college men strong. He's got a good list on the backs of his books, and he's helped to make them authoritative with the public. If I were he I would have half-tones made of their pictures and use them in my advertising. I would go in strong for the academic pull. He has started that way and he ought to pull hard for that audience, the audience that likes authority. He's got a mighty good start, if he would quit imitating you and cut out his inkstands."

Signed Testimonials

Bittner sat silent for a long time. Finally he got up and went away. The next morning he came to my desk before I had opened it.

"I been thinkin' about that thing of authority," he said. "I guess we'll have some—the kind American business men recognize. You're right, there ain't any other way for Binks, and he'll likely see it. He ain't any fool, just spotted. He'll play up his college men—if he's got any sense—in November, and if he don't it's our move anyway. You write out some good, strong, short opinions of the Fifty Principles such as should come from the biggest business men in the game—big merchants, bankers, railroad men, editors, the kind of men whose names get in print. Write out some opinions on the Fifty Principles; also some paragraphs commending the idea of reducing sound business to a science and teaching it so's a man can know the whole game and find his right place in it. Get 'em ready for me by noon, will you? Each one on a separate sheet."

"Mr. Bittner, do you think men like that—big men—will agree to be used in an advertisement?"

"A lot of 'em got big through publicity and a lot of 'em like it," he declared. "I want the ones that get in the prints, so the general run o' men will know who they are. The very fact that they get in print shows they like it. Men can stay out if they are big enough to want to."

I do not know exactly how he managed it, but I think it was through men he met at his club—he belonged to one of the most exclusive clubs in town—and also through some of the publication representatives who were always glad when possible to do him a favor. At any rate in a few days he had a fine collection of hearty testimonials. Very often a busy man's objection to doing a favor of this kind is the time required. But Mr. Bittner went to each one with his commendation written out, and all they had to do was to sign their names. And they signed.

We devoted a page in November to establishing our authority. We used in addition to the testimonials the convention episode treated seriously. It was a handsome page and it would carry weight.

Mr. Bittner was in constant communication with Hart, our New York representative, and through him we learned that Binks had been swamped with inquiries since his first advertisement. He had benefited by our six months' start. We had prepared the business man for this sort of thing, and he no longer hesitated. Advertising representatives who called from day to day also reported things booming with our rivals. Well, they were booming with us too.

(Continued on Page 49)

Press the concealed safety-sealed button—"now dip, release"—time 2 seconds.

Not a single drop of ink can get out. It's SAFETY-SEALED—escape is completely cut off because there are **no holes in the wall**—it cannot leak when carried flat, upside down—any position.

In case of accident to self-filling mechanism it automatically changes to a SAFETY-SEALED non-self-filler.

All sizes at nearest Parker dealer—$2.50, $3, $4 and $5.

PARKER PEN COMPANY
90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.
N Y RETAIL STORE—Woolworth Building

Means—No holes cut in wall of barrel—no openings, levers or rings where ink can get out to ruin clothes or linen

To Increase Your Earnings

Is easy through the Curtis Plan. All about you are subscribers for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. We'll pay you liberally in commission and salary for forwarding these renewals and looking after new orders in your leisure hours. Let us send you details.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
261 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The Purity-Spirit in San-Tox

There may be greater discoveries than that of toilet purity for the skin, but there are few more pleasant ones.

What a pleasure it is to discover the San-Tox nurse-face smiling from a San-Tox toilet purity for the first time! How grateful the skin feels for the smoothness and the restfulness you give it.

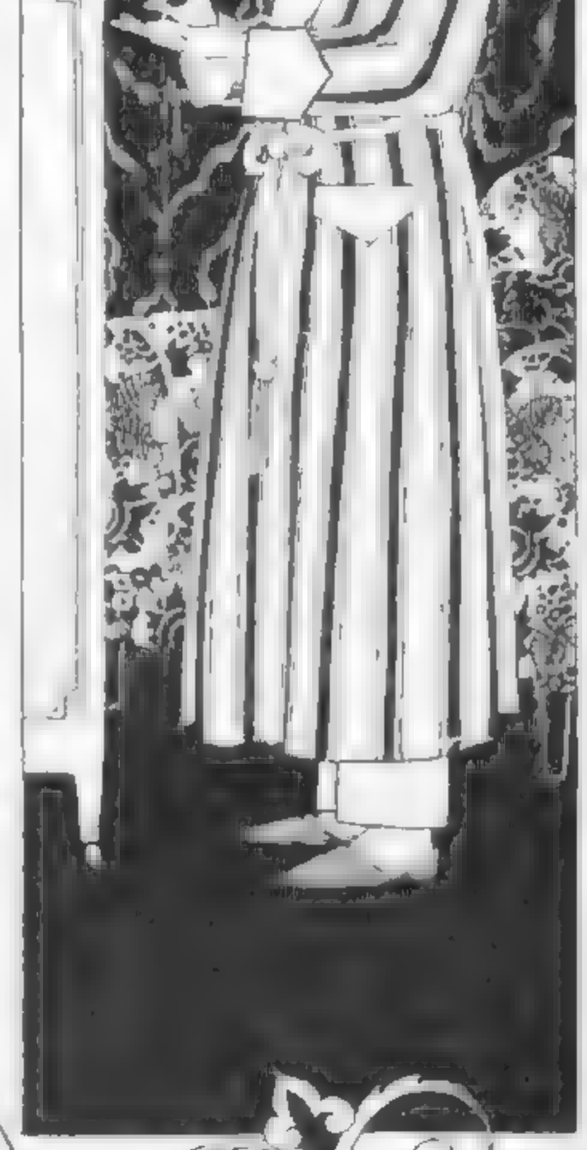
Is there a masculine face that knows San-Tox Shaving Cream that does not thank it for the shave-easing, skin-soothing quality of its lather? Or one that does not wish a second visit from the San-Tox After-Shave Talc—cool as it is and healthful in every way?

Is there a feminine face that is not glad of the youth-bringing bloom and skin healthfulness of San-Tox Cold Cream? Or of the softening, feminine skin-charm San-Tox Enchantment Complexion Powder leaves in its wake?

Well does the San-Tox druggist know that San-Tox purity. Well does he support it by his offer to return your money on any San-Tox purchase which is not the keenest satisfaction to you. But then, each San-Tox druggist is a druggist carefully appointed. There is one, only one, in each locality.

The San-Tox preparational purities number 125

SAN-TOX FOR PURITY
De Pree Chicago



Let the Spirit of Patriotism to-day Honor our Heroes of Yesterday

and let that patriotism have perpetual depiction in the material that Nature has designed for it.

The earth yields no other substance so appropriate for these permanent reminders—whether for the hero or the humblest person; whether to mark spots made sacred in history, or to preserve individual memories—as Barre Granite. It is the time-resisting stone; the sturdy, imperishable, beautiful gift of the ages for mankind's purposes in the erection of memorials.

BARRE GRANITE

The Rock Beautiful—and Everlasting

remains unspotted throughout the years. It resists the action of weather, and because of its low absorptive power does not discolor or become soiled. It is *perfect* in texture—the ideal rock for mausoleum, monument or the smallest memorial.

The Rockefeller, Fleischman, Heinz, Schley, Armour, Tarkington, Potter Palmer, Anheuser, Leland Stanford, and thousands of other memorials have been cut from Barre Granite.

Make the erection of a family or individual monument your own task rather than leaving it to others. See Barre Granite in your local cemeteries. Ask your monument dealer about it. Specify that every part of your monument be made of genuine Barre Granite.

Write for illustrated booklet, "*Memorial Masterpieces*," showing some specimens of Barre Granite in finished form.

Barre Quarriers and Manufacturers Association
Dept. D, Barre, Vermont
The Granite Center of the World

(Continued from Page 46)

I wonder how many people realize that though a business may be booming it may be booming its way to destruction. It was the old trouble over again only worse, as second attacks are likely to be. We were doing an immense business and it was increasing daily; but our advertising, forced out of all proportion by our rivals, more than consumed our profits. Both Mr. Bittner and I began drawing smaller salaries each week than we paid Miss Lutkins or Miss Krog, and I moved to a cheap boarding house on the South Side where I had a tiny hall bedroom. This was the hardest part of economizing, for I had grown accustomed to more spacious surroundings. I could sit on the edge of my sanitary couch and reach out in one direction for my hairbrush or nailfile and in the other for my book or sewing. Literally everything I had was in reach. It may be a convenient life, but it is mightily cramped. Inwardly I rebelled daily. However, Miss Lutkins' figures showed a losing game, and there was no possibility of a change until Binks should give up the fight.

I was anything but easy in my mind. Once more I envied the carefree life of employees. They have only to do their set tasks satisfactorily, while the employer has to be responsible for the setting of the tasks and do a lot of the routine work besides.

With November it was neck and neck, four pages apiece in a number of the leading magazines, and our business-men authorities balanced by Binks' handsome row of college presidents. Mr. Bittner sent an immediate inquiry. Binks had dropped his inkstand offer. Someone in the Borrige & Kemp Company was wiser than he. I was worried.

Our original operating force of one hundred was reduced to thirty, but we had in the Fifty Principles department besides Mr. Dumble six women, all ranging between thirty and forty years of age. These women with few exceptions worked magnificently. They all had dependent families and were constantly bent on improving themselves and increasing their value. I think they learned a great deal just going over and over the Fifty Principles work. They took it seriously and it sank in. Mr. Dumble remained steady and reliable, both in business and in love, for Miss Lutkins seemed to have entirely appropriated him. Our plan in every detail was working out excellently and things looked well for greater expansion. A request came in for specific instruction in stenography to follow the Fifty Principles course. It was from a young man in a small Western town who said that he could not leave home to attend business college. I had already heard it suggested that Borrige & Kemp would very soon install courses of instruction in specific businesses. This one request suggested to me that there would be others. If we could not fill the demand inquirers would naturally turn to Borrige & Kemp. But when I broached the subject to Mr. Bittner he regarded it lightly.

Getting After Binks

"It's a tool letter Binks sent so's he could see what we mean to do in that line," he said. "I sent him one the other day through another man, and he hasn't answered it. He's waitin' for my answer first."

"But what will you do?"

He dropped into a chair.

"We're goin' behind financially," he said, "but if we can just hold on Binks'll make enough mistakes to queer him. That inkstand was the first. He ain't got the best kind of a record himself for advisin' sound business methods. After he's done for we'll see about specific courses."

"Mr. Bittner, you wouldn't use his record against him, would you?" I asked, suddenly alarmed.

"He'll bring it on himself."

"How?"

"A man in any sort of public life has gotta pay big for a blunder that strikes at the core of his claims. Binks' record of conspiracy while he was in this firm is a blot on his name that he can't wipe out. I've never told it, but I've got the papers to prove it. It's one little detail of his business career that he don't dare touch on. He can't stand as much limelight as he's bringing on himself. Now that Kemp's dead—did I tell you he died in England last week?—everybody knows that Binks is the head of the firm. He used his picture and his name as instructor. People are goin' to begin to ask: 'Who is Binks?' As he gets in deeper and deeper, the story of the dissolution of the partnership of Bittner & Binks will leak out and filter through here and there."

"Mr. Bittner, you surely won't tell it!"

Anxious as I was about business, I didn't consider it fair to expose Mr. Binks. He had been in a tight place.

"I don't need to tell it. Binks has gone in strong on personality. Very well, when you do that you invite the searchlight. He's gettin' it; he'll get it some more; and he'll have to give an account of himself that'll satisfy. He'll have to account for everything he's done and show up strong and straight. There'll come a time when he's told all about himself but that last dissolution act. He'll have to meet that. He'll be pushed to it."

"Mr. Bittner," I said, facing him, "I wish you wouldn't do this thing. I wish you would fight it out in the open."

"Has he fought in the open?" Bittner demanded fiercely. "Did he steal in the open? Is there any law to protect me from his thefts? Why in thunder should I protect him from the consequences of his own misdeeds? You talk like a woman!"

Big Rogues and Little

"All I ask is that you fight this thing out squarely on the merits of the Fifty Principles without using the incident of his leaving the firm of Bittner & Binks," I persisted.

"All you ask is that I hang him but don't hurt him," he threw back.

I said nothing.

"I'll promise you one thing—I'll let him hang himself. Maybe that won't hurt so much."

I didn't feel particularly relieved.

"The very fact that he could form a cold-blooded conspiracy for stealing the Bittner & Binks business from me is the first proof that the man ain't right," he went on. "The fact that he hasn't seen his own crookedness, but still takes a sentimental view of it, as shown by his infernal desire to get even, proves that the lesson didn't do no good. He was vaccinated but it didn't take. And his out and out steal of the Fifty Principles is further proof."

"Do you know," I said, "I believe that Binks' trouble is a lack of understanding of the ethics of sound business. I don't believe the man realizes that he is stealing. He thinks all he can get under the law is his rightful quarry. He doesn't see himself as a dishonest man, but as a man outwitted by others who are quicker and cleverer. He doesn't see himself as you put him."

"It's the same with all the rogues, big and little," Bittner retorted sharply. "With Binks' record it's a positive duty for me to put him out of business. He will always purvey stolen wares. Because he uses nice words ain't no reason for lettin' him keep on in the stealin' business."

"He didn't have much chance," I persisted. I was thinking of his meager boyhood. Binks had come up from the slums.

"Every man has a chance at honesty," Bittner retorted, and left me.

The morning after this conversation we were surprised by a visit from Mr. Hart. Bittner had just sat down at my desk and begun to outline a plan he had evolved overnight, which he said would "get 'im" sooner or later—there was no other "him" these days than Binks—and I was subconsciously wondering if our finances would permit of our carrying out any plan that required time, when we both looked up and beheld Hart in the doorway. For some reason I knew him at once. As he stood there, fair, good-looking, well-dressed, in immaculate linen, white vest, gray suit and well-polished shoes, with the general air of a metropolitan man of affairs, I instantly became aware of our shabby office and equally shabby personal attire. I felt a sudden inclination to grab this article and that, dust things in passing and draw down a blind, as a surprised housekeeper will sometimes flutter about when an unexpected guest surprises her in the midst of disorder.

Bittner merely said: "Well, Hart," and went over to greet him. He brought him back to meet me, and I saw that he was not as young as he looked at first sight—he must have been as old as Bittner. We shook hands and I wished I hadn't grown so careless about everything. I could read poorly hidden disgust in our representative's face. He had never before visited the home office.

But Bittner appeared oblivious of any bad impression we might be making.

For Beauty and Quality The Elcar at $845

THERE are few [illegible] beautiful at any price, and few, if any, [illegible] We put into the ELCAR the style, class [illegible] grade workmanship that went into our former models selling up to and above $3,000. Our organization has had long training in the production of quality cars, and both beauty and quality are inherent in the

A Few Elcar Specifications

Wheel Base—As long as some cars selling up to $3,000 and more—115 in.
Motor [illegible] power; long stroke, high [illegible] at 1,800 r. p. m.
Fuel Supply—Stewart vacuum system
Ignition—Delco automatic spark advance with manual control.
Starting and Lighting—Dyneto two-unit, double Bulb headlights, Willard storage battery
Clutch—Dry multiple disk—seven plates, steel on Raybestos.
Rear Axle—Full-floating with roller bearings at each end of wheel hubs
Differential—Spiral bevel driving gears, with roller main bearings and ball thrust bearings
Brakes—Internal and external, two inches wide on 12-inch drums.

Three New Models at $845

Five Passenger Touring Car
Four Passenger Touring-Roadster
Two Passenger Roadster

Each model is large and roomy—some would say room to spare, but you want a car that will seat its full load comfortably. Fine in appearance, fine driving and remarkably easy riding qualities, power in excess, economical in upkeep and fuel consumption, a car to give you satisfactory service for years to come—a car that we believe to be as high in quality and as nearly mechanically perfect as any car ever offered at an approachingly low price.

Our Illustrated Catalog

will show you views of all the ELCAR models and the more important mechanical parts, and is descriptive even to the minute details of construction. We will gladly mail it to you upon request.

Model D—5 Passenger Touring Car $845

Elkhart Carriage & Motor Car Co.
C 826 Beardsley Avenue, Elkhart, Indiana

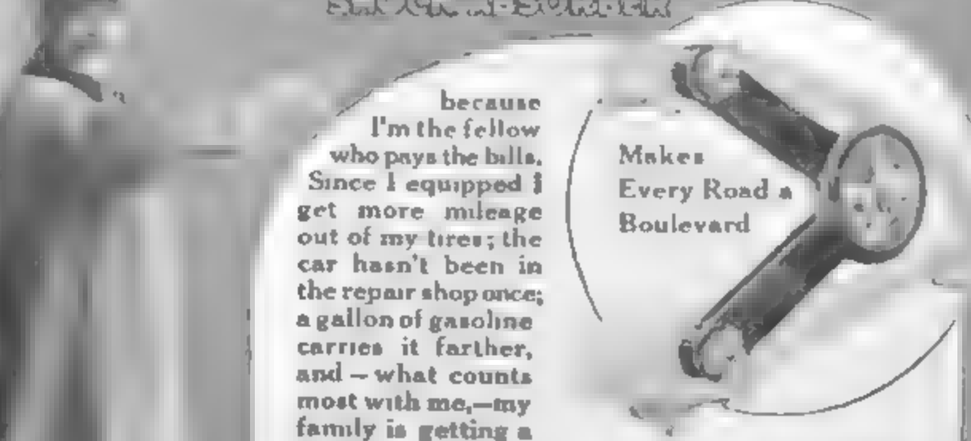
Said Mr. Ryder——

ACTUAL EXPERIENCE No. 1

I like the

Hartford

SHOCK ABSORBER



Makes Every Road a Boulevard

because I'm the fellow who pays the bills. Since I equipped I get more mileage out of my tires; the car hasn't been in the repair shop once; a gallon of gasoline carries it farther, and—what counts most with me,—my family is getting a world of comfort out of it and we've ridden everywhere within a radius of a thousand or more miles over all kinds of roads."

The difference between comfort and discomfort, is a set of Hartford Shock Absorbers. More than 400,000 users will subscribe to this fact. As much a necessity as rough roads are actualities.

Used as factory equipment on many cars famed for their superior riding qualities.

"Between You and Jolt, Jar and Vibration" is a booklet of intense interest to every car owner. Sent on request.

EDWARD V. HARTFORD, Inc.
190 Morgan St., Jersey City, N. J.
Branches: NEW YORK, BOSTON, CHICAGO
Distributors in Principal Cities
Dealers Everywhere.

For Safety's Sake Hartford Shock Absorber

For Ease and Efficiency Hartford Auto Jack

"Upkeep Reduced Fifty Per Cent by Motz Tires"

Goodyear Motz Cushion Tires rapidly are revising all conceptions as to what a non-pneumatic tire can do.

For instance, the Vancouver Taxi and Auto Livery Company, of Vancouver, Washington, states in a letter, "We never have had a delay due to tire trouble since putting on Motz Tires and our *cost per mile has been reduced one-half.*"

Other statements in the same letter are equally enlightening:

"To date our records show on this car (Motz-equipped) a mileage of 23,754."

"Our upkeep on the four cars equipped with Motz Tires has been 50% less than on our Ford taxicabs, which are equipped with pneumatics."

You will find that Motz Tires will save a great deal of the cost of *your* fast delivery or light truck service.

GOODYEAR
AKRON

I am the Judge-on-the-Bench

I see the world through the 'eye of my needle'—yet my vision is broad, and my experience the fruit of long seeking. I am The-Judge-on-the-Bench, and though my bench is lowly, it fashions the fortunes of men.

I am the Master Tailor of the Greatest Tailoring House in all the World—a house, which, in times of peace, as in times of war—in times of ease, and in times of stress—puts QUALITY OF PRODUCT above all else.

KAHN Made-to-Measure clothes are built, sold and worn by men who appreciate QUALITY.

There's a dealer near you. If in doubt, write us.

KAHN TAILORING CO.
OF INDIANAPOLIS

"Sit down," he said, pointing to a chair by his own desk.

Hart lifted his brows in surprise, but instantly checked an answer and took the seat. Bittner returned to his chair by my desk and resumed the thread of his conversation where it had been broken off by Hart's entrance. He had been talking to me about a biography of himself that he wanted worked up at once, but I couldn't put my mind on it.

"Please, Mr. Bittner," I protested at last, "see Mr. Hart first. It isn't as if he had come in from Madison Street, you know. Tell me the plan later."

"Well, I'll be ——"

He frowned, paused, then got up and slowly ambled over to Hart. "What's the row?" he asked, sitting down at his desk.

Hart drew his chair up more closely. The men talked in low tones for several minutes, then they left the office together.

I heard just enough to bear out my suspicions. Hart intended going over to Binks. He had repeatedly complained of the falling off of the book business inquiries through the cutting down of advertising, and of our not using the New York address on the Fifty Principles advertisements. Bittner had put him off from time to time, explaining that he wasn't yet ready to have the Fifty Principles inquiries taken care of outside the home office, and now Binks had made him a better offer and he had come on to ask for a release from us. Hart was a good man for the New York office; we couldn't have a better. Besides, if he should go over to Binks it might stir up discontent among our other branch-office representatives. Business had fallen off with all these men and we had not been able to explain the state of affairs. Bittner had induced them to have patience and wait, but this could not last indefinitely.

Depression settled down upon me. I tried to work on copy, but I could put no enthusiasm into it. No matter how successful we were, the cost of running the business overbalanced the possible income. Everything seemed going to pieces. Capital is a fact that you can't get around. Binks evidently had it; we hadn't. We would be frozen out in the end, so why prolong the suspense?

I went out to lunch, and returned in a still worse mood. I had eaten a cheap lunch and I was sick of cheap lunches. I sat down at my desk and looked about at the common pine tables, the bare ugly walls, the dirt and litter here and there. Then I took stock of myself. I was wearing a dull brown ready-made business suit. Even my waist was dowdy—of silk to save laundry bills. I was certainly in a far from happy mood, and so it was only natural that I should choose this time to recall an incident that had occurred at the boarding house the evening before.

No Time for Ibsen

"What are you reading?" I had asked a languid young person in trailing draperies who sat by a reading lamp in the public parlor. She gazed up from soulful eyes and responded:

"Nothing that could interest you—it isn't workaday in the very least. Ibsen."

At the time I had laughed at her remark, but as I thought back on it it didn't seem quite so funny. The young girl was right—I had indeed become a very workaday person. What, I asked myself, had I given up in my intense desire to become a successful business woman? And what had I gained? What was I likely to gain?

I was aware that Bittner came in, but I did not look round. He sat down by my desk.

"That biography," he began, "has gotta ——"

He stopped. His narrowed eyes rested on me. He waited. At last I turned my head and looked at him.

"What's the use, Mr. Bittner?" I said wearily.

His face, already tense, whitened.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed harshly, with a swift indrawing of his breath. "You failin' me too?" He thrust his hand out and rested it on mine. It was as cold as ice.

It came over me in a blinding flash how he was depending on me—depending on me to keep the business headed steadily with never a move out of its course while he skirmished. If a single advertisement showed weakness, or lack of nerve, or—what was worse still—confusion and fright, it would be all up with us. Well, after all, it was just a game. When we went down there would be other games.

"I'm just tired," I said, trying to speak lightly but someway wanting to cry. "I'll go to a show this afternoon and start the biography to-morrow."

"Let me telephone for a ticket," he said anxiously. "Or wait: we'll both go. Get on your things."

It seemed awfully queer to be going out with him on a pleasure jaunt. It is difficult to change all at once to an unaccustomed footing with a man. We went down the elevator and out into the brisk nipping air like two runaway employees. He laughed as we rounded the corner and hurried toward Randolph Street, for we had both glanced back to the windows to see if we were watched. I hoped Miss Krog had not observed us

"Whatcha want?" he asked. "Music?"

"Something awfully foolish," I replied.

"There's a children's matinée over on Randolph. They're openin' the new theater," he said. "Try that?"

"It sounds good," I answered.

"Where'll you sit?" he asked as we reached the box-office.

"Let's go to the gallery and have some peanuts," I answered, feeling suddenly a desire to abandon myself to complete shabbiness.

"Gallery goes" he said and got the seats. We went outside again and climbed the stairs at the side entrance—three long flights.

"This is what it's like to be poor," I said, panting, and with the tactlessness that one sometimes achieves at a critical moment.

"There's worse things," he came back. Then he added almost to himself: "It ain't bein' poor, it's bein' beat that kills."

We See a Show

We found our seats. They were on the aisle in the first row. Children filled the house and they were having a fine time. The first act had ended. We craned our necks, looking over the solid phalanx back to the roof. A page came down the aisle with candies. Bittner stopped him, and buying his stock emptied it into my lap.

"Help yourself," he said to me; and to the boy: "Get some more." He began tossing boxes to the children near. Eager, happy little faces popped up above erect little spines, and expectant hands strained toward us. The candy was soon exhausted.

"Wish I had some glasses," Bittner said, feeling in his pockets. "Boy," he called as an usher came in sight, "get me some opery glasses."

"Not supplied to the gallery," the boy answered disdainfully.

"Well, you supply 'em to the gallery," Bittner commanded, and handed the boy a silver dollar. The boy went off grinning. Presently he returned with the glasses, and Bittner at once focused them on the boxes. I smiled to myself—he had not offered them to me. I wondered if he had ever taken a young woman to the theater before. He certainly was a unique escort, but I was really enjoying it. Presently he turned the glasses on the rows of faces back of us. At last he handed them to me.

"Looks like that little Gray boy over there toward the center," he said. "The one with the crutch."

I looked. I had seen Harold once when he came to the office to bring his mother's lunch.

"Yes," I answered, "I think that is Harold."

"He's got that same gold in his hair," Bittner remarked. It was entertaining to hear his ordinary comments on everyday matters, and it was a new experience to me. I wondered if he were really interested, or just trying to make conversation for my benefit to take my mind off business. And then all at once I remembered the time he drew the blind for Mrs. Gray and spoke to her about the gold in her hair.

"Mr. Bittner," I said, "why don't you marry? You need a wife to look after you."

The music began and the children listened in delight.

"I ain't never had time," he answered simply. "Wonder if I could get one o' these boxes up to him?" He was peering again toward the Gray boy. Directly he stood up and whistled softly. All the little heads lifted, alert, including Harold's. "Catch," called Bittner, nodding to him.

The boy's face lighted with pleasure and he stood up quickly, using his crutch.

(Continued on Page 53)

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

Flat-Tone

There is nothing so desirable as painted walls

Decorative Suggestions Free

We maintain a decorative department that is unequalled by any paint and varnish company in the country.

This department is at your service without cost. Suggestions are furnished in colors, with complete specifications for carrying out the effects shown. Write us fully as to the help you require.

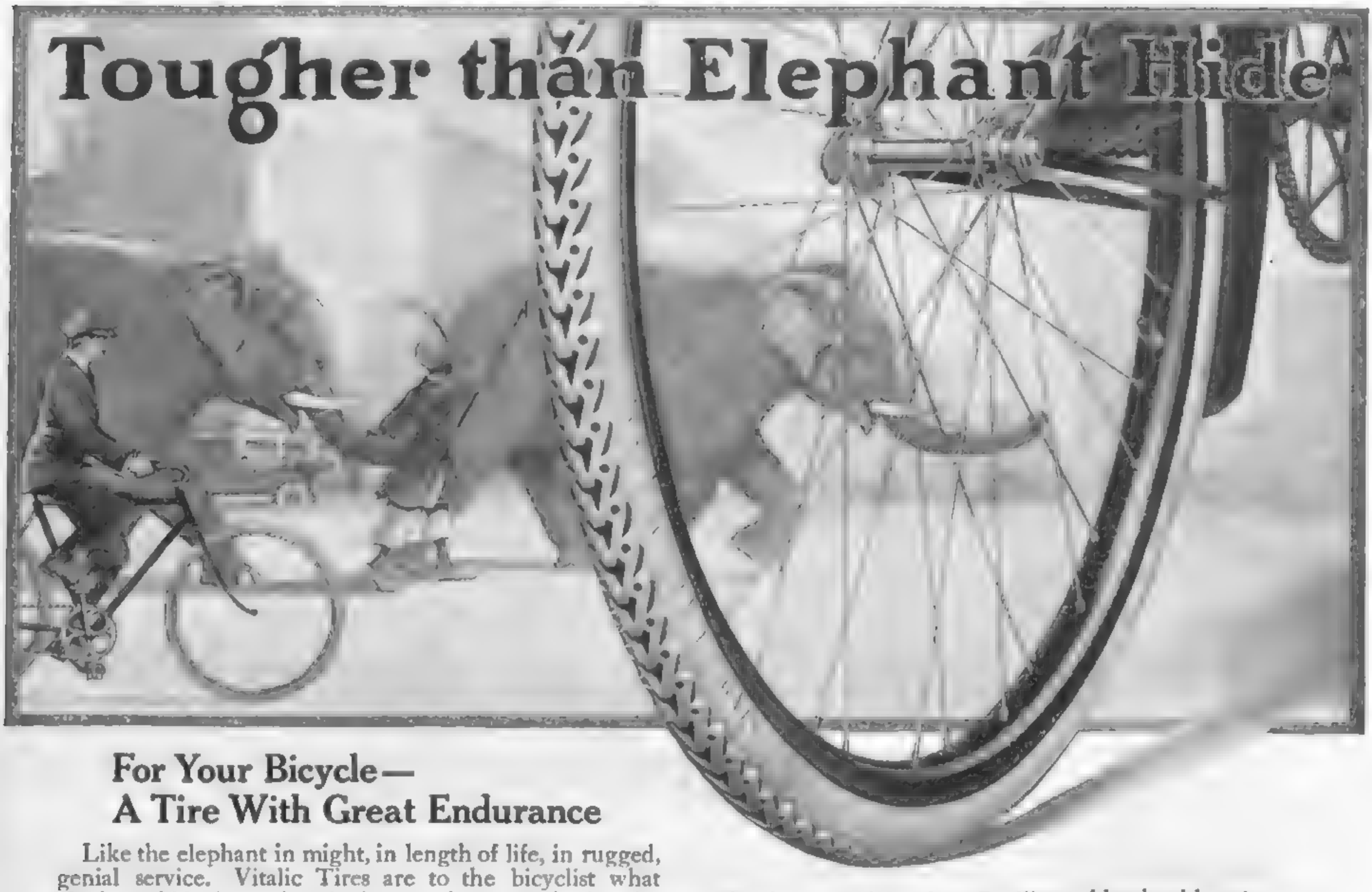
The soft, rich, restful effects that Flat-Tone produces cannot be secured with any kind of wall covering. A heavy, durable oil paint that can be cleaned when soiled, is not easily marred and does not crack or loosen, has much in addition to its artistic appearance to recommend it.

Although when measured by years of service given, and by general standards of economy, Flat-Tone has always led, it is now under existing conditions almost invariably lower in initial cost than ordinary wall covering. Investigate Flat-Tone before you decorate. The Sherwin-Williams dealer near you has the goods and the color cards. Ask us his name.

BRIGHTEN UP, AMERICA!
WITH
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PAINTS & VARNISHES

Address all inquiries to the Sherwin-Williams Co., 613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio
Showrooms—New York, 116 West 32d Street, Chicago, People's Gas Building; San Francisco, 523 Market Street
Sales Offices and Warehouses in principal cities. Best dealers everywhere

Tougher than Elephant Hide



For Your Bicycle—
A Tire With Great Endurance

Like the elephant in might, in length of life, in rugged, genial service. Vitalic Tires are to the bicyclist what elephant hide is to the elephant as he roves the jungle, immune from splintered trees and hostile claws. Vitalic Tires mean safeguarded going over bad roads—a dependable armor against stones, ruts, time and wear. Vigor and value from tread to tube. Resilience blends with resistance in the stern, double-thick, motorcycle tire fabric. Send for testing section—note the triply-twisted thread. Examine each layer of rubber and fabric—thicker than elephant hide.

VITALIC Bicycle Tires

Three great tires bear the great name VITALIC. Each wholly worthy the name. Each sturdy, long-lived—good for thousands of miles. Each easy to recognize. The *Vitalic De Luxe*, with heavy V-shaped suction non-skid all-white tread, brings you enormous friction-resisting tire-vitality—$4.00 each.

The *Vitalic Brigadier* is a stalwart tire with white, heavy, studded tread and gray walls, built for hard knocks for those who prefer a more moderate price combined with staunch service—$2.50 each.

The *Vitalic Cord Racer* is an all-white tire with smooth tread; it's light enough for speed, yet strong enough for endurance—$4.00 each. The Vitalic line, tire for tire, saves repairs, saves accidents, saves jars and jolts, saves time and trouble. By ordering Vitalics, you buy safer and ride longer.

VITALIC
Brigadier
$2.50 each

Real Foot Ease on Vitalic Pedal Rubbers

Vitalic Pedal Rubbers put new ease—new energy—into pedalling. Best for a quick getaway. Restful on long jaunts.

Vitalic Grips Save Slips and Cramp

Once you ride with Vitalic Grips, you'll never change. Big enough and with just enough yield.

There's Life and Last to Vitalic Inner Tubes

They're without flaw or weakness. Layer upon layer of lively, long-lived rubber. Full of vim and vitality.

VITALIC
De Luxe
$4.00 each

Send today for free Vitalic testing section and booklet "Tougher Than Elephant Hide" giving the name and address of your bicycle tire dealer

Continental Rubber Works, 1904 Liberty St., Erie, Pa.

Vitalic Automobile Tires, Too

(Continued from Page 50)

Bittner tossed the box and he caught it. He was a serious, old-fashioned little chap, but the child nature was there deep underneath.

The curtain rose and the third act began. The play was a fantasy of lights and colors, pretty dancing and tuneful singing. The children were enchanted and so was I; but I pursued the thread I had started.

"It wouldn't take long," I whispered.

"What wouldn't?"

"To be married." I was thinking of Mrs. Gray and her genius for ministering, and of lame little Harold and his genius for modeling; and I thought too of Bittner's evident love for children and of his lonely man's life.

"You thinkin' of it?" he asked, looking at me queerly.

"For you, yes."

There was a scream from the stage and a sudden burst of smoke through the wings, followed instantly by an uproar. Smoke filled the stage, rolled out into the pit, and the red of flames showed through.

Bittner sprang to his feet and pulled me to mine.

"There's an exit to the fire-escape," he exclaimed, turning me about facing it—it was but a few steps away and already the usher had the door open. "I'll go for the Gray boy. He won't have a show with his crutches." Then he disappeared. The smoke was already pouring up into the gallery, and I could hear above the uproar the crackling hiss of flames licking varnished wood.

I was near enough the exit to have got out very easily, but even as Mr. Bittner was deterred by the thought of Harold, so was I by the thought of the children all about me. They were crying, stumbling, choking, pushing and pulling one another in a mad fight to reach the open door. They belonged to the poor, these little gallery children, and were accustomed to looking out for themselves. I tried to prevent the larger ones from trampling on the smaller, but eventually, as the smoke became suffocating, I was pushed with the mob toward the exit and out into fresh air. The fire-escape was packed with those already descending.

I got down at last and a policeman ordered me to move along.

Perhaps Mr. Bittner and Harold had come down when I was not looking and had gone on to the office; they might now be worrying about me. I would go too.

The pavement came up to meet me at every step. The elevator man looked at me enviously. "See the fire?" he asked. I pushed open our door and went in. It seemed such a long distance to the private office—I thought I would never reach it. The girls were closing their machines with funny wavering movements. Miss Krog was carefully powdering her nose with a hand that wavered like a cheap mirror; Mrs. Gray looked up, smiling, from her last problem; William was collecting waste-baskets; they all wavered over their tasks grotesquely.

"Where is Mr. Bittner?" I asked, and my voice seemed to come from miles away.

A Happy Reunion

"Mr. Bittner?" Miss Krog repeated wonderingly, her powder puff arrested. Everyone else looked blank. And then the room swam and the chairs swayed and I knew nothing more.

Miss Krog, Mrs. Gray and I found the two an hour later, coolly playing checkers in the small Gray apartment. Poor Mrs. Gray, happy all the afternoon in the thought that her little boy was having a good time—she had purchased his ticket and left him at the theater after lunch—had gone deadly pale when I came out of the faint and told of the fire. With wild, tearless eyes she had rushed out of the office, Miss Krog and I following, and hurried home on the hope that Harold might have escaped and reached there safely. Seeing that all was well she promptly fainted. Bittner sprang to his feet, upsetting the checker board and scattering the checkers all in one breath, while little Harold laughed in great glee over the figure he cut.

When we were all ourselves again we heard the details: It seems that Mr. Bittner had reached the boy, tossed him over his shoulder, and made his way out by the exit opposite the one I had used. He had pushed through the crowd to a drugstore, got into a rear room and applied restoratives to the nearly suffocated child. A physician had been called in and Harold had come through all right. He had lost his crutch, however, so Bittner had taken him home, thinking Mrs. Gray would be there. He had supposed that I would go directly to my boarding house from the theater. Not knowing much about women, it had not occurred to him to telephone to the office in case word of the fire had reached there.

The most beautiful thing imaginable was Mrs. Gray's gratitude. Miss Krog decided to spend the night with her, as she was still nervous and upset.

The next morning I was at my desk as usual and Mrs. Gray was at hers; but I do not think either of us felt much like work. However, Bittner's appearance a few minutes later started the wheels going as usual. He came directly to my desk, and sitting down began to whittle a new ruler I had recently acquired. The tragedy was pushed to the background, and we, like thousands of others in the mourning city, were off on our own unending game.

"That biography," he began, "has gotta be the rope that'll hang 'im."

"Give me your plan," I said. I knew I was in for it. Whatever it was, the sooner I got at it and got it over, the better. I was now eager only for the end—it mattered not what end. I think I would have rejoiced had he told me that we were to be closed out that day. The suspense had lasted too long.

On the Trail of Mr. Binks

He began to explain, and I began to wonder if he was suffering from the malady he most abhorred, egotism. He wanted me to write his business biography. It was to be the most microscopic thing you could imagine. He told it year by year, devoting a chapter to each year. He began with his life as a messenger boy, and explained exactly what he had done, where he had been, with what firm connected up to the founding of the Bittner & Binks Company. He traced with painstaking minuteness the growth and development of this concern, going into the reason for every act, every change, up to the very moment of Binks' withdrawal. Of that he merely said:

"Mr. Binks left unexpectedly on the afternoon of September the eighth, at five o'clock."

His silence as to the reason for the dissolution of the partnership, his failure to explain this as he had every other change that he had mentioned, surrounded the incident with a sense of mystery. In the next paragraph he again took up the thread, and went steadily on with the history of the concern under the new régime. The very monotony of the details made the one obscure point stand out with startling distinctness.

Day after day we worked on the biography to produce just the desired sense of ascent to the point of Binks' leaving, the feeling of pause, of drop, with his departure, and the steady growth afterward. There was not to be one word in it against Binks, but the interest was to be so centered that the first question a reader would ask on finishing the biography would be "Why did Binks leave?"

On the cover page were two small halftones, one of Bittner, the other of Binks. The picture of Binks was an almost perfect copy of the one he had used in the magazine advertisements. Below the picture, in readable but ornamental type, was the following:

"This is the business biography of Bittner, founder of the first exclusive Business Book Company, author of various business books and of the Fifty Business Principles, the first work of the kind in existence. It is your right to know the detailed history of the business life of any man who sets out to instruct you. It is your privilege and duty to ask for it. If any point in this biography is obscure to you, it is your privilege and duty, as a business man, to ask that it be explained."

As the advertisements of the two concerns were appearing conspicuously in the same publications, any one interested in the subject would answer both. We knew that readers did so, for frequently our inquirers wrote us that after examining the literature of the two concerns they had decided to subscribe with us because of this feature or that; and almost as frequently they wrote asking us to stop our follow-up letters, as they had subscribed with Borrige & Kemp. When the Bittner biography should accompany our catalogue they would have a

(Concluded on Page 55)

Send for the Ru-ber-oid man

Don't be annoyed by leaky roofs.

Don't continue spending money for repairs.

The RU-BER-OID dealer in your town will show you the way to escape roofing troubles.

RU-BER-OID is leakproof.

It is also rustproof, rotproof and sparkproof.

Many RU-BER-OID roofs have given more than 20 years of continuous service without costing one penny for repairs.

Ask your dealer to show you RU-BER-OID in Slate Gray, Tile Red and Copper Green.

Look for the "Ru-ber-oid Man" on every roll of the genuine RU-BER-OID.

BUILDING SUGGESTIONS

Roofing a Home
Building a Poultry House
Building a Bungalow
Building a Barn
Building Your Own Garage
Covering Your Factory
Artistic Roofs
Waterproof Cellars and Stucco

THE STANDARD PAINT CO.
568 Woolworth Building, New York
BOSTON CHICAGO
Also makers of Ru-ber-oid Shingles and Impervite Waterproofing for Concrete
The Paraffine Paint Co., San Francisco, (Under License)
The Standard Paint Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal

Pronounced "RU" as in RUBY
RU-BER-OID
ROOFING
COSTS-MORE-WEARS-LONGER
THE STANDARD PAINT COMPANY, NEW YORK, BOSTON, CHICAGO

Look for the "Ru-ber-oid Man" on every roll of genuine Ruberoid

The Manualo

The Instrument You Were Born to Play

JUST as Levitzki thinks of the Baldwin Piano as *his* instrument, so you will think of the Manualo as *your* instrument soon after you begin to play this totally different player-piano. The Manualo is responsive to the natural musical feeling that is born in all of us. Just the instinctive expression of this feeling through the pedals enables you to play the Manualo with the same satisfaction as one who brings to hand-playing especially talented fingers and years of practice.

Built into four standard pianos at four prices:

The Baldwin Manualo
The Ellington Manualo
The Hamilton Manualo
The Howard Manualo

Manualo dealers throughout the country have a very interesting proposition to make to anybody who is thinking of buying a player-piano. Send to nearest address for complete information.

The Baldwin Piano Company

Cincinnati ..... 142 W. Fourth St.
Chicago ..... 323 S. Wabash Ave.
St Louis ..... 1111 Olive St.
New York ..... 665 Fifth Ave.
Dallas ..... 1911 Elm St.
Denver ..... 1636 California St.
San Francisco ..... 310 Sutter St.
Indianapolis ..... 18 N. Penn'a St.
Louisville ..... 321 S. Fourth Ave

Seedtape affords earlier germination, stronger plant life and better results than seeds planted in the old way.

D. FINLAYSON, F. L. S.
Director The Seed Testing Laboratory, London, England

TO be assured of a better garden this year, plant with Pakro Seedtape—not because of what we *claim* it to be, but because of what others have *proved* it to be.

E. J. Kyle, Dean of the Agricultural College of Texas, tells of results obtained from Pakro Seedtape at the college—"All the Seedtape planted did exceptionally well. The plants made a splendid appearance and the stand was especially good."

George Foster, Springdale, Ohio, tried Pakro Seedtape in his garden. "It came up better than any other seeds I planted," he remarks. Similar expressions of opinion have been received from experts and amateurs all over the country.

Judge for yourself how remarkably sensible and simple the idea is.

Pakro Seedtape consists of seeds selected with the utmost care by experts from the very best of prize-winning strains; they are put in a thin paper tape, spaced exactly the correct distance apart. No thinning out is necessary. Stunted, slow-growing plants, due to overcrowding in planting the seeds, are avoided. The paper absorbs and holds the moisture, and thus produces a quicker and higher percentage of germination. It is more economical to use because only a sufficient number of seeds are planted—with loose seeds there is a great deal of waste. Since you can plant a whole row at once, there is a great saving of time and labor.

Of course this appeals to you as the most outstanding improvement in planting discovered in many years—and facts prove that this is absolutely true.

Use Pakro Seedtape in your garden this year, and you have the assurance of thousands who have tried it that you will have a more successful garden than ever before. And here are the experiences of some of these thousands:

"I never had a better garden with an experience of 35 years." L. C. Arensberg, M. D., East Millsboro, Pa.

"I find that Seedtape grows quicker than any other seed with far less trouble to plant." Miss Ethel Bowman, Troy, Ohio.

"The same amount of seed goes twice as far as other kinds." Mrs. William Behringer, Ann Arbor, Mich.

"Results from Pakro Seedtape came up to my most sanguine expectations." R. J. Chapman, Houston, Texas.

"Without exception, my garden this year—planted with Pakro Seedtape—was the best I ever had. Germination and final results were all that could be desired." H. Holbrooke, Hood River, Oregon.

"Have had remarkable experience in planting Pakro Seedtape. They germinated in an exceptionally quick way and the plants appeared above the ground in absolutely regular order, not one missing in the several rows. I am a Horticulturist and Rancher of some little experience." F. A. Koenig, South Paris, Maine.

"We obtained a remarkable crop from our planting of Pakro Seedtape." Jos. Keenan, Canandaigua, N. Y.

Pakro Seedtape comes in 30 varieties of Vegetables, and 18 varieties of Flowers, and by carefully following the directions printed on each box, your garden will prove a delight and a surprise. Get some from your dealer today.

To Dealers:—Your jobber can supply you promptly.

Send for Beautifully Illustrated Free Catalog

AMERICAN SEEDTAPE CO., INC.

Dept. 102,-71 West 23rd Street, New York

Canadian Distributors: WM. RENNIE CO., LTD., TORONTO, ONT.

Send for Beautifully Illustrated Free Catalog

Note This Offer—$1.30 Worth for 50 Cents

In Canada 60c.

Mr. E. L. D. Seymour has just written an extremely interesting book for Home Gardeners. It tells in simple terms how to plan your garden, just when to plant the different Vegetables and Flowers, and just how to plant them. It gives authoritative and exact information that is easy to follow and that should be in the hands of everyone desiring to have a successful Home Garden.

Mr. Seymour is associate editor of the "Garden Magazine" and "Country Life in America." The book is beautifully bound in boards, splendidly illustrated and illustrated in colors, and its regular price is $1.00.

We will be glad to furnish those interested in the better Pakro Seedtape way of planting with a copy of Mr. Seymour's book and 3 packages of Seedtape totaling in value $1.30 for 50c. Simply send us 50c. in form of post office money order, or stamps, today for the book and Pakro Seedtape.

VEGETABLES

10c. per package

(In Canada, 12½c. per pkg.)

Beet, Crimson Globe
Beet, Egyptian
Cabbage, All Season
Cabbage, Jersey Wakefield
Cabbage, Premium Late Dutch
Carrot, Danvers
Carrot, Oxheart
Celery, White Plume
Endive, Green Curled
Kale, Rape or White Vienna
Leek, Large Flag
Lettuce, Big Boston
Lettuce, Black Seeded Simpson
Lettuce, Tennis Ball
Onion, White Portugal
Onion, Yellow Globe Danvers
Parsley, Double Curled
Parsnip, Hollow Crown
Pepper, Large Bell
Radish, French Breakfast
Radish, Icicle
Radish, Long Scarlet
Radish, Scarlet Turnip, White Tip
Spinach, Long Standing
Swiss Chard
Tomato, Beauty
Tomato, Ponderosa
Tomato, Stone
Turnip, Purple Top, Strap Leaf
Turnip, Purple Top, White Globe

FLOWERS 10c. per pkg.

(In Canada, 12½c per pkg.)

Alyssum, Sweet
Aster, Queen of the Market
Aster, Giant Mixed
Bachelor Buttons or Corn Flower
Balsam, Dwarf Mixed
Candytuft, Mixed
Forget-Me-Not, Blue
Hollyhock, Chatters Double Mixed
Mignonette, Grandiflora
Morning Glory, Selected Imperial Mixed
Pansies, Giant Mixed
Pinks, Double Mixed
Poppy, Shirley Mixed
Salpiglossis, Splendens
Stocks, Ten Weeks Mixed
Sweet Peas, California Giant Mixed

(Concluded from Page 53)

picture of Binks before them twice—in our pamphlet and in the Binks advertisement. Thus they would have brought home to them without our saying so the fact that the Mr. Binks who was instructor for Borrige & Kemp was the same Binks who had been associated with Bittner, and who left so unceremoniously on the afternoon of September the eighth at five o'clock.

The pamphlet was of a size that could be slipped in easily with the catalogue. We rushed the printer as rapidly as possible and soon it began going out to inquirers. Almost immediately we heard from it. A number asked, when writing a second time to make further inquiries: "By the way, why did Binks pull out?" This was the question Mr. Bittner wanted. We replied, in a carefully prepared letter, that we could answer only such questions as pertained strictly to Mr. Bittner's record. For a rating on any other man we recommended the regular rating agencies.

When a sufficient time had elapsed to obviate suspicion, Bittner wrote under another name asking Binks why he had left the Bittner & Binks Company. We waited tensely for the answer. If Binks should state the matter incorrectly there would be but one course open to Bittner—to make a clear statement of the case, with a reproduction of documents that would prove its truth. This was the trap Bittner had set.

Binks Pussyfoots

But Binks moved cautiously. He answered our tool inquiry with a very wordy letter full of metaphor, saying that it would consume too much of the inquirer's valuable time to go into all the petty details of a minor transaction back before his real life-work began, the revitalizing of the old, safe, substantial firm of Borrige & Kemp. He casually mentioned the fact that a string of enterprises, dating back to the time when as a boy he owned a peanut cart, still bore his name and profited by the connection. "Always," he said, "I have been ready to step out of smaller businesses into larger ones, but I haven't always been able to carry my name away with me. However," he added with good-natured jocularity, "I don't complain. In fact, I still feel a fondness for the businesses—even the peanut stand—that I built up and left to others." He glided over the whole matter smoothly, then went on to his present success which he called "the ripening of a lifetime's devotion to building up and recreating businesses."

It was clever and it was maddening. And in the meantime our advertising was pushed to six pages. It certainly was haymaking time for the publication representatives, who hovered about our office and slapped Bittner gaily on the back and insisted on taking him out to lunch. I could imagine them doing the same with Binks, and I could also imagine the latter's supreme satisfaction over being fed free. But we were not making expenses and the earning season was at its height. Soon the receipts would begin to be on the down grade, while the advertising must go on just the same. Not until Binks slowed down would we dare do so. Binks was running a veritable sweat shop in New York, so Bittner said, grinding the help to the last ounce of strength, working overtime and Sundays. But he had handsome offices which he had inherited with the business, and his easy, talkative manner would further give the impression of prosperity. His establishment must have been a brilliant contrast to our dingy quarters. I did not wonder at Hart's temptation to leave us.

Bittner had effected some sort of compromise with him that retained him in our employ for the time being, but I knew this would not last unless there was a decided change soon. Under the influence of Bittner's dominant personality he had agreed to remain with us, but back in New York the influence would be all the other way.

On top of everything else a letter came in from our bankers, from which I gathered that we were going to find it difficult if not impossible to borrow money. I handed Bittner the letter without comment. He read it, then left the office and did not return for several days. When he did come back his jaw was set and his eyes drawn far back behind their narrow slits. He sat down at my desk, and without other greeting went at once into his plan.

"There ain't no other way," he said. "We gotta hammer hard and steady on that one weak spot till something breaks." Then he proceeded to explain to me the diabolical thing he had thought out.

He had started a chain of questions that would eventually belt the globe if necessary. Our many branch offices made this possible. In every case the question was to come from a bona-fide inquirer on business stationery, and was to be signed by an actual business man. But the question itself was always to be the same: "Why did you quit Bittner, Mr. Binks?"

The thing was to be so managed that every morning this inquiry would appear in Binks' mail. All this would be in addition to the questions that reached him naturally through curious inquirers.

Steadily, systematically, tapping, tapping, tapping, the unanswerable question was to break the man down. It seemed to me the very height of cruelty. I could have shot him more easily. But on the other hand Binks had robbed us and we had no recourse.

I now wished only for the end.

"That March copy," Bittner said, sitting down by my desk with his knife and stick, "has gotta be all punch."

"Have you an idea?" I had none.

"Yes. Talk to the man about himself. Start off something like this: 'Anything you can see in imagination you can work out in fact.' Make it strong on what he can do. We've hammered on ourselves till the public's got it. We don't want to be a bore. Binks never knew when to tack. He'll keep right on booming Binks. Our stuff'll be fresh. Then put the necessary data toward the end in smaller type."

I was soon deep in the new copy, packing it with "punch," reading it aloud to detect any sound of hurry or bombast, reading it to Mr. Bittner, correcting, changing, as no doubt Binks was doing with his copy at that very time in New York. Steadiness was the main thing in our advertising. Mr. Bittner could detect the slightest sign of haste, of nervousness or excitement. "That ain't just the word," he would point out, and I'd have to try others till I found the right one. He rarely knew what word he wanted or what was the matter, and it was up to me to experiment till he was satisfied. He had an acute ear for the sound of soundness.

In the meantime the well-planned belt was lengthening. I could see Binks, thin, nervous, uncertain of himself, rushing to his office each day, jerking open his desk, grabbing his letters, always dropping more than he held, always slipping back and forth in his chair, jabbing at them with his opener, fearing each time the reappearance of that maddening question: "Why did you quit Bittner, Mr. Binks?" Poor Binks! He had been a frightfully nervous man five years earlier—sensitive and subject to suggestion. His very aptitude for absorbing another's ideas, words, personality, bespoke the negative plate on which impressions would be instantly registered.

And opposed to him was Bittner, cold and steady as blue steel, positive, every cell of him. No two armies lined up to kill ever fought each other more mercilessly. None ever used a more murderous weapon than that of Bittner.

Harold Gets a Job

I seized the first March magazine that came in and turned to the advertising pages. There we were, six pages apiece. Bittner sat at his desk, his eyes glued to a duplicate of the magazine I held. Feverishly I read our copy. It sounded as even, positive, steady and strong as the hammer strokes of a mighty machine. Then I turned to that of Borrige & Kemp. Nervousness ran all through it. There were boastful claims, erratic starts at one point with a conclusion at another, and flights of rhetoric that got nowhere. Binks' picture was omitted.

I let the magazine fall from my hands onto the desk and relaxed in my chair, thinking. After months of continuous warfare here was the first sign that the enemy was breaking down. Perhaps no one else would see it. Others would say if they said anything: "Not very good advertising." But I was trained to look for the disease back of every symptom, the man behind the words. Binks was giving way.

Bittner came over to my desk and sat down. He said nothing for several moments, but his face had lost its hard, cold, unrelenting expression—it was human.

"A nice day," he remarked at last; and suddenly there came to me an acute memory of that dark September afternoon five years ago just preceding the departure of Binks when with everything at top tension Bittner had predicted rain. I looked at the man. He was leaning back in his chair, his elbows on its arms, his finger tips together, his eyes dreamily contemplating the neighboring clock. He had very nice eyes when one could see them.

"Keep April along the same line," he went on mildly. "You might start off with somethin' like this: 'We don't keep men in jail for what they've done so much as for what they might do. It ain't the mistake a business man makes that ruins him, but what that mistake tells us of the man.' Then follow along with the usual facts."

"Six pages, Mr. Bittner?"

He smiled a slow smile. "I think five will do us," he said.

I went to work.

He sauntered over to Mrs. Gray's desk. He hadn't talked with her since the fire.

"Boy all right?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Bittner!" Her eyes shone as if she were looking into the face of an angel.

"Wanta work during vacation?"

"He'd dearly love to."

"I'm thinkin' of puttin' in an office-boy to receive people," he said. "He'd have to sit out there in the reception room and take cards and be polite."

"Harold would love it."

"Then tell him he's engaged. I'll pay him five a week. Some day maybe when he ain't busy we'll finish that game o' checkers."

"Mr. Bittner, how can I thank you? How can he?"

"By makin' good," he said, and went on out.

Steadily we went on with the advertisements for May, reduced to four pages. Steadily the unending question made its way Eastward. Steadily we went into debt and steadily the business grew. The summer days came on. The advertisements of Borrige & Kemp became constantly more erratic, more jumbled, and they dwindled in size issue by issue.

Cock of the Walk

In September the Borrige & Kemp advertising did not appear. We took single pages again. Mr. Bittner now divided his time between the advertising matter for the Fifty Principles and the subscribers' work. He made plans for increasing our field. He got in touch with high schools and business colleges, and offered instructors special inducements to push our course of study.

And the subscriptions poured in and poured in. Miss Krog's hands were full indeed, for the business-book trade began to pick up again with renewed advertising. We caught up with our bills and began to get ahead of them. We raised many of our employees and took on new ones. I began to plan my removal to a hotel suite and actually took a whole day off to go shopping.

"Well, we've covered the field," Bittner said one day, as he sat by my desk and looked with quiet, innocent, open eyes off to the distance.

"No, we haven't," I answered. "There are still the women."

"They're the same as men," he said.

"No, they're not. Try dealing with them as I have and see."

He continued to stare questioningly.

"They need a sort of preparatory course to bridge over the distance between where they are now and where men are"

He seemed revolving it in his mind.

"Women," I said, "are more like your friend Binks—they don't know when they are unethical, the majority of them. Most men know and go ahead anyway."

"Binks," he repeated musingly as he tilted back his chair and put his finger tips together, his eyes on the neighboring clock. "Where have I heard that name before?"

"He may be merely sleeping," I suggested, smiling. "Don't be cocksure."

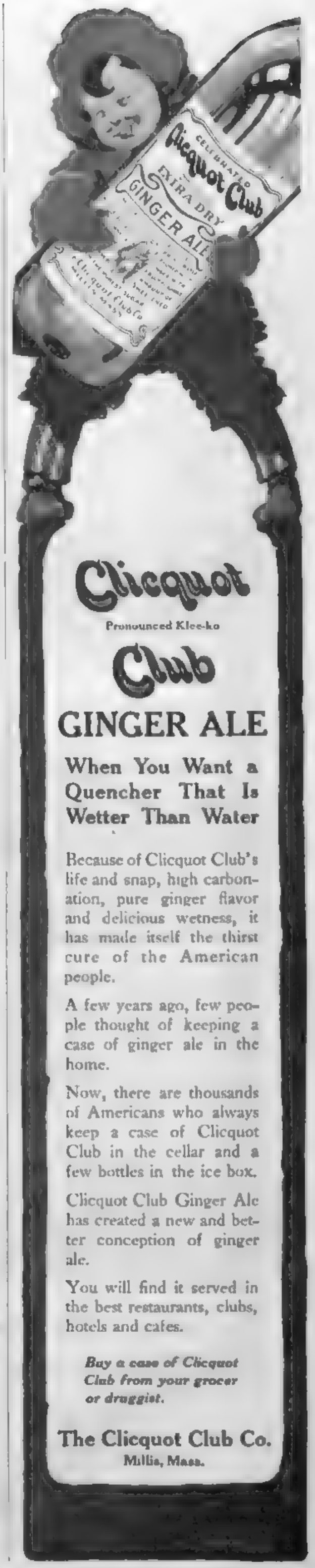
"How'd you like to live in New York?" he asked, his eyes still on the clock.

It was my turn to stare.

"The old Borrige & Kemp firm closed its doors to-day," he went on in a mild, casual sort of tone. "Hart's takin' over their offices. Queer, ain't it, how some men just can't seem to get along."

Then he got up and ambled slowly over to Mrs. Gray's desk. The sun was lighting the gold in her hair, and the look in his face was even more than human. No, she would never know the man that I knew.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of articles by Anne Shannon Monroe.


Clicquot Club
GINGER ALE
Clicquot
Pronounced Klee-ko
Club
GINGER ALE
When You Want a Quencher That Is Wetter Than Water
Because of Clicquot Club's life and snap, high carbonation, pure ginger flavor and delicious wetness, it has made itself the thirst cure of the American people.
A few years ago, few people thought of keeping a case of ginger ale in the home.
Now, there are thousands of Americans who always keep a case of Clicquot Club in the cellar and a few bottles in the ice box.
Clicquot Club Ginger Ale has created a new and better conception of ginger ale.
You will find it served in the best restaurants, clubs, hotels and cafes.
Buy a case of Clicquot Club from your grocer or druggist.
The Clicquot Club Co.
Millis, Mass.

Top o' the Morning

A blustery wind outside; a snap to the air; and a big hot breakfast steaming on the table—that's the way the Aladdin day starts.

An island of oatmeal, maybe, in a bowl of cream. Then a big pile of flapjacks, with the syrup pitcher handy. As many golden corn-cakes as you can eat. And a big percolator full of aromatic coffee, to top it all off.

And all tasting better because it was a pleasure to cook them—the Aladdin way.

You can see for yourself how well the Aladdin utensils *look*—the Percolator and the Corn Cake Pan; the Sheet Tea Kettle with the Inset that makes a double boiler of it. They're even better than that to *use*. That's because they're built for *work*. Each of them is made of the hardest, finest aluminum there is. Hard knocks and hot fires don't make the least impression on an Aladdin utensil. And they're all as graceful and as bright as can be.

Best of all they're designed from *your* point of view. Capacities are actually government-tested. Covers fit tight; handles really rest snug in the hand. Rivets are sunk where they can't catch dirt or tear dish cloths. Bails have the notched ear that keeps them away from the hot metal; lips really *pour*—they're shaped right; that's why.

You won't know just how handy cooking utensils can be until you've looked at the silver-shining Aladdin line. Ask at any of the best hardware and department stores. Write to us for catalogue and the name of the nearest dealer.

Aladdin Aluminum

"COSTS NO MORE"

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio

7620 PLATT AVENUE

IVANHOE WORKS

ALADDIN ALUMINUM

GLENMERE WHITE MONARCH AND THE GAS-HOUSE PUP

(Continued from Page 13)

tips touch instep. At the very top of the rise the slim legs snap up, stiff-kneed, feet pointed, and the low, flat curves drop plumb into the water two feet from the end of the board in a perfect jackknife, splashless, like a hot knife sinking into butter. And upon the wharf and out over the springing board in a flying leap the joyous bulldog streaks, and disappears with a splash. Then the white head and the tan one come to the surface together, and there starts that romping hour of the day for which both of them live.

The moment the brown jackknife opened its delicious blade a chuckle broke its way through the senior DeHavin's grouch.

"When I see more of her!" he snorted appreciatively. "So one of the Hawaiian Diving Twins is Miss Nora McDonald! And who, I wonder, will the other of the Kolanankau Sisters prove to be?"

"Who else but Mrs. Kate O'Boyle?" asked KO Pat with an entirely pardonable pride. "Who will not be showin' in vodvil with her sister this winter on account of a more important season's contract she has on her hands."

And Messrs. McDonald and O'Boyle beamed on each other pompously, as though some new thing had come to pass under the sun.

Miss Audrey deHavin protested.

"But, papa," she said, accenting the proper syllable of the paternal title—"a diving girl!"

"Not at all; not at all, Audrey," reassured papa as he folded his napkin and took a cigar from the tray that Jephcott was stiff-arming out to him. "*The* diving girl!" And he looked mildly round his family circle. "At fifteen hundred a week!"—as though he would by no means omit a fact of so great importance.

"Mrs. A. Beckwith deHavin, son and daughter," he continued, "if Beckwith wants to marry Nora McDonald he's got a lot better sense than I ever suspected. And if he can win her he's a lot better son than I had any notion was in our family; and Papa deHavin isn't going to disown him if he does it. If you insist, I might threaten disinheritance—just to help matters along; but I'd like to see if he has sense enough to pick out a woman instead of a doll to marry, without the urge of parental opposition. I should like, more than I can say, to see one of my offspring do something. And if my batting eye is still as good as I think it is the winning of Nora McDonald is that."

"But, Beckwith, dear"—Mother deHavin employed that tone of finality which had closed innumerable family debates in her favor—"she is the daughter of your stable foreman!"

"And a mighty fine foreman, at that!" said Papa deHavin; and Jephcott turned what would have been an inexcusable gasp into a cough, and dropped the cigar tray. "And she has a prize-fighting brother-in-law she'll be proud to introduce to the family."

The family's gasp far, far outshone the butler's very best accomplishment.

"At one hundred thousand a year," added papa, again as though he attached much importance to such information.

It is not improbable that to Papa deHavin such round, mouth-filling figures suggested accomplishment; and accomplishment was not the middle name of any of those who sat at table with Papa deHavin that evening.

As Papa deHavin continued to talk, an unknown speaker appeared suddenly before his family; and the family dropped its several jaws and listened to him.

"Shamus McDonald, my fine stable boss," began this stranger, "looked at our bulldog the other day and said this to me: 'Your dog is going to lose right, boss. I guess it's in a straight breed to lose right when the big call comes. Ain't it a terrible pity he can't win! But he can't; he's too white—the fighting brindle's all bred out of him.'

"Now look at all of us." Papa deHavin arraigned his startled audience under his famous grouch. "We're getting paler-colored every day. I want a son to run the Interborough, and haven't got one brindle enough. I believe, with Shamus, that even Forsythe there, who is perhaps the most worthless of us all, would lose right. He'd take his beating like a man if the big call came. But that's not getting me the natural winning fighter I've got to have to make the Interborough a winning gas company. My offspring are all too white. For the sake of type, the brindle's all been bred out. *I'm* slipping. I'm showing the downward trend. Here I am, looking for a son to turn over my business to at fifty-seven. Great-grandad deHavin was still breaking harness straps at eighty-five. I've some hopes for Becky; but if he's good he'll be our last good one, unless we breed in some of the fighting brindle. And I'm not going to stop anyone who tries to shoot into the DeHavin veins some new, red yeoman blood. Does everybody get me?"

Everybody got him.

Bull deHavin, so known among his friends and enemies downtown—who believed, as many others of his kind believe, in being Papa deHavin after half-past four, even at many sacrifices of ideals and desires—had appeared once, famous grouch in hand, in the bosom of his family, at a crisis; had bellowed a few times, tossed his horns once or twice, and then disappeared forever, metaphorically pawing up the plush rugs of home with a certain secret satisfaction as he stamped back into the fens and fastnesses of the Interborough Gas Company.

Jephcott at last recovered his equilibrium sufficiently to recover the cigar tray; then, with his usual *savoir-faire*, hurried out into the hall for what he thought was necessary to relieve the situation. And when his back was turned to the family a smile of approbation, marvelous to behold, split wide the mask of inhuman imperturbability that ordinarily answered for his face.

True to form, young Mr. Forsythe Wentworth, trying to lessen the tension, put his foot in it up to his waist.

"Since Beckwith cannot go with us to-night, papa," he said very mildly, subtly changing the conversation's drift, "suppose you help to fill our box. Caruso sings Pagliacci to-night."

Jephcott handed Papa deHavin his hat and stick.

"Palyach the wart on your grandmother's nose, Forsythe!" Papa fired a parting shot from the doorway.

"Becky and I will be together to-night—in attendance at a man's entertainment. We're going to a dog fight."

The pit was a very silent, ominous, bright-yellow square, surrounded on all sides by whispering darkness; small—less than three paces on a side; and the low-hung lamps glaring upon it made its surroundings dim and indistinct. Sloping up back of the glare of the lights, there rose a bank of glowing sparks, where the burning tobacco of men ran high into the smoke-laden gloom. Long wisps of the reek undulated gracefully under the lighted hoods. A hush that was not altogether precaution against police interference hung heavily, as though to usher in some deed of awe. More than a thousand men sat, whispering, waiting in the shadow back of the low pit fence; for in the old days of the dog-fighting game the name of Grip, the Gas-House Pup, would fill whatever inclosure staged the fight.

And this night Grip was matched against the menacing unknown—against a dog with, back of him, the legendry of that inexhaustible supply of courage to which could be traced the valor of all the fighting breeds, but which had not known the fighting game since the long years past, when his ancestors had been matched against the savagest bulls of Britain. Had the indomitable bravery lasted through? Would it come out? Or was the tradition of the unbreakable heart of the pure bulldog nothing but a myth—or built upon absolute fact? Had the ancient bull-baiters, when they bred his nose back so that he might breathe while his whole face was buried in the dewlap of the bull, overdone their work, and ruined him for self-protection against attacks of his own kind? These were questions the visible answering of which would have filled Madison Square Garden, had the authorities allowed, with a crowd which would have made the attendance at the annual

(Continued on Page 59)

Belber
TRAVELING GOODS
What! Going out in that wrinkled up suit? Man Man! When you've traveled as long as I have you'd carry a Belber Wardrobe Trunk and then you'd always have a fresh, pressed suit ready!

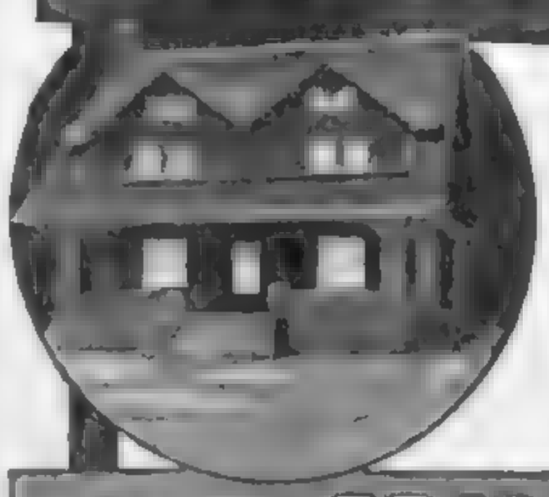
BEING able to take your clothes from the hangers of a Belber Wardrobe Trunk at the end of a journey as neat and presentable as when you packed them is only one of the many advantages of a Belber Wardrobe Trunk.

Good dealers everywhere will show you a wide variety of styles of Belber Wardrobe Trunks, from $20 to $125. Every one comes within the free baggage limit. Look for the Belber Trade Mark on all traveling goods—trunks, bags and suit cases.

Send for beautiful book "Outwearing Travel," illustrating and describing Belber Traveling Goods of every style for every purpose—it is free.

THE BELBER TRUNK & BAG CO. Philadelphia, Pa.

Here is the Furnace that Makes a Success of Warm Air Heating



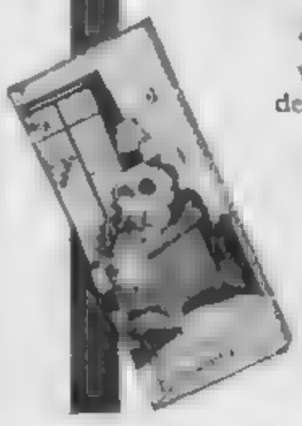
A JEWEL COAL-SAVER FURNACE as the basis of your warm-air heating, ventilating and humidifying system means highest efficiency and economy.

The Jewel Triple Economizing Features save enough fuel over other heat generators of like capacity to pay back the cost of the furnace in a few years. Actual tests have invariably demonstrated this, and we absolutely guarantee your satisfaction.

JEWEL COAL SAVER FURNACE

PAYS 11% ANNUAL DIVIDENDS IN FUEL SAVING

Our book, "Health, Heat and Economy," will tell you why you should have warm-air heat in your home, and why you should have a Jewel Coal-Saver Furnace as the heart of your heating system.



Send for this Enlightening Book, Free

Write for the book at once. A post card will do. Our service department will afterward help to plan your system if desired.

Over 62,000 homes in the United States are today heated by Jewel Furnaces. We manufacture furnaces of all sizes and types, including the pipeless or one-register furnace.

DETROIT STOVE WORKS

Largest Stove Plant in the World

Detroit Chicago

Address Detroit for the Heating Book

DEALERS:

Where Jewel Coal-Saver Furnaces are not represented, a splendid business proposition can be secured by reliable and competent furnace dealers. Write for it.

What are Dominant Methods of Advertising?

Dominance implies bigness and broadness.

The firm which would reach and maintain a position of leadership in its industry must employ methods which are in keeping.

Its ideals must be high, its policies sound, its dealings broad-gauged.

Its sales force must be able and alert. In every activity it must be represented in a manner that speaks of dominance.

Most important of all, the side which it presents to the public—its publicity—must convey the impression unmistakably.

In each field of promotive effort which it enters, it must employ the medium which is itself dominant in that field.

It must employ that medium with a force and a consistency commensurate with its opportunity and its ability.

Its ambition for dominance, or its assertion of dominance, puts upon it this obligation:

To dominate in the medium which itself is dominant.

In the field of national promotion the dominant medium is The Saturday Evening Post.

Its position is due to these facts:

The Post reaches a major portion of the entire potential market. It reaches most of the trade factors.

It reaches particularly those dominant consumers and merchants in each city and town who influence the demand and the supply for all the rest of the community.

It influences, therefore, practically the entire market for most commodities.

The peculiar strength of the Post, due to its character, its broad distribution, and its intensive methods of searching out the dominant public in each community, has made it, for manufacturers in many branches of industry, the means of attaining dominance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The medium of dominance

The methods which have made The Saturday Evening Post the dominant medium will be discussed in our next advertisement, which will appear in an early issue.

(Continued from Page 57)

bench classic in that same edifice look small and apathetic.

And that other question, eternal and momentous among men: Was there one created living thing that had no quitting point? And was that thing the bulldog? To the cock fighters assembled there the dog men whispered their ancient answers: that the dog was a thinking animal, and that the gamecock would fight to the death only with his own kind; while there had not yet been discovered on the earth any created thing that the bulldog—bless his gentle heart!—could not be prevailed upon to tackle. Battle to the death did not answer that question, anyhow. Hardly a man gathered there but had seen more than one pit dog lose his battle "right"; but the question still remained unsolved: Did he quit the struggle just before he died—or afterward? Could he have lasted longer, would he finally have reached the point where he could have forced his noble heart to endure no more?

This mystery, however unsolvable, from the very nature of it, in this world, was strong in collecting these hard men into the gloom round that sinister yellow square. How could any bulldog, however nobly bred and grandly made, discover that awful secret? And yet, for the first time in pit history a man had been found rich enough in purse and sporting blood to put a bulldog, with an invaluably long and spotless pedigree, to the test. Many things might be learned before that fight was over. And the whisperings died to bated silence as young Becky deHavin, immaculate in evening attire, came striding across the yellow square.

His face was somewhat drawn, as it might have looked had a dear friend's life been hanging in the balance. He extended his hand out of the light to where his father and Shamus McDonald and Pat O'Boyle were seated together, at the shadow's edge.

"Mr. McDonald," he said in a low voice that reached every strained pair of ears in the whole house, "I want to try to thank you, and Miss McDonald through you, for your help in training Jerry, and for your advice as regards handling him here. I've never met with higher sportsmanship."

Shamus McDonald took hearty hold of the hand.

"What credit for the Grip to stop a dog that's not trained for the gaff or that hasn't a handler for him to fall back on in the pit here? Get hustling back to your pup before somebody slips a hypodermic into him.

"'Tis a dirty game," said Shamus McDonald to the elder DeHavin and O'Boyle as the young man hurried away, "and I'm goin' to quit it."

Pit men seated close about the dean of the dog-fighting game overheard him, and the whisper of it soon reached the farthest corners of the audience. Most men smiled incredibly; but those who were his friends, and therefore white men, shook their heads as though they understood, and spoke gloomily about the future of the savage sport.

"It's no fit game for you and me to play," continued McDonald. "For look—here's you and me, who'd rather lose a leg than play it dirty—and our two dogs being tasted this very minute."

"Tasted?" asked the senior DeHavin.

"In days gone by 'twas the right word; for then your opponent's man rubbed most fingers through your dog's coat and actually licked them for traces of dope that might fix his own dog. Nowadays both dogs are washed under the other party's watch—the washing to get rid of any poison on their coats; the watching to see that the washer doesn't slip the dog a pill, or pour a few birdshot in his ear, or shoot him with the needle under the washwater in the tub. A hundred visitors at your kennels a hundred visitors at mine, and a score of trainers, handlers and seconds, all have their dirty money placed so many ways that you can trust no one in the pit; and this thing is getting worse from year to year. Too many see only the money and none of the glory in a dog fight; and I'm gonna quit the game."

And he did. That night's fight was the last one in which Shamus McDonald ever fought a dog. There never lived a greater lover of dogs. He never fought one that did not love the game better than his master. His heart broke when he lost his pets in the pit; but he thought that, given their choice, they would have asked him to be allowed to come to their end in the rapture of deadly combat. Shamus McDonald's dogs were that kind of dogs. But Shamus McDonald, and other white men after him, dropped the pit game; and it died, as all games die, in time, that cannot be kept clean. And so the brutal, savage, bloody entertainments stopped.

And now the quiet deepened about the yellow square, for handlers, trainers, attendants and officials came straddling over the pit fence, out of the shadow into the glare; and carefully wrapped and blanketed bundles, carried in the arms of two of the men, drew all eyes to the two corners, where these wriggling packages were set on the ground.

Dapper Becky deHavin, coached in the dirty trickeries of the game by his opponent, walked beside the man who carried his dog, holding his hands over the black nose that poked out of the squirming blanket, keeping the ears down tight; never taking his hands away from the broad muzzle till the Monarch was on the floor and the blanket off, and all chance of underhand work reduced to a minimum.

A gasp of surprise and delight came out of the smoke. Perhaps there was even a little of awe in the involuntary tribute. Hardly a man there who did not know the superb Grip, peer of all fighting dogs—hardly a man to whom the brindled body and blazed face, and the snowy full-dress collar and shirt bosom, and the four white feet, were not a familiar and magnificent sight. And the splendid, living muscles of him never slipped beneath that scarred brindle hide more tigerishly lithe than on that night. But the indrawn breath of a thousand hard men was not a tribute to the Gas-House Dog; for in the opposite corner to him a blanket whisked away and discovered such a bulldog as neither show ring nor pit had ever seen before.

Dazzling white was the whole of him in the lamps' bright glare. Remained on his mighty body not a trace of the ancient mastiff brindle that had come to be a color dreaded by the bare-calved legions of Rome in the days when his wild forbears had fought at the side of the wilder British tribesmen. Pear-shaped was he—the heavy end of the fruit the tremendous brisket, which dipped so low inside the wide-spread forelegs that it appeared as though swung between and not supported on them. And those sturdy front limbs went straight to the ground, with never the sign of a bow, like little marble columns. The small end of the pear, the hind quarters, narrowed marvelously at the loins, the top arched up distinctly higher than the shoulders in a beautiful rosch; the belly tucked up tight beneath; the back of him so narrow that he seemed to be supported at three points instead of four. Never was there such a model of uncompromising and immovable stability as this low, squat, canine battleship. And the sinews of him bulged gloriously, with never a muscle-bound lump or knot, but in huge, smooth, swelling mounds beneath the loose and roomy skin.

But, in spite of the fascination of every dreadnought line of the wide low mass of his body, his headpiece was such a thing as to make men nearly forget that there was any more dog behind it. A study of absolute perfection in massive ferociousness it was, to cause the most inured pit follower to catch his breath. In size enormous, so that none but mastodonic neck thews could hold it up. The skull was ponderous; wide and long and flat, with something snakelike in the contour of it; and the inky nose was set up tight against the almost negligible brow. And, sweeping up from the dew-lapped throat to meet black upper lips that went out almost horizontally an inch or so beyond the nose, the prodigious under jaw curved in a wide, loose-jowled line of power and savagery and stubborn wickedness. When his delicately folded ears jerked up on top of his head, alertness and truculent readiness radiated from his face; but when they were laid back, close against the thick bull neck, there was added to his belligerent aspect a look of such indescribable meanness that the backers of the Grip shifted uneasily in their seats. And the wide-set eyes spat wicked fires out of their beautiful clear brown. Who could imagine that in that very incarnation of ruthless battle strength there lived a heart as gentle as a little child's?

Back of the shield of his handlers, so that the Grip could get no chance to size up his enemy, Becky deHavin walked his beloved bulldog up and down, and—impossible as it seemed—the moment he moved, all the impression of the animal's power and vigor

(Continued on Page 62)

"Um-m-m Meat-Treats!"

You'll have to go some to prepare a better Hamburger Steak than the "Meat-Treat Kind," made from selected beef, wonderfully tender and with a brown gravy that seems to force one to say "Um-m-m Meat-Treats!"

Meat-Treats are sold, some in tins and others by the pound. Write to us if your dealer does not sell them. Or, send us his name with 25c for a full four-steak tin of the Hamburger, ready to heat and serve.

FREE: Write for our recipe booklet, "Suggestions," and for full list of Meat-Treats, including such delicacies as Breaded Pork Chops, Ham and Tongue Meat-Treats (potted) and Concentrated Chicken Broth (with rice).

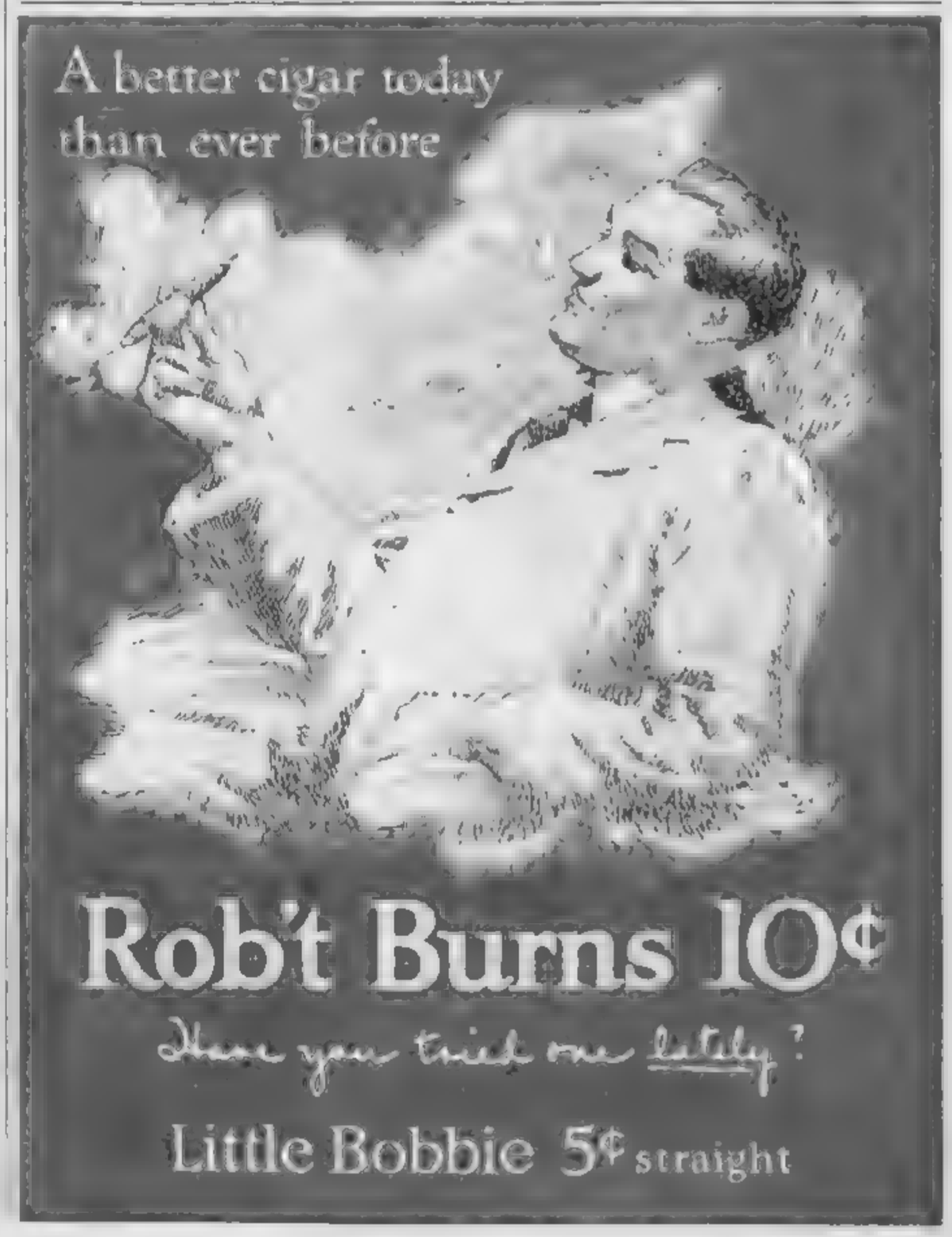
L. FRANK & SON COMPANY
Dept. A-12 Milwaukee, Wis.

DEALERS Your jobber can supply you. Write us. Frank-News, the magazine chock-full of profit-making helps for your Delicatessen Department.

BROKERS Write.

Frank's Meat-Treats
The National Delicatessen

A better cigar today than ever before



Robt Burns 10¢

Have you tried one lately?

Little Bobbie 5¢ straight

Copyright, 1917, by Hart Schaffner & Marx

Hart Schaffner & Marx

w Varsity Fifty Five styles for young men;
sport styles; business styles.
All wool fabrics; guaranteed.

See that our label is in the clothes you buy; sewed in.

A small thing to look for, a big thing to find

art Schaffner & Marx

JOHN E. SHERIDAN

New Light Suppers for *Your* Party

SUPPERS the guests will all remember. Suppers they'll borrow your menus for. And suppers that you yourself will eat with all the relish of your guests. Read how to make them.

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK:
"GOOD TASTES FOR GOOD TIMES"

It tells about tempting, new salads, rarebits, croquettes, sandwiches, timbales, omelets, soufflés, etc.—the famous Little Red Devil Recipes. Or send 20c for economical can of Underwood Deviled Ham to try. Always mention your grocer's name when you write, and if possible, say whether he sells Underwood. Most grocers do—ask *yours* now.

WILLIAM UNDERWOOD COMPANY
52 Fulton Street, Boston, Mass.

Makers of Underwood Deviled Chicken, Tongue, Turkey and

UNDERWOOD Deviled Ham

"Branded with the Devil but Fit for the Gods"

LIGHT SUPPER No. 1

Clam Bouillon — Olives
Deviled Ham Mousse
Nut and Celery Sandwiches — Ice Cream
Coffee

Deviled Ham Mousse: One cup cream, beaten stiff. Two large cans *Underwood Deviled Ham.* One tablespoon gelatine dissolved in ½ cup hot water. Mix thoroughly, turn into cold mold and chill.

LIGHT SUPPER No. 2

Underwood Deviled Eggs
Lettuce Sandwiches — Salted Nuts
Layer Cake — Coffee

Underwood Deviled Eggs: Cut hard-cooked eggs in half. Remove the yolks and mash them with about equal bulk *Underwood Deviled Ham* and enough salad dressing to moisten. Fill the egg centers and serve on lettuce with salad dressing.

LIGHT SUPPER No. 3

Deviled Ham-and-Chicken Sandwiches
Creamed Shrimps — Salted Nuts
Harlequin Ice Cream — Coffee

Deviled Ham-and-Chicken Sandwiches. Spread thin slices of white bread with *Underwood Deviled Ham*—not too thick. Put together over very thin slices of chicken.

The Truth About Corns

You have read much fiction about corns. Were that not so there would be no corns. All people would use Blue-jay.

Here is the truth, as stated by a chemist who spent 25 years on this corn problem. And as proved already on almost a billion corns.

"This invention—Blue-jay—makes corn troubles needless. It stops the pain instantly, and stops it forever. In 48 hours the whole corn disappears, save in rare cases which take a little longer."

That is the truth, and millions of people know it. Every month it is being proved on nearly two million corns.

So long as you doubt it you'll suffer. The day that you prove it will see your last corn-ache.

It costs so little—is so easy and quick and painless—that you owe yourself this proof. Try Blue-jay tonight.

BAUER & BLACK
Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay
Stops Pain—Ends Corns

15c and 25c at Druggists
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

(Continued from Page 59)

and intrepidity was immediately doubled; for he trotted back and forth with that stiff-legged swashbuckling roll and captivating swagger which makes his breed win into human hearts at a glance. And as he went his muscles leaped and played. A back view of him showed his two hind legs trotting along close together; but the front stilts, with a jaunty flip of paws, moved clear to the sight far out on each side beyond his flanks. And from this interesting prospect could be discovered, at last, the only place where the good nature of the lovable beast broke through its warlike investure; for the small, low-set tail wigwagged continuous messages of camaraderie up to his boss.

"Make ready!"

The square cleared, except for the two handlers and the referee. Becky deHavin went across the pit and took the Grip between his legs. Midway he met Mr. Slugs O'Boyle, crossing in the opposite direction to observe his part of the pit precaution that makes opponents loose each other's dogs at the beginning of the fight. And a look passed between the burly pugilist and the dapper swell that made the audience gloat. It was to be, also, a battle of handlers in type as different from each other as were their dogs.

A grim silence, such as should precede a battle to the death, fell like a dreadful canopy over the pit.

Becky deHavin's spiketail coat hung over the low fence. Habitual evening formality was not his only reason for his incongruous attire. As he crouched behind the Monarch's deadly enemy the white square of his shirt made a very beacon for his dog across the square.

"Let go!"

Becky deHavin could no more help caressing the wonderful brindle beast that stepped out in front of him than he could have forgone to touch his glove against Pat O'Boyle's at the start of each of their wicked bouts.

Out from between the knees of Slugs O'Boyle, across the pit, stepped sixty pounds of perfect bulldog flesh.

"Come on and get 'im, Jerrypup!" coaxed the low voice that he loved.

And he wagged the only amiable part of him and took another doubtful step toward the middle of the pit, cocking his tremendous head in puzzled inquiry as to just where he should come and whom he should get. Then he spied the white shirtfront.

But for a thing that had never happened before, the fangs of the Gas-House Dog had been locked in his flesh long before now. For the first time in his career the Grip hesitated before he dashed into battle. What kind of dog was this great beast across from him? Where was the other pit terrier? In all his stormy existence he had never faced anything like this dazzling snowy dog that made no offer to attack him. Grip lifted an inquiring eye to Slugs O'Boyle and asked him what about this strange new kind of opponent?

"That's him," explained his handler.

To any who might have entertained the thought that, at last, too great a call had been made upon the inexhaustible supply of the Grip's pluck, there came a sudden change of heart. True to his traits, Glenmere White Monarch, advancing toward the gleaming front of Becky deHavin's shirt, at sight of the other dog turned to a little Parian statue where he stood; and, standing thus, his slow brain working out the situation, a brindled thunderbolt, hardly more than half his size, fell on him. It was the first fight of the Monarch's life; and it was for this reason only that he committed the one offense of that titanic battle. Taken by surprise by the attack launched on him so suddenly, the whole trend of affairs not yet clear in his mind, he turned a shoulder to the charging Grip.

"That turn," said Shamus McDonald, out of his perfect knowledge of what was going on before him, "is going to lose the scrap for you."

But A. Beckwith deHavin, II, staring tensely out of the shadow, had his eyes fixed not on the bulldog at that moment, but at the trim, white-shirt-sleeved, pale young man moving coolly and efficiently about the whirling brutes.

The Grip was now clamped fast to the side of the Monarch's throat. Well for the bulldog that he had in generous portion the dewlap of his breed, else the Grip had struck him vitally at the first onset. But the long jaws of the terrier filled with folds on folds of the loose skin and his fangs sought in vain for the life that flowed in the throat beneath. He tried at once the first trick of his trade; and, bracing his legs wide, he gave a toss of his head that would have turned another dog all four legs up beneath him, so that he could have tried for a death-hold with a loosening of his jaws and a new snap of his fangs before his opponent could turn over and get out from under him. Now the surge of his neck muscles only flipped his own hind quarters in the air. He had met with a new thing. The huge body of the Monarch was set upon colossal forelegs twice as wide apart as those of any other dog the Grip had ever closed with; so, jerk and fling as the maddened brindle might, the stout white stilts only dragged stiffly about and would not be uptilted.

"Some wheel base, Becky!" roared the joyful bull voice of Papa deHavin; and a warning "S-ah!" went up from the entire audience. No police interference should stop so great a combat if strained silence could keep the authorities unaware of it.

"Easy! Easy, boy!" coached a low voice as Becky deHavin stepped about the struggling animals, keeping in a position where his dog could see him all the while. "You're not being hurt, boy; you've got the weight," he explained, as though the Monarch would understand. "If you tear yourself loose you'll bleed like a pig. Let him pull, Jerrypup; let him wear his heart out pulling at you, boy. He'll let go without tearing you by and by."

And something in the calm tones reassured the great dog. Something in the handpat that was risked down to him from time to time made him understand after a while that it was part of the game merely to brace his legs and wait; and his snarling efforts to break loose ceased and he began very calmly to endure. It was an hour before Slugs O'Boyle could get his dog to understand that Becky deHavin and the White Monarch of Glenmere were teamworking at the game like veterans. But at last it filtered through the Grip's battle-crazed head that he could never throw his enemy or hurt him with the hold he had; and he let go and struck for a better one.

But by now the Monarch had found out why he had been born. Not for the ease of his kennel at the Glenmere Hunt Club; not for the pleasant adulation of the bench or the proud honor of the judging ring; not for romping afternoons with a slim brown girl who had rewards of sweet hilarious waters to offer him after torturing labor; not even for the noble companionship of men like the tall fair one who stood by him now in his great hour—not for any or all of these had his fierce-featured, soft-eyed mother whelped him into the world. But for this night in the stifling, tobacco-laden air, here on this square of yellow tanbark, he had been bred true to his type down through the long centuries since his fathers had pulled down the great Kentish bulls. For here was battle, vicious, snarling and pitiless, and an antagonist that would clash teeth against his in it to the death. And his mighty heart rejoiced as he came into his own.

So when the Grip finally loosed his first hold he found a different dog from the one on which that hold had fastened.

So now, before that gathering of savage men, there raged a furious grim struggle such as the pit had never seen before. For five long hours there came never a pick-up, or scratch, or turn, except that first turn which the inexperienced Monarch had made. Shoulder to shoulder, breast to breast, brisket to brisket, as they reared up on their back legs, fangs to fangs, those two beautiful brutes fought out there under the yellow light their love and joy of death-battle in a contest of infinite courage against infinite courage, and of speed and punishing jaw against overwhelming weight. All other things were equal: condition to endure; strength of limb and wind; valor—all balanced in the scale. Only the one combatant possessed superior speed and a well-nigh decisive power of true punishing jaw; while the other held the vast advantage of being nearly twice his opponent's weight. And, had these unbalanced forces been added to the level beam that weighed their other attributes, the measuring needle would have scarcely stirred.

Weeks of training on the coonskin had in the end forced the idea through the Monarch's heavy skull that he could never hold a grip unless his jaws were filled clean to the back teeth. And so he plodded through the minutes and the hours with never a thought of clamping his untrue fangs on anything, but of trying stubbornly and endlessly through pain and torture to fasten

his back teeth upon an enemy possessed of such baffling speed that, at the end of hours of hopeless endeavor, a sickening discouragement came over him. Yet he kept steadily on; and at length a reward came—though he never knew it. Once his ponderous underjaw snapped up on one of the Grip's forelegs. Only the fangs closed over it, and he did not try to hold his grip; but the tremendous muscles of his neck gave his body such a wrenching twist that the bones between those inefficient fangs snapped off before the hold was loosened. And after that the Gas-House Pup gave an exhibition of such undying grit that his name survives the game which died, and lives to this day in the legends of the pit. And this is what is said of him: that, with the broken foreleg, the speed of the Grip diminished not a whit, but that he worked on the end of the broken bone as though the leg were a perfect member.

Pity in all that square of men about the pit, there was none. And, in truth, the battle bred no pity—only wonder. The hard followers of that ancient game gathered round those eight-foot squares for another fascination than the acknowledged ones of carnage and utter savagery. They came primarily to see that thing which is perhaps the noblest attribute in dogs and men—unbreakable courage—courage in pain, and exhaustion, and heart-sickening failure after heart-sickening failure; that rose and rose and rose to heights unbelievable within the cruel sides of those old dog-pit squares; and that changed the men looking at it from a combat-thirsty horde of brutes, quiet from police fear and from a sort of shame at what they joyed in, to an awe-stricken audience, whose silence was almost that of worship.

"Three o'clock," announced the referee.

Men snatched a squint at their watches unbelievingly. Five hours had gone by like one.

But now a haze had begun to form in front of the Monarch's eyes, which only would be dispelled at the sound of the low voice he had listened to for encouragement and advice through the rapturous hours. And always that encouragement and advice had been at hand. Not the least fascinating thing presented in the pit that night was the dog-handling of Becky deHavin. Graceful and cool, fearless and kind, fairest and least excited when his dog's case appeared the worst, magnanimous almost to a fault, this dapper and stiff-shirted man won his way into the heart of the meanest thug who had his money staked on the Grip. And his great dog, in his direst straits, always looked up at him asking what should be done next about the situation; and at a quieting pat, that somehow could reach him even through the fiercest turmoil, he would stay quiet and rest himself under a painful but not dangerous grip, or at a fiery word would rage like a lion till he tore himself free from a hold that threatened to develop perilously.

But the flitting brindled pest was becoming harder and still harder to attack. The mist persisted strangely before his eyes despite the clearing voice. The tanbark turned from yellow to red with a flood from his veins that seemed to be inexhaustible; and never a pick-up came to give his handler a chance to try to stanch his wounds. He did not know that the Grip also now swayed and tottered on his legs, and slashed and snapped his heartbreak that he could not find the great dog's vitals, standing, nor could throw him off his feet to seek them out. The charging rushes of this monstrous white enemy had been in the early hours like those battering-ram onsets that used to break through the impregnable guard of KO Pat O'Boyle; and when they had struck the terrier had nearly always broken his hold and rolled him, bruised and battered, over and over till he fetched up with a crash against the pit fence. Well for him that the Monarch had not been fast enough to follow these wild rushes through in time to catch the brindle on his back. As it was, every one had shaken him to the heart; and they, together with his hours of tugging at nearly double weight, had worn him down so that his head swayed weakly and his legs bent under him.

But still he managed to evade the weary bulldog's grip.

But for his education to endure the joyless monotony of the training machine, perhaps even the great-hearted Monarch might have wearied of this ghost-fighting and laid his belly on the sawdust, back legs stretched out behind him, frog-fashion, and rolled up his clear brown eyes good-naturedly, begging to be excused from all the worry of it. But he held to the task with a will to see the brindled body lifeless under him, and to hear the voice of his friend and master call out those four sounds that made all labors worth while: "That's a *good* dog!"

At last came a time when the weary animals, whirling into grips, both missed their holds, and each staggered weakly past the other. And then, all in a moment the tide of battle turned heavily against the White Monarch of Glenmere, for here was the opportunity for which O'Boyle had waited patiently through long hours. He stooped like a flash and snatched up the feebly-protesting Grip just as the dogs were lurching together again. Three or four attendants leaned over the pit wall at the Gas-House Pup's corner and, with broad fans, commenced to stir the air to coolness over the panting dog. Water poured down his throat. Slugs O'Boyle, after five hours of steady fighting, had won a scratch. The action had been so furious and fast that neither handler in all these hours had been able to discover a turn of long enough duration to make a pick-up out of it.

In a cruelly short half minute no attention had been given the Monarch other than those that aimed to stanch his wounds, for mere physical strength was what he should need for the great test.

"Time!"

Appeared now the wisdom of Shamus McDonald's prophecy, spoken at the very beginning of the fight. At one corner of the square swayed a brindled dog whose eyes still flashed desire for battle, but in whose legs there lived not half the strength that still propped up the tottering body of the White Monarch of Glenmere. And yet, because of that inexperienced turn so early in the fight, it was now the bulldog's task to deliver the gage at the white lime mark so many miles across the diagonal of that little square.

"Let go!"

Terrance O'Boyle showed the head and shoulders of his dog between his knees. And no man in that silent mass but knew that, except for the supporting hands under his chest, the Grip would have toppled over where he stood.

But all support was now taken away from the White Monarch of Glenmere except the support of a dim beloved voice that spoke to him some unintelligible words about losing right. And at a kindly pat of a hand, whose touch he knew as well as he knew the tones of the voice, he started bravely on the long journey across the pit toward a hazy sort of tiger-coated dog which would not come half that weary way to meet him.

A great rage filled the Monarch's breast.

So now this wraith of a dog, which was so hard to come to grips with when he was close at hand, would add to all the other vexations of fighting him unwillingness to shorten the long way between them; yet he would stand there at that impossible distance and snarl and snarl as though the combat was still sweet to him! The cruel injustice of it strengthened the Monarch's heart. So be it! If that dim brindled enemy would not come out to meet him, he, Glenmere White Monarch, who had ancestral traditions to uphold and to uphold him, would go the long road himself; for the lust to stand beside the motionless form of the tawny foe was still mighty within his weary heart.

Absolute silence—not even the sound of breathing, for all breaths were held.

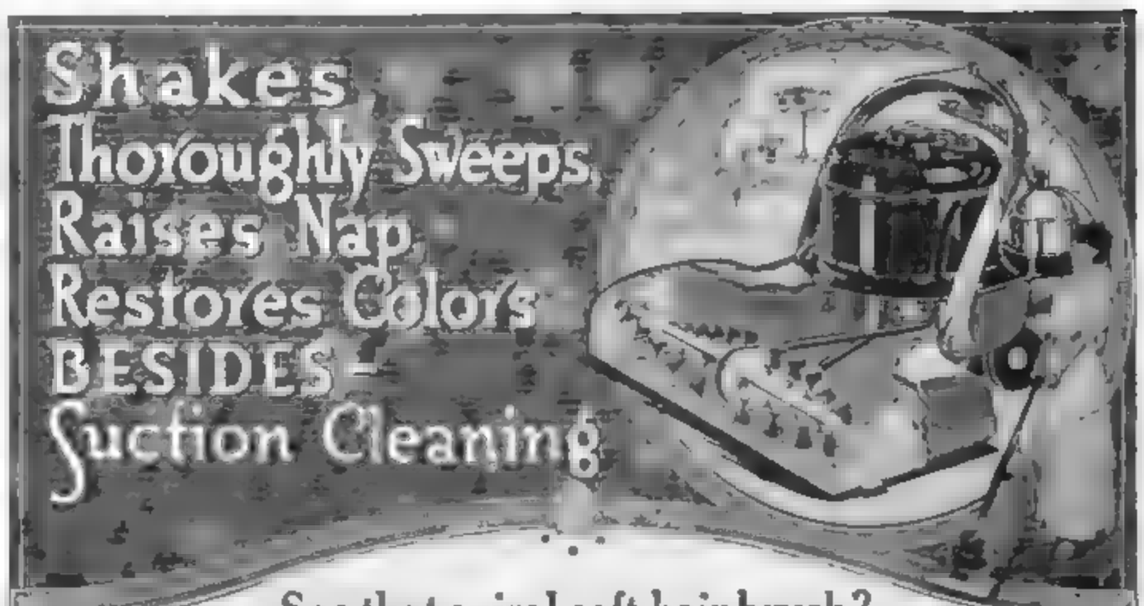
Two feet; three—four. The white body tottered and the hind quarters went down.

Terrance O'Boyle picked up the Gas-House Pup.

"Put that dog down!" The voice of the referee cracked like a whip.

For the clublike stilts in the Monarch's front still held the deep chest off the ground and shoved the great savage headpiece forward slowly, dragging the hind quarters along. Whispers of mighty sympathy went up. The air above the bloody pit and the savage men gathered round it filled with a breath that was very much akin to prayer. All wagers were forgotten. All thoughts of greed or gain or trickery or unfairness vanished away before the glory of the thing that was going on before them. And a thousand rough hearts hammered a reverence that was not far from the divine as that broad trail slowly drew its red wet line across the yellow square. None there but knew that if the mighty bulldog reached

(Concluded on Page 67)



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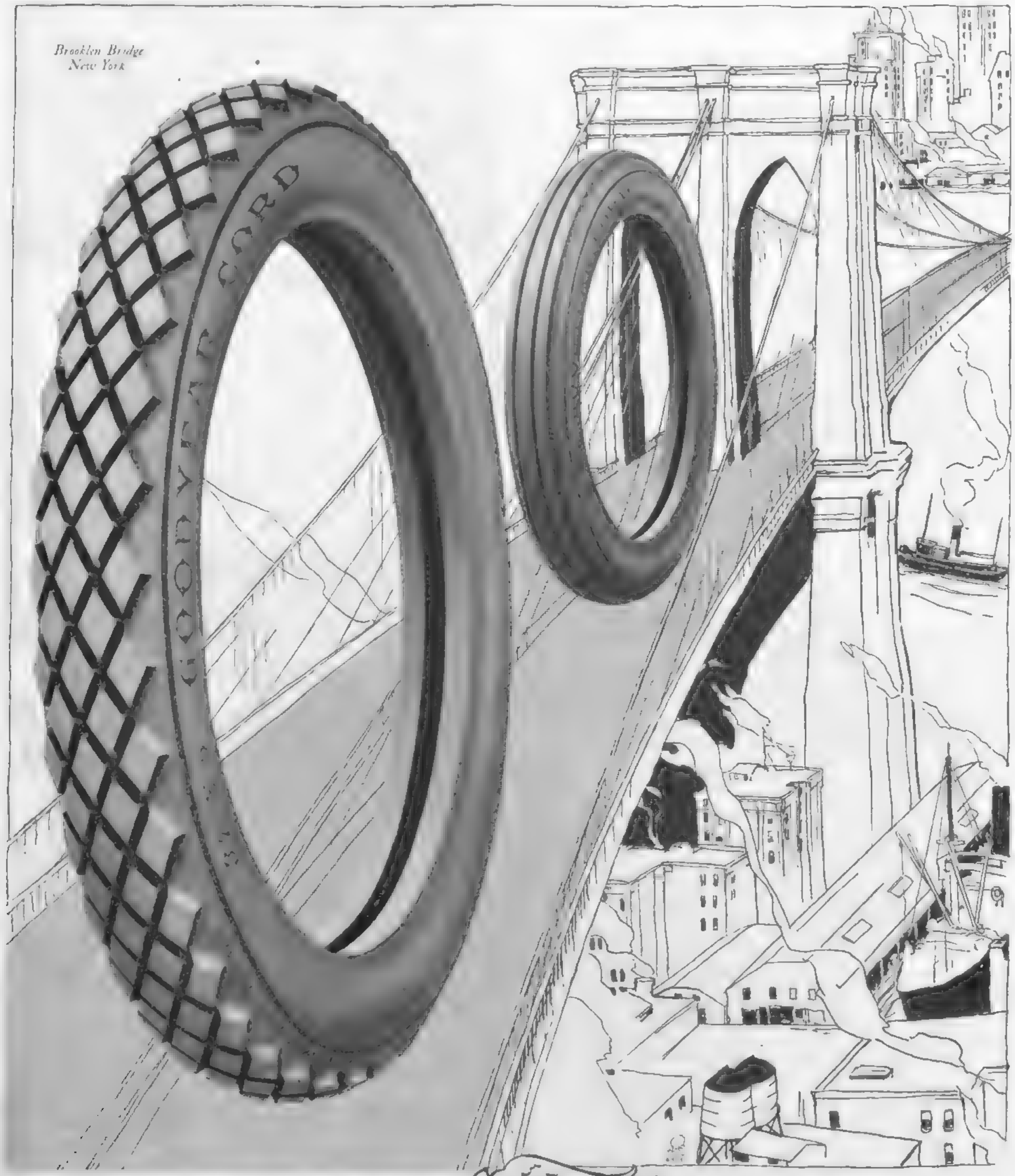
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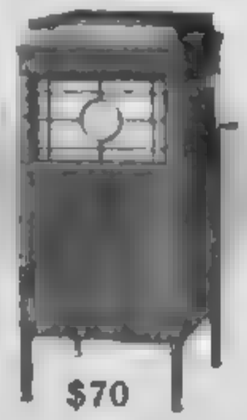

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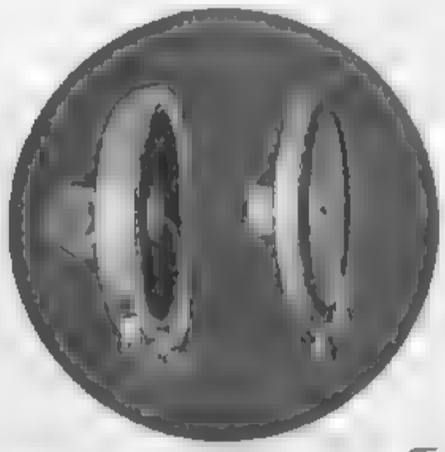

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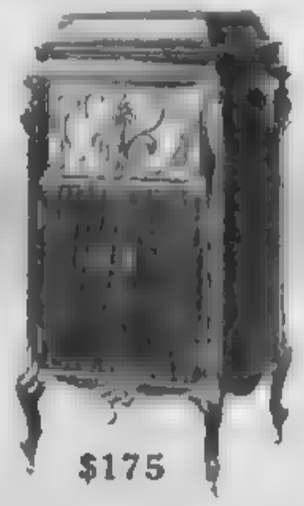

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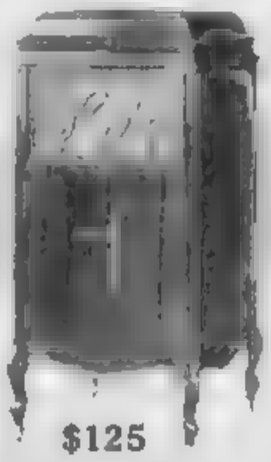

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(Concluded from Page 63)

the scratch the fight was a draw, for neither dog would be able to stand up another moment after that. And there was none but prayed in his own hard way that neither of those noble beasts should have defeat charged to him after those dreadful hours.

Five feet; six. The scratch line, and the swaying enemy only a foot away. The Monarch's sturdy forelegs slipped and slid out in front. The brisket touched the tanbark. The brindled dog that he could slay, could he but reach him, only a foot away!

The mighty neck stretched forth. The back legs, rested a trifle during the dragging of them, bunched up and moved, and the thick white body crawled along another inch. A weak and eager whimper, with a stalwart heart's primal longing in it, was the only sound. Then, ten inches from the white scratch line, the mighty, mangled head sank down between the outstretched paws, and the breathing and the whimper ceased; the great white form grew very still.

Not a stir of cloth came out of the dark. Terrance O'Boyle, sure now of the win, made no haste this time in lifting up the Grip to claim the battle for him. Had he but thought of what deeds must have been done through the centuries to turn the designation of that quiet white beast's breed into a descriptive so heroic that strong men rejoice to hear it coupled to their names, he doubtless would have hurried. But he found it beyond him to resist the vanity of nonchalance.

And so he never got the Gas-House Dog's paws off the floor; for, as the very last quiver died in the white body, two voices spoke in the quiet. The first was very soft and musically dissonant with the scene. Some altogether different kind of love than that of courage must have brought the owner of it into such a barbarous gathering of men. But the second voice was harsh and rasping and entirely congruous.

"Go swim?" said the musical voice; but the sprightliness of it did not altogether hide the sob.

From some seat high in the surrounding tiers it went down across the reeking air to the yellow rectangle under the hooded lights; and its coaxing invitation won through the mists that were gathering impenetrably about the ferocious, quiet head; for the delicate frayed ears twitched and then came up on top of the massive skull. And the brown eyes, which a thousand men would have sworn had closed forever, opened. At which the second voice, in awed tones that had only reverence, no profanity, in them, expressed what was in the heart of every man watching there.

"That bulldog don't quit when he's dead!" said this grating whisper.

A romping brown-legged pal and the splash of inclosing waters dimly visioned in the White Monarch's parched and weary soul. For a completed task there was always a sweet reward.

A quiver played over the inert muscles. Fronted by stubbornness immeasurable, even disintegration paused—and then retreated; for suddenly, at a mighty summons, there came a great gathering of his passing strength; and the bulldog rose on all four legs at once. He stood—wide-braced, unwavering. That tawny haze of color right before him—was it the brindle of this enemy who would not come to meet him? Or was it the merry, tantalizing flash of beautiful tanned flesh, coaxing completion of his work? Or both? Without a single faltering step, with never a sign of the weakness that the uplifting of a single paw would have betrayed, the sturdy Monarch made one blind lunge at it. And as the big dog crashed down a sibilant exclamation that expressed emotions not to be set down in writing came involuntarily out of every throat. He lay with his forelegs bent stiffly and grotesquely backward along his flanks, and his back legs stretched out flat behind him, frog-fashion. The referee bent over the still, broad body. The noble brute's head had failed to reach the scratch. The sooty nose had fallen short.

But, clear in everybody's sight, just over the white scratch line, upsweeping determinedly out ahead of skull and nose, there rested that very thing which experts had agreed would lose his fight—the prognathous tip of the mighty bulldog jaw.

In deathlike silence the referee stood erect; but when he made his decision no one heard it. Eight or ten blue-coated men, however, nosing round the wrong huge vacant barn, a mile or so off the scent, heard something. An explosive roar of pent-up human voices brought a male chorus to them across the early morning air that sent them scurrying upon a warmer trail.

But long before they reached the right huge vacant barn the best veterinary surgeon in America had ended his instructions to the second and third best of his profession, and had risen up and started to pick the particles of tanbark from his knees. This accomplished, he looked up, and found himself gazing into a very drawn, white, anxious face.

"They both will live," he said, "though I can't tell why. And, by the way, you won't get a bill from me. I've had my money's worth." Which was almost panegyrical, as all will agree who ever came into violent contact with one of his fees.

At once, then, young A. B. deHavin seized the huge shoulder of Mr. Slugs O'Boyle and swung him face about from the little circle that still bent over the two other veterinaries. The ex-light-heavy looked down into steady, pale eyes. Pale eyes looked back steadily; but, as the silence lengthened, they began to gather flame, till at length strong slim fingers closed and supple muscles began to gather inside the right sleeve of a bloody evening shirt. But a graceful boy, whose eyes were still wet with weeping over two dogs, left hovering over them and flung himself so violently upon the bosom of the gory shirt that a cap flew off, and a bushel of blue-black hair tumbled down over the red-splashed cuffs of that same full-dress garment.

Old Bull deHavin snorted his chagrin.

"My luck!" he growled. "That's the first time in history that anybody in trousers ever prevented a fight. And me living all these years for the day when I could see one of my sons with a black eye!"

"Fight, fight, fight!" spoke up Nora McDonald out of the shelter of the gory sleeves. "You men! Do you never get enough of fighting? And do we always get what strength is left for loving after your fights have taken the best of you?"

Her daddy's eyes glinted wisely.

"No and yes to you, Nora machree," he answered, "much to the benefit of the world you're livin' in."

And A. Beckwith deHavin, III, by way of proof that Daddy McDonald's answer was correct, had never stopped the glare he was shooting into the eyes of Slugs O'Boyle.

"This girl has seen enough of male brutality to-night," he said; "but she's going to see some more if it takes you much longer to say it."

And to show that there actually was one thing in the world he would rather do with his arms than that which then kept them occupied, he loosened one of them from about the prettiest shoulders on the big-time circuit.

Terrance O'Boyle looked into the pale hard eyes again. He studied appraisingly the slim, well-knit body, which the will back of those hard eyes was about to drive against his overwhelming bulk; and the curl straightened out of the line of his thin lips. No fear showed in his eyes; only conviction. Gradually a different kind of curl came over his mouth—one that caused that disengaged, tense arm to relax and to go back where it belonged; for the curl became a sure-enough smile that made even the brute face of Slugs O'Boyle pleasant to look at, principally because it brought out the hidden resemblance to Brother Pat, who was standing, an interested spectator, close at hand.

"And if he falls down at the trimmin' of you, Terry," remarked Brother Patrick, "I'll finish the job for him."

But Terrance, with the fine big smile still suffusing his face, stuck out a flipper of a hand to the third Beckwith deHavin. That young man once more disengaged a very busy arm.

"My dope's all wrong," admitted Slugs O'Boyle. "Beg yer pardon! I believe you stiff shirts kin lose right."

A. Beckwith deHavin, II, looked toward his son, and his heart hammered a tune. "Old Bull deHavin," it said in his ear, "what you're gazing at now is a fighter. And look at his arm—not the one shaking hands, but the other; it's wrapped round his woman!" The president and general manager of the Interborough Gas Company stabbed his elbow democratically into the fat ribs of the I. G. Co.'s stable boss.

"I guess the brindle isn't all bred out there yet!" he chuckled.

Shamus McDonald returned the stab.

"Better to play a thing like that safe, A. B.," he said. "But I've the idea in my head that Nora Kolananikau won't be after doin' her divin' stunt alone this winter. It'd be no surprise at all to her Polynesian father if she'd decide to team up with her sister again in a different act entirely."

And he winked at his boss a Brobdingnagian sort of wink, as one who would impart that, by the use of a marvelous worldly wisdom, he has arrived at certain astute conclusions.

Fairy Shoes

THE wee cobbler under the thorn-bush
Tapped at a fairy shoe;
'Twas never a shoe for Katy
To traipse on the bog in the dew;
'Twas a satin shoe, like a lady's,
With a buckle of silvery blue.

Out from the flickering blossoms,
With his tall hat set askew;
With a pipe 'twixt his lips, and a squinting
Of his eyes like the hivin's blue,
You could see for yourself that rascal,
That young rogue, Brian Magrue.

And he heard the tap-tap-tapping
Of the little ould Leprechaun.
"What are ye making, cobbler,
So early past the dawn?"
"Fairy shoes for a lady;
'Tis a shoe for Molly Bawn."

"And what is your price now, cobbler?"
"A kiss from her lips, asthore."
"Faith, 'tis enough," said Brian;
"Faith, 'tis enough!" he swore.
"Bargain I'll make wid ye, cobbler,
Out of my plintiful store!"

The Leprechaun laughed till the thorn-bush
Trembled, "The bargain's thrue!
Go sit by the stile till the moon's out
And the black cat treads in the dew;
When one crosses the stile in the shadow,
I'm laving the rest to you!"

He sat by the stile till the shadow
Came over and touched his own,
And a hand reached out, and he took it,
Where the buds on the whin bush shone;
And he kissed—ould Biddy O'Leary,
That ancient and withered crone!

"Shame, shame on ye, lad, to philander
Wid one whose days are so few!
There's many a young lip waters
For the red, red lip of you.
'Tis my Mistress Molly has sent me
To fetch her her fairy shoe."

"Then back to your Mistress Molly,"
Bould Brian said, "wid the news:
That I'll match her trick wid another,
Where I'm not so likely to lose.
She shall give me a stitch for each stitching
That's set in her fairy shoes!"

Face to face in the market
Came Molly and Brian Magrue;
"There's dark o' the dawn and midnight,"
He said, "in the eyes of you!"
"I'm grieving," sighed Mistress Molly,
"That I wear so small a shoe!"

—Mary Lanier Magruder.

SEE that Mother has Wingfoots for those thousand-and-one steps 'round home. They'll make her heart glad.

Wingfooting will let her smile beam through the evening because Wingfoots lighten household tasks.

* *

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company guarantees Wingfoots to outwear any other rubber heels. A new pair free if yours do not.

Wingfoots in black, white and tan, for big folks and little folks—50 cents—put on by shoe dealers and repair men.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

WING FOOT
HEELS

GOOD YEAR
AKRON

$1150 F. o. b. Racine
Mitchell Junior—a 40 h. p. Six
120-inch Wheelbase

Mitchell SIXES

$1460 F. o. b. Racine
7-Passenger—48 Horsepower
127-inch Wheelbase

Exclusive Features

Nowhere Found, Save in Mitchell Models

The Mitchell extras are not patented. Nor are they features others disapprove.

Some are things which owners buy, at extra prices, to complete their cars. All are things which every owner wants.

But they are costly. We spend $4,000,000 this year to include them on our output. We could not give them—nor can anyone—without factory efficiency. That is what pays their cost.

This model plant, which John W. Bate has spent millions in perfecting, is the reason for Mitchell extras. It has cut our factory cost in two.

The Extra Strength

Our greatest extra is the Mitchell over-strength. But other extras are more conspicuous, of course.

The Mitchell margin of safety used to be 50 per cent. We have never claimed more until this year. But three years ago, after one year in Europe, John W. Bate began to double this margin.

Now our standard is 100 per cent over-strength. Now our vital parts are twice as strong as need be.

Over 440 parts are made of toughened steel. All safety parts are vastly oversize. All parts which get a major strain are built of Chrome-Vanadium. Gears are tested for 50,000 pounds per tooth. The springs we use—Bate cantilevers—have never yet been broken. Not a single one.

We don't mean to say that over-strength is exclusive to the Mitchells. But the Mitchell margins are extreme. And they are costly in these days of costly steel.

For 200,000 Miles

Mr. Bate's object in this over-strength is to give you a lifetime car. Numerous Mitchells that we know of have already run over 200,000 miles. That's about 40 years of ordinary service.

And this over-strength means safety. It means low upkeep, small repairs. It means a smaller cost per year of service than lesser cars can give. Yet it costs you nothing, because we save it through Bate factory methods.

Fifty Distinctions Which You See

The Mitchell has 31 distinct features which nearly all cars omit. Perhaps no car has more than three or four.

These are things like a power tire pump, a dashboard engine primer, reversible headlights, ball-bearing steering gear, new-type control. Or like a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment, handles for entering, a tool box under hood. There are 31 such extras.

Other extras that you see are luxuries and beauties. This year we occupy our new body plant, which means great additional savings. Our bodies, like our chassis, are now built under Bate efficiency methods. We pay no profits to outsiders.

From this new saving we add 24 per cent to the cost of finish, upholstery and trimming. This makes the Mitchell the handsomest car in its class. The finish coats are fixed by heat, so the lustre lasts. Rare-grade leather is employed, plaited upholstery, deep, wide cushions, and countless dainty touches.

These will seem the chief attractions in Mitchell cars, perhaps. But in years to come the over-strength will mean far more than these do.

TWO SIZES

Mitchell—a roomy, 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase and a highly-developed 48-horsepower motor.

Price $1460, f. o. b. Racine

Mitchell Junior—a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase and a 40-horsepower motor—¼-inch smaller bore.

Price $1150, f. o. b. Racine

Also six styles of enclosed and convertible bodies. Also new Club Roadster.

31 Extra Features
24% Added Luxury
100% Over-Strength

Mitchell SIXES

Two Sizes
$1150-$1460
F. o. b. Racine

The New $1150 Model

Roomy, Powerful, Impressive—An Amazing Value

This year we bring out Mitchell Junior—a somewhat smaller Mitchell, for those who prefer a 5-passenger car.

But the wheelbase is 120 inches. The motor has 40 horsepower. It is every inch a Mitchell, and nearly every Mitchell extra is included.

Such a car at such a price will give you a new conception of Mitchell efficiency. It seems impossible. Yet the big, 7-passenger Mitchell really gives you equal value.

The Size You Need

Now you can get in Mitchells any size you need. And any style of body. If you want seats for seven, and power for seven, the larger size is needed. Don't stint your room and power.

But Mitchell Junior is just as ample for five. Few cars are as roomy and powerful. So now you pay for only the room and power you need.

John W. Bate's Cars

We owe these two Mitchells to John W. Bate, our famous efficiency expert. He designed and equipped this whole factory to make them—this 45-acre plant.

Every machine, every method is designed to build this one type economically.

His years of effort have cut our factory cost in two. They save us millions of dollars each year. They enable us, we believe, to build cars like the Mitchell for less than anyone else could build them.

All the Mitchell extras are due to those savings. They would be impossible without them, save at greatly advanced prices. Compare the values and you'll see what these Bate methods mean.

700 Improvements

In the cars themselves Mr. Bate has worked out more than 700 improvements. He keeps one department working night and day on new experiments and tests. He has worn out fifty cars in proving needed strength. He spent one year in Europe to study progress there. He drives his own cars over plains and mountains to learn every owner's needs.

He established the standard of 100 per cent over-strength, and brought every part to meet it. He gives his motors 10,000-mile tests, then takes them apart and inspects them. Every part and bearing must remain like new.

He has his own speedway for testing Mitchell cars. His own manufactured hill.

The Mitchell you see now is the final result of 14 years of such efforts.

Our Own Designs

We have our own body plant, our own artists, designers and craftsmen. So Mitchell bodies are distinctive. They are built to Mitchell standards. They embody all the new attractions which we find in any car.

Practically every Mitchell part is built in our own plant. It is built from steel which is made to our formulas. It is built to our strength requirements. Yet, because of our methods, we often build them for half what we could buy them for from parts makers.

Go study the results. See the extras, see the oversizes, see the added luxuries. See the standards which have won to the Mitchell a host of far-famed engineers.

If you are buying a fine car—a car to keep—you will find this the car you want.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

Mitchell Models

The Mitchell is built with eight styles of bodies—

Touring Car	4-Pass. Cabriolet
Roadster	Convertible Sedan
Coupé	Demountable Top
Limousine	Club Roadster

Mitchell Junior is built with Touring Car and Roadster bodies only.

Quoted prices, of course, apply only to open models.

They'll Get You Yet

Hundreds are arrested every day for driving too fast.

12,085 speeders were caught in New York last year. Almost as many were arrested in Chicago for the same offense.

Why take such a chance?

You can't possibly guess your speed. And what you think you were driving doesn't go in police court. It's what you know that counts.

Guesswork doesn't save you from that burning humiliation, the annoyance, the loss of time or the fine caused by arrest.

And remember—the more speed laws are broken the more stringent they become. The more you break the law the harder you make it, not only for yourself—but everyone.

How do you expect to get by without a Stewart Speedometer? Protect your own interests. Put one on your Ford today. See that each of your friends has one too.

You can get it for $10—or, mounted in a handsome enameled special instrument board for $11.25.

There's a Stewart dealer in your town. Better get in touch with him today.

Your Ford also needs a thoroughly dependable warning signal. Most accidents are due to lack of proper warning. Don't rely on a weak little "buzzer" to clear the way for you. Get a Stewart Warning Signal—either hand-operated, or motor-driven. They are the best designed, best built and most used signals in the world.

Stewart V-Ray Spark Plugs have four sparking points. With them in your Ford motor you get four times the service from your plugs—and what's even more important, you are always sure of a big hot spark under all possible conditions.

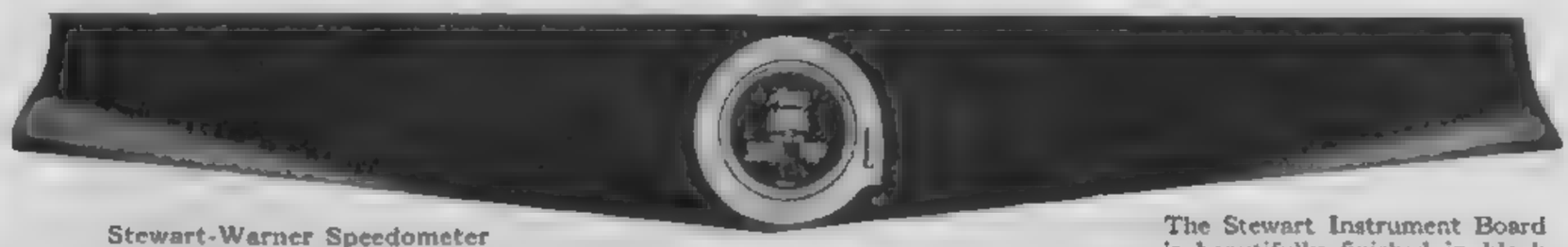
Don't overlook these great Ford car accessories. Any Stewart dealer has them in stock—all ready to attach.

If you are looking for an automobile accessory of any kind first see if Stewart makes it.

Stewart

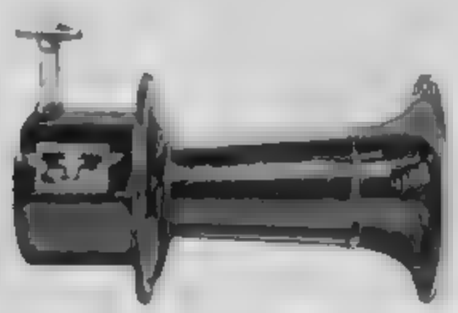
Products For

Ford Cars



Stewart-Warner Speedometer and Instrument Board for Fords.

The Stewart Instrument Board is beautifully finished in black enamel with the Stewart Speedometer mounted in the center. It adds a finish and a touch of distinction to the Ford dash. Price complete $11.25. Speedometer only, $10.00.



Stewart hand operated Warning Signal for Ford cars. It gives a clear, loud, warning note.

Price $3.50.

Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug
Price $1.00.

Stewart Products are for sale by leading jobbers, accessory dealers and garages everywhere.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation, Chicago, U. S. A.

ALIEN ENEMIES

(Concluded from Page 25)

aliens could be sequestered in their districts. Their residences could be examined for arms, explosives, and the like, after the method used by the English Home Office.

The English Government took this step immediately upon the declaration of war.

A rigorous search was at once made by the police in the houses of resident aliens, in their clubs, and in all places where they would be likely to resort, in order to remove at once any destructive devices that might be used against the government.

Effective steps would have to be taken by the American Government to protect all its internal methods of transportation and the productive industries upon which its armed forces would depend for supplies and equipment. The destruction of railroad and telegraph lines, bridges, tunnels, and the like, might effect a great national disaster by preventing a mobilization of national troops or causing the failure of supplies to the army or navy.

It would be well for us to carry in mind the warning which English authorities gave to the Home Office when that department, early in the war, announced that it had discovered no conspiracy on the part of alien enemies to commit outrages of this character. It was very pertinently pointed out that alien enemies would not undertake destructive work of this character until the time should come when such outrages would be most effective. The time to destroy bridges, tunnels, and the like, would be on the day when the government was endeavoring to hurry its troops into mobilization.

We do know how effectively active aliens and foreign-sympathizing citizens in this country have been in the destruction of munitions plants, in obstructing commerce-carrying vessels and avenues of our foreign trade. To such an extent have these depredations been carried that the Attorney General has asked the Congress to pass special legislation to cope with these conditions.

There is another feature of this matter, which the French and English authorities urge us to consider: They maintain that the German foreign policy laid down in their countries by resident alien enemies contemplated the embarrassment of their governments, in the event of war, by the organization of industrial strikes.

Resident aliens, at German direction, are to endeavor by industrial dissatisfaction to cripple the country of their domicile in the hour of a national crisis. The prime essentials for putting a nation on a war basis are efficient transportation and an adequate supply of coal; and after that comes the mobilization of her national resources.

The German Empire took care to see that it could not be embarrassed in these directions. Her railroads were organized with a view to military mobilization. They are controlled by a colonel in the German Army. This officer is at the head of a military division able to operate the whole line. The government has fifty-four military companies of railroad engineers, with trained assistants; so that, no matter what the civil population should undertake to do, the army could at once, and for any length of time, operate all the railroads in the empire.

Having taken this precaution for herself it is her policy, we are warned, to cripple her enemies in this vital quarter.

French authorities say that German agitators undertook to organize the railroad employees in France, with the object of insuring a strike at a time when the railroads might be needed for national mobilization. In support of this contention they cite the Mesnard pamphlet, an anonymous publication scattered all over France. This pamphlet appeared within a short time after the German Government had voted a credit of a very large sum of money "to defray the expenses of foreign publications useful to the policy of the empire."

And English authorities point out that the Agadir incident, which might have precipitated a general European war in the summer of 1911, was precisely coincident with one of the worst and greatest industrial strikes in all the history of the English Empire.

It is suggested that this is a field in which resident alien enemies are conspicuously active. No one is to be permitted to presume that our citizens engaged in our productive industries or in our systems of transportation, or the like, are any more apt to be influenced by foreign enemy agitators, or are in any less degree patriotic, than other portions of the people; in fact, it is from these classes that the effective fighting forces of the nation are recruited, and it is from them that the Government, in peril, always receives its steady, unwavering support.

But it must also be remembered that our productive industries are more easily open to the activities of the resident alien enemy than perhaps any other of our lines of endeavor.

In the face of the present situation the American Government, looking to the national defense, must have the intelligent coöperation of the whole people. And the whole people must realize how matters stand, so that they may be able to make efficient such protective measures as the Government may deem advisable.

A TALK WITH PRESIDENT LI

(Concluded from Page 7)

Well, that was plain enough, to be sure, and entirely diplomatic. There was, as you will observe, no mention of any other nation, by name or by implication. The president said nothing about Japan or Russia, or called the name of any country except the United States. But any man who knows the conditions in China, any man who is honest in his view, will interpret that statement in only one way, and that way is this: If China is to be saved from becoming a suzerainty of Japan the United States must save China; and the sure way to do it is to develop China by American capital, of which the country has so great a supply, and thus prevent the large investment of Japanese money and all the obligations on China that Japanese investment will entail, concerning which I shall write at a later date.

"But, Mr. President," I said, "the investment of capital cannot be made without guaranty of the security of government and the guaranty of its protection. We constantly are told that this government is insecure, and that the Republic of China is merely a shell of a republic, and not long to endure."

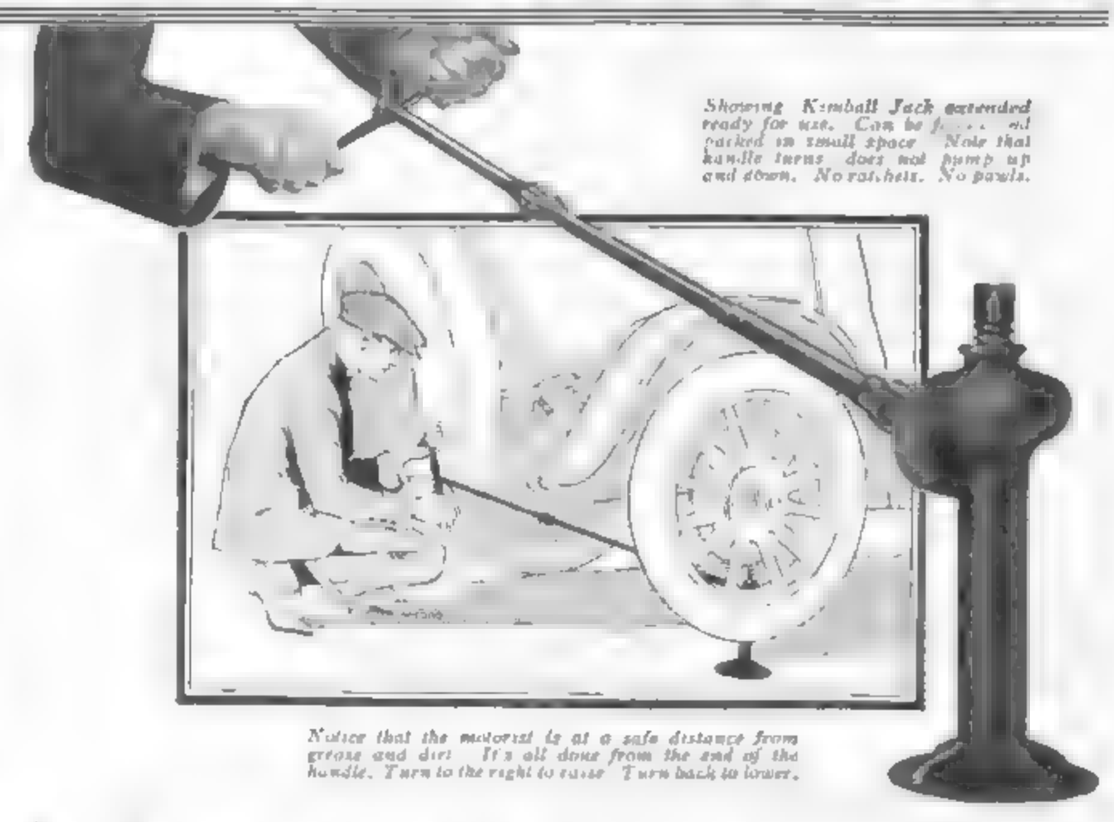
"I know that," the president replied; "but I call your attention to the fact that the Republic of China has withstood three revolutions and one attempt to return to a monarchial form of government; and that to-day the Republic is steadily and safely progressing. We are making a constitution. We are reforming our system of government in the provinces. We are extending our suffrage. We have ample security for all our loans. Not a foreign loss was entailed in any of these revolutions that has not been amply and promptly compensated. Our salt income this year has netted sixty-nine million dollars. Our maritime customs are increasing. Our other revenues are being systematized. Intrinsically China is solvent and will continue so; and the Chinese Government has the power to protect and will protect any investment made within our borders. There need be no fear on that score."

I asked him about the domestic political situation—which is mixed, to be conservative about it.

"We have a party system," he said, "and naturally we have party strife. There are many conflicting elements and much partisan bitterness. We are afflicted, like your country, I understand, with a certain press that foments such discord as there is. We have our share of political mendacity. We fight for political advantage; but the government is not threatened. Elements in the government, or outside of it, may fight one another; but, varying as our political beliefs are, and strenuous as is the championship of them, and tortuous as is the intrigue, the republic itself is stable, and will continue so to be. If American capital will come American capital will be protected."

Then we talked of other things—of the army, of the parliament, of the new constitution, of the weather, of the beauties and the wonders of Peking, of Americans the president had met, of American institutions—and had another cup of tea.

KIMBALL BALL BEARING AUTO JACK



Showing Kimball Jack extended ready for use. Can be folded and packed in small space. Note that handle turns; does not pump up and down. No ratchets. No pawls.

Notice that the motorist is at a safe distance from grease and dirt. It's all done from the end of the handle. Turn to the right to raise. Turn back to lower.

A few easy turns on the long handle

Raises and lowers your car without effort—no hard pumping up and down—no dirty work—no trouble in lowering the car

This new invention, the Kimball Auto Jack, is unlike any jack you have ever seen before.

You don't have to pump it up and down. Its long handle *turns*. It raises and lowers the heaviest car with ease.

Avoid inconvenience of old style jacks

You don't have to crawl under your car to operate a Kimball Auto Jack. The long handle saves all that inconvenience. All raising and lowering is done by turning the end of the handle. You never get near dirt or grease.

When you use the Kimball, you avoid bumping your head, injuring your hands, and ruining your clothes.

It is much easier to raise a car with a Kimball; you do only about one-fifth the work you have to do with an old style jack.

And it's no trouble at all to lower your car. You don't have to get under the car and struggle, as you do with the old style jack. You give the Kimball a few easy reverse turns, and down sinks the car without a single strain or jerk.

With a Kimball, a ten-year-old boy can raise or lower the heaviest car.

Exclusive Kimball features

Diamond point hardened steel top with *bull-dog grip*. Holds anywhere, won't slip. Ball bearings carry the lift and thrust, reduce friction and make jack work easily. No pawls; no ratchets. No kick-backs or handle blows. Ball socket holds handle rigid while sliding jack under car. Long handle permits lifting any car without getting under it. Nothing to get out of order. Folds up; comes in small bag; takes up little space in tool box. Raises heaviest car with ease. Simple, positive, dependable.

Now standard equipment on all Pathfinder and Franklin cars. Will be used by other high grade cars as standard equipment in 1918.

Special Truck Jack

We also manufacture a special Kimball Truck Jack that easily raises any size truck. It has an extra long handle and extra wide handle grips, which make it very easy to operate.

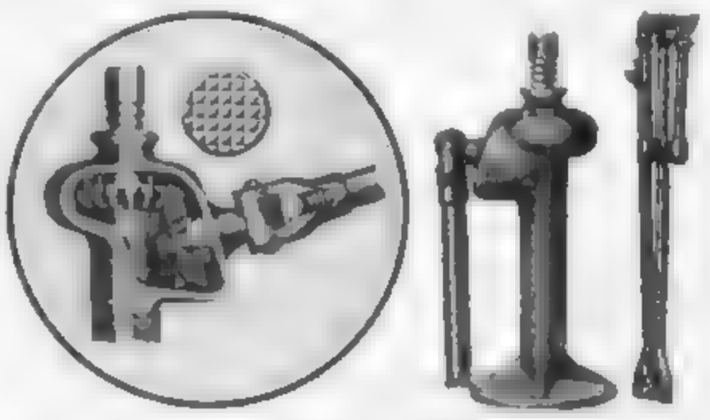
Get a demonstration.

Prices

Size	Minimum Height	Extended Height	Price
No. 1	9″	15″	$4.50
No. 3	11″	18″	5.00
No. 4	12″	20″	5.50
No. 5	Truck Jack		15.00

The diamond point hardened steel top. Grips hard and never slips.

Showing bevel gears, ball bearings and worm.



Folded ready for tool box. A strong bag is supplied with each jack.

Sales Department

EDWARD A. CASSIDY COMPANY, Inc.

280 Madison Avenue, New York

Manufacturers F. W. Mann Co., Milford, Mass.

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

Don't Starve a Good Battery

We men at the Willard Service Stations often have occasion to make that statement.

For nine times out of ten when a car-owner comes to us with battery trouble it's due to the simple fact that the battery has been allowed to go hungry or thirsty—or both.

I take one look at the hydrometer reading and it shows the specific gravity is 'way down. That tells the story!

The battery hasn't been kept fully charged and filled with distilled water.

If this simple rule is followed, it means battery health and long life.

Neglected, it means repairs by a battery expert.

If your battery is a Willard, you have good value to start with, for over 150 car-builders (the vast majority of all whose cars are electrically equipped) include Willard Batteries in their regular equipment.

Anything with such an endorsement back of it is worth taking care of.

Drop in to see me. I'll tell you how to *prevent* battery troubles—and if you need repairs, I'm the man to make them, for I got my battery education from factory-trained experts.

By the way, I have a rental battery for you, if yours needs repairs.

The Willard Service Station Man

Ask your car dealer for addresses of the 850 Willard Service Stations, or write to the Willard Storage Battery Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

Coöperate With these Car Builders

The builders of the cars listed below give you the advantages of Willard quality to start with.

Coöperate with them by letting Willard Service help you keep the battery in good condition.

Abbott-Detroit
Am. La France
American Six
[illegible]
Argo
Apperson
Armleder
Austin

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Cas
Chalmers
Chandler
Chevrolet
Columbia "Six"
Commerce
Crawford
Crow
Cunningham
Cutting

Daniels
Dart
Davis
Day-Elder
Denby
Detroiter
Dixie
Dodge
Dort
Drexel
Drummond

Eagle-Rotary
Elcar
Empire
Excelsior

Federal
F. I. A. T.
[illegible]
[illegible]

General
Gersix
Glide
Gramm-Bernstein
[illegible]

Halladay
Harroun
Haynes
Herff-Brooks
Hollier "Eight"
Houghton
Hupmobile

Inter-State

Jone[illegible]
Jordan

Kent
King
Kissel-Kar
Kline
Knox

L. C. E.
Lane
Lexington
Liberty
Lippard-Stewart
Locomobile
Lozier
Luverne

McFarlan
McLaughlin
Madison
Marion-Handley
Martin
Meteor
Metz
M. H. C.
Moline Knight
Monarch

Monitor
Monroe
Moon

[illegible]
National Motor Truck (Canada)

Old Hickory
Overland
Owen Magneti

Packard
Paige
Pathfinder
[illegible]
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[illegible]
[illegible]
Pierce-Arrow
Pratt
Premier

Reo
Republic
Richmond
Riddle
Roamer
Rush

Sayers-Scoville
Simplex
South Bend
Spaulding
Standard
Stanley
Stearns
Stephens
Studebaker
Sun

Thomas

Velie

Westcott
Willys-Knight
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WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

Willard Batteries are sold by car dealers, garages and all Willard Service Stations and Factory Branches.

"I AM through experimenting now. Occasionally I have been persuaded to try other toilet soaps when I read of their wonderful claims, but, disappointed, *I always came back to Pears'*. Pears' is standard in our house now. Whenever the supply happens to run low I immediately get another dozen."

That is the oft-told story of the person who has once known the satisfaction of using

Pears' Soap

Pears' leadership didn't "just happen." Pears' leads because it has all that care, skill and time can put into a toilet soap to make it perfect.

Aged a Year

First of all, Pears' is made of the purest materials blended with all the soap-making wisdom of the largest manufacturers of high-grade toilet soaps in the world. Then every cake is put away to *age* a full year before it is offered for sale. The year-aging rule is never broken. Thus, every drop of moisture is lost and your cake of Pears' comes to you 100% soap.

Pears' (unscented) is 15 cents a cake; box of one dozen, $1.50. Its only odor is the refreshing fragrance of the choice oils of which it is made. Pears' Glycerine Soap (scented) is 20 cents a cake; box of three cakes, 51 cents.

Begin with Pears' today—or are YOU coming back?

[illegible] stamps brings you a Testing Cake of unscented Pears

Walter Jeavier, U. S. Agent
419 Canal Street, New York

Uncle Sam—Economy Expert—By Forrest Crissey

AT Madison, Wisconsin, is a Government laboratory so alive with the constructive spirit of modern engineering, so intelligently devoted to the practical service of commerce and industry, that its work has won the admiration of Old World specialists engaged in parallel lines of investigation. Its big job is to inoculate America's second largest industry with the thrifty, profit-gathering germ known as the By-Product.

Diagonal Compression Test of Barrel

Perhaps you are unaware that there is a single great industry in the United States which has not yet secured a thoroughly successful culture of this wonderful waste-saving microbe, on which most big lines of manufacture depend for the greater part of their profit. Such, however, is the case; and some time ago the results of this neglect were so serious that Uncle Sam saw he must do something about it himself or witness the swift and wanton depletion of one of his greatest natural resources. So he started into the profession of economy expert, specializing along the line of helping the lumber and timber interests and their customers to stop squandering the splendid fortunes in forests given by Nature to the American people.

The United States Forest Products Laboratory is the largest and most elaborately equipped experimental laboratory in the world for making original investigations in the more economical use of woods. It opened for business June 4, 1910, and, in the words of one of its admirers, "has justified its existence at least once a day ever since." Its field of inquiry is every phase of wood utilization that is of practical commercial importance to-day, or that promises to become so in the immediate future. All its work is done without fee, and it will go to as much pains in teaching an enterprising farmer how to treat his fence posts or silo staves to prolong their service, as to instruct a great timber company in some new means of saving waste. In a word, it will, to the limit of its abilities, give to all reasonable demands the time and attention necessary to satisfy them.

Old Prejudices Removed

It does not sit still and wait for problems to be brought to its doors, however. It has set itself the stint of finding out everything that it can learn about the nature and uses of the woods of the United States and the elements that have a material bearing on their commercial value. Already it has made more than a hundred thousand tests on more than a hundred commercial species of woods, every one of them aimed to answer a practical, sensible question that wood sellers and wood users are asking in order to save waste and prevent wanton sacrifice of this great natural resource. In timber testing alone the laboratory averages five thousand experiments a month.

Another important task this laboratory has performed is that of liberating millions of dollars' worth of woods from the stupid and unfounded decrees of superstition and tradition that have shut them out from certain uses to which they are well adapted. In this field alone the laboratory has undeniably justified its cost many times over, for it has freed to urgent commercial use, through its scientific demonstrations, an annual volume of woods, before neglected and taboo, worth several million dollars.

To-day there are more than a dozen big industrial companies in the United States that have installed large plants for treating their own poles or timbers with preservatives. In almost a literal sense the laboratory has set these great waste-saving concerns up in business. Of course Uncle Sam has contributed nothing to their outfitting in the way of financial capital; but in his capacity as an economy expert he has given them the most important capital of all—the technical knowledge worked out by his force of scientists in the Forest Products Laboratory; the processes that have been tested and proved under the authority of the Federal Government. This part of the work has a very direct relation to the protection of human life through preventing a large proportion of the cave-ins that would occur if the mines throughout the country continued to use only untreated timbers.

Testing Boxes and Cartons

Another notable mission performed by this unique laboratory is that of saving the shippers of merchandise hundreds of thousands of dollars in loss and waste by preventing them from sending their goods in boxes, cartons and packing cases of inferior construction and materials—containers unfit for the service demanded of them.

The breaking of boxes and smashing of packing cases is a science at the great laboratory, and the box maker who attempts to market a new product knows to a moral certainty that some prospective customer will send a small shipment of the containers to be tested by the experts and the special machines at Madison. For all practical purposes this laboratory has standardized the business of box making and put it on a scientific basis. It is impossible to compute, with any reasonable chance of arriving at a fair guess, the annual saving to shippers resulting from the facts established by the box tests at the Forest Products Laboratory; but the sum is surely a big one. Possibly it is several million dollars.

In taking a preliminary look over the varied fields of usefulness preëmpted by the Forest Products Laboratory, however, do not lose sight of the fact that its big job is that of economy expert. It must not only learn how to utilize a far greater proportion of those parts of the forest and of individual trees now wasted but also to make better use of the lumber now produced. By-Product, we all know, is the middle name of every meat-packing concern of any size or importance in America. If the available statistics of the packing industry are to be believed, the burden of profit bearing rests wholly on this secondary product. The main output—just plain Meat—escapes from the packing house without paying its board and leaves By-Product to hold the bag, settle the score and pay dividends.

In the lumber industry this thrifty burden bearer has been conspicuously absent.

Careful investigations established the fact that, in general practice, only about twenty-five per cent of the standing timber of a forest found its way to the commercial lumber pile—the rest being waste.

Lumber in its various forms has not only been forced to carry the whole load but it has been treated with less manufacturing intelligence and victimized by more blundering and abuses in its marketing than probably any other of our important products. Of course, in the end the consumer was the one who had to pay the toll for this criminal waste. While this was bound to be heavy enough to make the consumers of the present day sit up and count their change, it was sure to fall with cumulative weight on the consumer of the second and third generations.

It was a consideration of this situation that moved Mr. Gifford Pinchot and his associates to determine that the second greatest industry in the United States could no longer be allowed to blunder along without a practical, working partnership with By-Product. The clever idea of hooking up the plan for a great Forest Products Laboratory with some state having important lumbering interests was hit on. Coöperation of this kind was thought to be almost certain to bring good results.

The plan was tentatively placed before the state universities of several commonwealths having big lumbering interests, and nearly all of them rose to the bait with cheering zest. The University of Wisconsin was finally selected as the partner of Uncle Sam in this paternal project.

The university furnished the site, built a two-story brick building costing fifty thousand dollars, contracted to provide heat, light and power. Uncle Sam's part of the work is to furnish the equipment and the staff. Considering the fact that of the eighty-five persons regularly on the laboratory pay roll more than fifty are highly trained scientists, and the further fact that about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of equipment is already in use at the laboratory, it will be seen that the Federal Government is carrying its fair share of the load.

This equipment consists of a strange assortment of devices, ranging from huge timber-testing machines to a "baby retort" for distillation purposes. A perfectly good dungeon, or "rotting pit," is one of the star features of the strange place, which also maintains an official cemetery for the burial of posts, poles and timbers of almost every kind.

The Objects of the Laboratory

Perhaps the clearest idea of the full scope of this fascinating work is to be had from the terse, technical outline given by Director Howard F. Weiss, in these words:

"The Forest Products Laboratory is a laboratory of practical research. Its aim is to promote economy and efficiency in the utilization of wood and in the processes by which forest materials are converted into commercial products. In doing this the purpose is:

"To secure authoritative information on the mechanical and physical properties of commercial woods and of the products secured from them.

"To study and develop the fundamental principles underlying the seasoning and kiln-drying of wood, its preservative treatment, its use for the production of fiber products—pulp, paper, fiber board—and its use in the manufacture of alcohol, turpentine, rosin, tar and other chemical products.

"To develop practical ways and means of using wood that, under present conditions, is being wasted.

"To coöperate with consumers of forest products in improving present methods of using them; also, in formulating specifications and grading rules for commercial woods and materials secured from them, and for materials used in the preservative treatment of wood.

"To make the information secured available to the public through publications, correspondence, and other means.

"Anyone is at liberty to correspond with the laboratory about particular problems dealing with the utilization of wood and will receive whatever information is available on the subject. Such information is, of course, furnished free. The staff of the laboratory is also available for consultation work provided the problem under consideration has some bearing of general interest. Our investigations are divided into the following general lines: 1—Timber Tests—strength tests; 2—Timber Physics; 3—Pulp and Paper; 4—Derived Products; and 5—Wood Preservation."

Most of the visitors at the laboratory are manufacturers or their representatives—men who are seeking the solution of serious and practical problems to be worked out on a big commercial scale. It is likely, however, that no delegation ever visited the laboratory and left so large a feeling of satisfaction behind as the thousand Wisconsin farmers who came to see—as many of them later confessed—just how foolishly the state was spending a part of its tax money.

Large numbers of these doubting delegates from the soil came in their own automobiles, and the procession of machines, standing in close formation, occupied the highway for a distance of almost a mile. The reason why these farmers left such a glowing feeling of satisfaction with the force of scientists at the laboratory was that they had come expecting to see a plant devoted to finespun scientific theories, and poorly calculated to accomplish anything practical for anybody—particularly for a farmer—and left feeling that they had discovered about the most useful government institution in existence.

After the inspection was finished one of the farmers put his impression in these words:

Dividends of Usefulness

"I may as well confess that I came here with a well-grounded notion that I should find almost nothing in the work of the laboratory that had any real, practical, money-saving relation to the business of running a farm right now—to-day. Probably I should have been willing to admit that we might come across some things of use to the big lumber companies. We all know there is a lot of waste in the lumber business, and I was willing to concede that, as the supply of timber began to run out and the cost of producing lumber continued to increase, the lumber industry would have to stop running things with quite so high and loose a hand and find out how to cut the corners a little, and that these young men of the Forest Service might be able to show the way out.

"If anybody had told me that an inspection of the laboratory would show me how I might save enough money on the farm, by putting in practice anything worked out here, to pay the proportion of my taxes that goes to the support of this institution, I should have laughed at the suggestion as being absurd. Now I am going home to put into practice several things I have learned here to-day, any of which will save me more than enough to pay all my state tax for the year. If the United States Government or the state of Wisconsin can show me another investment of the public funds that yields a higher return in dollars and cents every day in the year I should like to see it. Why, to-day I have seen shingles that have been so successfully treated with chemicals that it is practically impossible to set fire to them. I have seen treated posts that refuse to rot under conditions that would have reduced those on my farm to a state of complete uselessness; and I have learned a whole lot about how to pick out the right kind of lumber for certain important farm purposes.

"There is quite a lot of standing timber on a part of one of my farms and I am sure the leads I have picked up here to-day from these young men will result in my making a much more intelligent and profitable use of that timber than I should have made if the laboratory had not done the practical work it has shown us to-day. I'm proud of this institution; it's a paying concern and I'm coming again."

On one occasion a group of young men in the timber-testing department found difficulty in keeping their faces straight when a school-teacher on seeing a timber break under the carefully measured strain of a testing machine exclaimed:

"Oh, dear; it's broken! Isn't that too bad?"

Hardly a week passes that does not bring to the laboratory several visitors from foreign countries. Many of these are scientists connected with government schools or institutions where the technical study of wood is carried on with true Old World thoroughness. The alert young investigators of the laboratory learn much from these guests of the wood products of other lands. Perhaps the visiting chemists from

(Continued on Page 78)

Value maintained!

Good shoe leather has never been so scarce. The leather market has never been so upset.

But the Crossett factory doors have been barred tight against the slightest quality compromise.

Crossett Shoes stand today for an individual and definite standard of value. Stout, flawless leather. Strong stitches. Absolute comfort.

You have rarely seen such stylish yet comfortable shoes as those we offer you in this Spring of 1917.

Lewis A. Crossett, Inc., *Makers*, North Abington, Mass

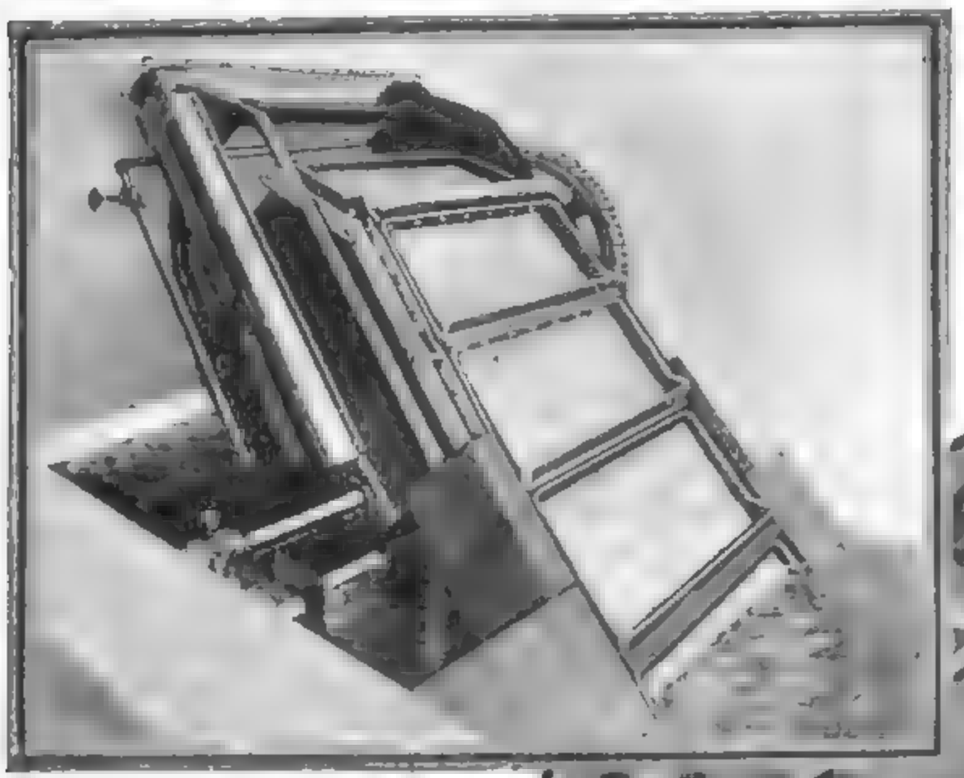
CROSSETT SHOE

"Makes Life's Walk Easy"

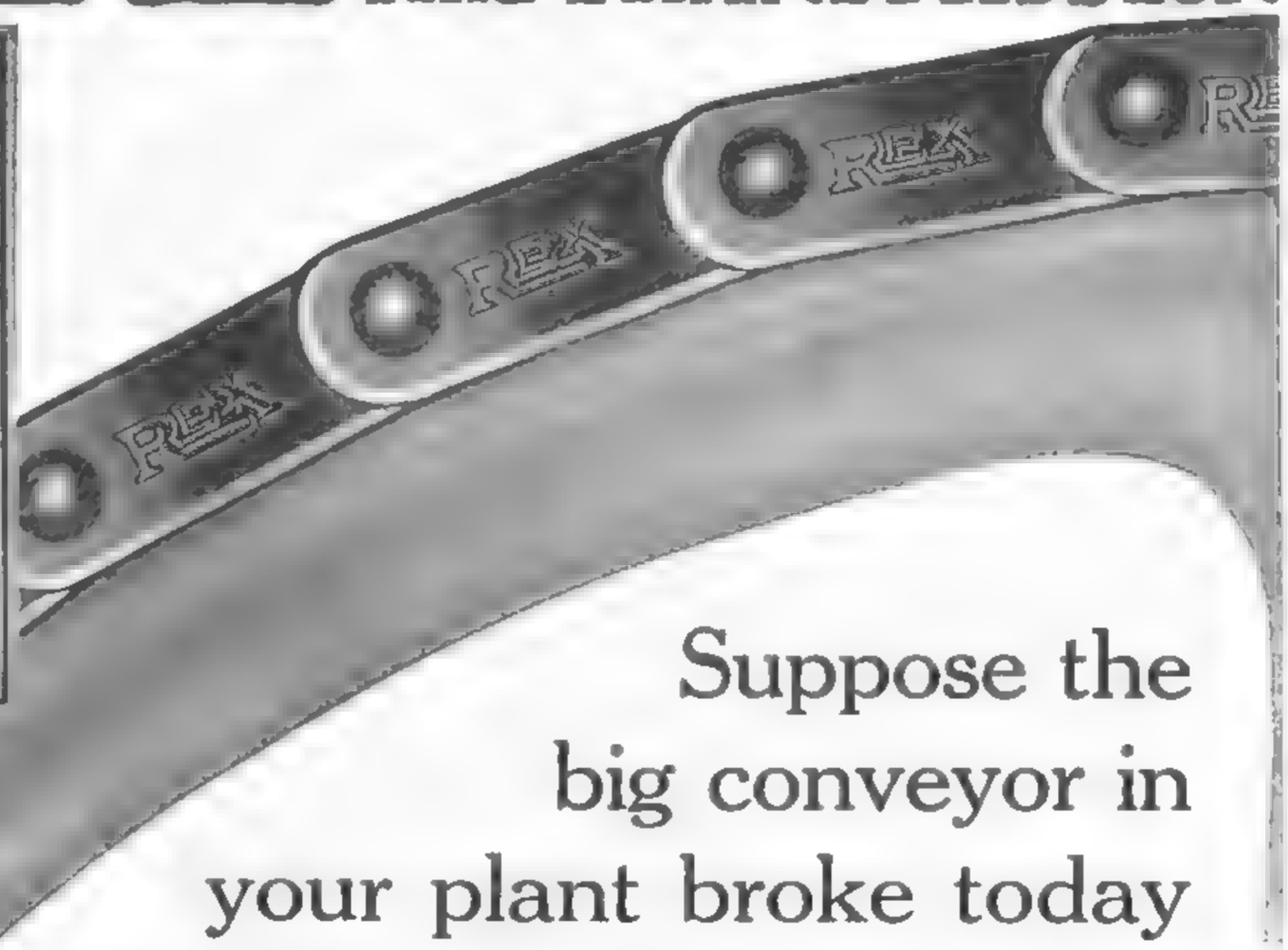
Priced $7 to $12

Stock No. 185

REX CHAINS For ELEVATING CONVEYING And TRANSMISSION



Rex Traveling Water Screens are used to clear water of all debris, before taking it into the plants of such firms as Commonwealth Edison Co. Chicago, Union Electric Co., St. Louis, Illinois Steel Co., Chicago; Edison Illuminating Co. Detroit, etc. Information on request



Suppose the big conveyor in your plant broke today

What would be your loss? To some plant owners it would mean thousands of dollars' loss, to say nothing of the delay—and in these days delay means distress.

On every elevator, conveyor or drive—large or small—in your plant there is one all-important thing that determines whether it is going to run or fail you, and that thing is the chain that carries the load.

Firms that realize this specify Rex Chain on equipment they order, and find it dependable under all conditions.

A few of the big firms that use Rex Chain are:

Milford Canning Company, Milford, Ill.
International Harvester Company, Chicago
Holeproof Hosiery Company, Milwaukee
West Virginia Pulp & Paper Co., Covington, W. Va.
Great Southern Lumber Co., Bogaluse, La.
Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company, New York
R. A. Johnston Company, Milwaukee
Buick Motor Company, Flint, Mich.
Paige Motor Car Company, Detroit
Ford Motor Company, Detroit
Presto-Lite Company, Indianapolis
Jones & Laughlin Steel Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Over thirty million feet of Rex Chains are now in use in such industrial plants of this country—enough to reach from New York to San Francisco and back again.

We have a distinctive claim to make if you are interested in chains for these purposes: agricultural machinery, canning machinery, saw mills, lime and cement plants, packing houses, pulp and paper mills, ice houses, tanneries, breweries, oil wells, power plants, sand and gravel plants, mining machinery, glass plants, automobile plants, drilling and trenching machinery, fertilizer plants, steel mills, and on all forms of elevating, conveying, transmission and concrete machinery.

It is our great confidence in our product and the great need for that product in every industrial plant that enable us to make a claim of such breadth.

Write us for our literature. Tell us the use you are considering for Rex Chains. Our Engineering Department has had twenty-five years' experience to draw on when advising you about chains for elevating, conveying and transmission machinery.

REX MIXER

For PERMANENCE in CONCRETE

Rex Mixers have made good on jobs of all kinds and sizes—from laying a piece of sidewalk to building the Catskill Aqueduct. They are furnished in all sizes, from the one shown here (4 cu. ft.) up to the larger mixers and pavers. Catalog G sent on request.

Concrete to be permanent must be properly mixed

Proper mixing means machine mixing with an unfaltering, positive, yet flexible drive—the drive that comes from an unfailing, easy running chain.

Several years ago we decided to manufacture a mixer, every part of which would be of a quality equal to that of its Rex Chain drive. The Rex Mixer is all we aimed to make it.

Throughout, it is of the same high quality as Rex Chain, on which our reputation of twenty-five years had been built. Rex Mixers have the design, capacity and durability that answer the requirements of contractors in every branch of their work. Our engineers embodied in REX the qualities that meet the requirements of the largest possible number of contractors; they have eliminated the weak points common in other mixers.

Some of the Contractors using Rex Mixers:

George A. Fuller Company
Smith, Hauser & Maclsaac, Inc.
Raymond Concrete Pile Co.
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R.
Nash-Dowdle Co.

Contractors everywhere acknowledge the superior qualities of Rex Mixers. These firms are constantly using them and will tell you why they meet their requirements.

Rex Mixers are made in sizes of four cubic feet, wet capacity, and up. The Rex has a steel frame, steel truck, cast semi-steel drum, friction clutch, chilled semi-steel rollers and steel housing over the gasoline engine. Every gasoline-driven Rex Mixer is equipped with a Rex Engine.

You can have any capacity. One small Rex Mixer may be the entire equipment of a contractor in a small town. On the big jobs you'll find ten or more mixers, some perhaps of the largest sizes. Get in touch with the nearest Rex distributor. If you do not know who he is in your town, write us now for complete information and interesting booklets about Rex Mixers.

Makers of

Rex Chains for elevating, conveying and transmission
Sprocket Wheels—Gears
Shaft Couplings and Collars
Malleable Elevator Buckets
Rex Paving Mixers
Rex Concrete Mixers
Traveling Water Screens

Write for interesting booklet on any of these

CHAIN BELT COMPANY (Established 1891) 751 Park St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Chain Belt Company, 30 Church Street, New York
W. B. Louer Company, Rex Mixer Representative, Old Colony Building, Chicago

Solving the Paint Problem

All worth while house paints contain *some* white lead. The better kinds are *chiefly* white lead. The best kind is *pure* white lead and linseed oil,

Mixed to Your Order

—any color you desire—by an experienced painter.

You cannot paint your house without using white lead; the more the better; the better the lead the better the paint.

CARTER
The White
WHITE LEAD

is the last word in pure white lead, and a name you should remember; it stands for beauty, durability and economy.

Ask your painter to show you "The Paint Beautiful" Portfolio, showing the latest and most artistic color schemes. Write for our free book, "Pure Paint," a Text Book on House-painting. It contains four color plates from the elaborate Painter's Portfolio.

Carter White Lead Co.
121st and So. Peoria Sts.
Chicago

(Continued from Page 75)

other countries contribute most, in this informal way, to the scientific resources of the laboratory.

Comparatively few foreigners visit the laboratory with whom correspondence is not later exchanged. On returning to their own countries these visitors generally give talks and addresses before technical or scientific audiences, with the almost universal result that their description of the United States Forest Products Laboratory draws out a large number of letters from their hearers who are stimulated to seek at first hand more specific information. On the other hand the laboratory staff finds an acquaintance with technically trained visitors from other lands a distinct asset, as this personal contact frequently opens the way to extend correspondence of the greatest possible assistance along research lines. In this way, as well as by the force of the big commercial results achieved by the laboratory, it has become in no small sense an international institution.

A glimpse into the chemical researches of this laboratory reveals perhaps the most fascinating, though certainly the least spectacular, line of activity carried on there. This work has a wonderful range and diversity, in spite of the fact that a high percentage of its investigations is along the line of wood-preservation work. It touches Paper and Pulp Making; Derived Products; and even Timber Physics. In a word, chemistry cannot be entirely shut out from any phase of industry and commerce, or from any line of wood-utilization research. Like petroleum, it penetrates everywhere. It must be reckoned with in all that touches the work of waste saving and higher efficiency in the utilization of wood and all the products that come from it.

Consequently the chemical staff of the laboratory is an uncommonly able one.

The way work involving chemical research is planned and put through seems to furnish an especially apt illustration of the general policy of the laboratory as a whole. This is: First, find out what are the really worth while problems in the industries using wood and its products; next, work out in the laboratory what appears to be a practical and satisfactory solution of each problem; and, finally, have the broad practicality of that solution thoroughly tested and proved on a commercial scale by securing the active coöperation of manufacturers who will try it out in their own plants.

Enormous Savings Possible

Almost all successes achieved by the chemists of this laboratory—and they are numerous and important—have been scored by following this sound, constructive plan. Always the aim is to make every move pay in a commercial way at the earliest possible moment. To do this means the exercise of sound judgment in picking the problems in which time, money and scientific effort are to be invested; the careful planning of the research work in the laboratory, making haste slowly and with scientific thoroughness; and, at last, a broad commercial test in as many industrial plants as possible.

When the work reaches the stage of being tried out in private manufacturing plants the experts who have worked on the problem in the laboratory are sent out to see that equipments and conditions are right, and to help in making the methods determined in the laboratory a success in the commercial plants.

There could be no better example of the success of this policy than the progress of the work of wood preservation. It is hardly stepping outside the lines of literal truth to say that this laboratory has put wood preservation on the map and made this most direct form of waste saving known and practiced wherever mine timbers, piles, posts, ties and poles are used. Scores of large concerns have gone into timber treating on a generous scale as a direct result of the activities of this laboratory. They apply the methods worked out and furnished to them by the laboratory. Many of them are mining companies or their subsidiaries; the others are either large users of poles and ties or are in the field for the purpose of securing timber-treating contracts.

It has been conclusively demonstrated that cave-ins, due to the breaking of the supporting tunnel timbers, are far less frequent when those timbers have been subjected to the preservative treatment standardized by the laboratory. Under average conditions untreated timbers in mine tunnels should be renewed at least every third year in order to be safe; timbers treated by the laboratory have been in mines for more than nine years and are still entirely sound. They are examined by representatives of the laboratory at regular intervals, and these experts report that there is every reason to believe that they will not require replacement until they have served at least a dozen years.

In a case of this kind the saving in the cost of timbers is perhaps the smallest part of the economy effected; the reduction of labor and operating expenses and the eliminating of frequent interruptions to production are extremely important elements in this phase of economy. Accidents are the costliest kind of waste that a mine may have, and the clear demonstration that accidents may be greatly reduced by timber treating is a service of the highest order.

Treating Plant for Ties, Mine Timbers and Poles

Of course it should be remembered that wood-preservation work was being carried on by the Forest Service in a systematic and scientific manner before the laboratory was built—in fact, the present director was for some time chief of the Office of Wood Preservation in the Forest Service, when the great laboratory was the unrealized dream of a few ardent young scientists and foresters.

The pioneer work in wood preservation done by the Forest Service previous to 1900 had stimulated a few of the most progressive companies in the industry to install experimental timber-treating plants. As early as 1900 there were some eight or ten of these plants in the United States, but all of them together used only a few million gallons of creosote and a small quantity of zinc chloride—the two preservatives most extensively employed.

Since the establishment of the laboratory, however, the business of treating timber with preservatives has gone forward by leaps and bounds, and to-day there are more than a hundred commercial timber-treating plants that each year use in excess of a hundred million gallons of creosote and nearly thirty million pounds of zinc chloride.

In a commercial way comparatively little has been done in treating timbers with preservatives outside of crossties and telephone and telegraph poles. The railroads of the United States, in 1910, for example, put in about thirty million treated crossties as against a hundred and twenty millions that were untreated. This was for both new track and the replacement of old ties. The cost of these ties was more than seventy-five million dollars.

Naturally the results of this work have been carefully studied and checked by the laboratory and its field experts. The opportunities for comparison were highly favorable. The laboratory makes the impressive statement that its estimates indicate that if all the ties, poles, posts, piling and mine timbers used in 1910 and since then had been treated with preservatives according to the best methods known, the annual saving would have been not less than seventy million dollars. Quite a tidy sum and well worth Uncle Sam's special efforts as an economy expert!

A Mining Man's Lesson

In at least one line the big railroad, telegraph, telephone and mine companies do excellent teamwork with representatives of the United States Government; they pull shoulder to shoulder in making extensive experiments to determine the life of treated and untreated wood material under every condition of exposure naturally met with in ordinary usage. This coöperation between private corporations and the National Government is significant and encouraging. More than forty sets of test material—some of them quite extensive—located in various parts of the country where the conditions of exposure are decidedly different, are inspected at regular intervals by members of the laboratory staff, and the results are carefully recorded, analyzed and published in a form intended to be of the greatest possible service to all having a practical interest in the subject of wood preservation. Scores of important conclusions have already been arrived at by this means; but, as a whole, these observations have shown conclusively that the life of wood used in exposed situations, or in contact with soil or water, may be multiplied by at least three through the intelligent use of preservatives.

The head of a coal company became interested in the possibilities of wood preservation and visited the laboratory at Madison, where he was escorted to the "dungeon," or rotting pit, where treated and untreated woods of almost every commercial kind are subjected to about all the agencies calculated to work swift and sure deterioration that science has thus far been able to devise. Then he was shown the outside "cemetery," where pieces of the same posts and timbers are buried for the purpose of placing a check on the results of the rotting pit. In other words, this curious cemetery secures by natural means the destructive results obtained in the laboratory in a much shorter time by artificial agencies.

After the manager of the coal-mining company had been shown the difference in the deterioration of treated and untreated woods and had listened to crisp and pointed explanations of the various experiments, he declared his intention of establishing a treating plant large enough to take care of all the timbers used in his mines. He was surprised at the small sum required to install the plant. In the work of putting up the plant and getting it started he had the advice and active assistance of an expert detailed from the laboratory. This occurred several years ago, and the records show that the consistent use of this plant has reduced the company's annual consumption of timber one-half, though only a part of the timber used has been treated.

This case is cited because it is thoroughly typical of scores of others, many of them showing still greater economy gains.

If the laboratory confined its application of preservatives to the woods commonly

(Continued on Page 81)

The Maxwell Sedan

$985

THE Maxwell Sedan offers all the advantages and conveniences of two cars—one closed and one open type—with but one investment and one maintenance cost.

It is only a moment's work to raise or lower the windows. When the car is open it is a perfect touring car; when closed, it is as snug and comfortable as the most luxurious electric car or limousine.

This sedan is built on the regular Maxwell chassis, insuring the ease of operation, the sturdiness and the economy in upkeep for which Maxwell cars are famed the world over.

Dealers not now having a demonstrator on hand are advised to order at once. In our opinion, which is based on the attitude and actions of the public, this car is destined to create a tremendous all-year-round demand.

Roadster $620; Touring Car $635; Town Car $915; Cabriolet $865, completely equipped including electric starter and lights. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.
Canadian prices: Roadster $870; Touring Car $890, f. o. b. Windsor, Ont.

Maxwell

Motor Company, Inc.-Detroit, Mich.

JAP-A-LAC

HOUSEHOLD FINISHES

Why not have clean white enamel in the old bedroom? Put the same finish on chairs and bedstead.

This kind of Jap-a-lac gives new color and durable newness at the same time. Good for floors and woodwork too.

This is the Jap-a-lac Varnish that puts on durable brilliancy without changing the color.

Treble the life of your screens. Jap-a-lac Screen Enamel costs less than new screens.

This is a tough weather resisting paint. Ability to stand floor wear makes it suitable for any outside use.

They'll All Come in Handy this Spring

Floors begin to show wear, a chair needs new color, a fresh coat on the baseboards would make them look like new—each month some surfaces, indoors or out, need attention.

Taking these things in hand early is true economy. There's less labor in keeping the home spick and span when floors, furniture and woodwork are not allowed to get run down. Truly here "a stitch in time saves nine."

Jap-a-lac Household Finishes are made for just such up-keep work. There are many kinds. They're all good. Each one does a particular kind of job and does it well.

You can get further assurance of these good wearing qualities from the fact that Jap-a-lac Household Finishes are the most widely used products of their kind. Only true goodness can gain such world-wide use.

Let this list be your spring painting guide.

Jap-a-lac Household Finishes Include—

Jap-a-lac Varnish Stain

Jap-a-lac Floor and Interior Varnish

Jap-a-lac Enamel

Jap-a-lac Gold Paint

Jap-a-lac Aluminum Paint
A practical, silvery finish for wood or metal.

Jap-a-lac Porch and Floor Paint

Jap-a-lac Screen Enamel
A durable enamel for screens and other metal surfaces. Black and green.

Jap-a-lac Stove Pipe Enamel

Jap-a-lac Graining Color
A tough varnish for producing natural grain effects, over Jap-a-lac ground color.

Jap-a-lac Crack and Crevice Filler

Do the Little Things Yourself—but Call in a Practical Painter for the Big Jobs

If you are building a new home or refinishing the old one in a big way, go to a practical painter and be sure that he uses Glidden Architectural Finishes (Varnishes, Enamels, Stains, etc.).

Jap-a-lac Household Finishes sold by dealers everywhere. Send for color card and interesting, instructive booklet.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO., CLEVELAND, U. S. A.
THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

GLIDDEN

(Continued from Page 78)

used for crossties, poles, piles and mine timbers, its usefulness as an Economy Expert would suffer a severe handicap. Instead, it has recognized the necessity of finding cheaper woods thus far unsanctioned by tradition as suitable for use as crossties, poles and posts that may be made so through the use of preservatives. Extensive experiments along this line have been made with the loblolly pine of the Southeast, the jack pine of the North and the lodgepole pine of the Rocky Mountain States. These varieties have been found entirely suitable for crossties when properly treated with preservatives. The varieties are abundant in their various sections and have heretofore been very cheap, because considered almost commercially useless save in a very restricted way. In the last five years, however, the use of these pines for crossties has doubled.

No matter in what line of investigation they may be engaged, the scientists of Uncle Sam's Forest Products Laboratory invariably keep constantly in mind the possibility and economic advantage of introducing to a broad commercial use woods that have been generally neglected. This persistent and systematic search for efficient substitutes for woods which have been so extensively used in large lines of manufacture that they are becoming scarce and extremely high in price is undoubtedly one of the best things Uncle Sam does as an Economy Expert. That chemistry, by means of a preservative, should be able to impress several cheap and neglected woods into the substitute ranks where the need for them is acute, must be considered as a distinct scientific achievement. It is another interesting proof of the penetrating power of chemistry considered from the viewpoint of commerce.

Saving Wasted Chemicals

In the field of chemistry a most important part of the work of the laboratory is along the line of standardizing wood preservatives—finding those that will do the work at the lowest cost and preventing waste in their use. A wide range of waste products offered by other industries have been tested by the laboratory to determine their possible usefulness as preservatives. Altogether about thirty preservatives have been elaborately tested with regard to their possible effectiveness in checking the growth of fungi, their penetrative properties, their staying powers after they have once permeated the wood, their effect on the strength of the wood, and their corrosive action on steel, iron or other metals commonly used in connection with wood. Many curious and unexpected results have been brought to light by these investigations.

Perhaps the most important one is that much more creosote and zinc chloride are commonly used in the commercial treating plants to-day than is necessary to get the best results. One of the Forest Service experts puts this significant discovery in these terms:

"If the toxic values ascertained as a result of the extensive tests in the laboratory are correct, there is in present practice from ten to twenty times as much coal-tar creosote and one and a half times as much zinc chloride being forced into the wood under treatment as is necessary to prevent decay. Of course it is well in common commercial practice to be on the safe side in the quantity of the preservatives used, to make generous allowance for leaching, evaporation, or any other changes liable to affect the strength of the treatment; but waste on so large a scale is unwarranted, and the laboratory has done a useful work in showing the users of wood preservatives how they can save a high percentage of their chemicals. In many plants this economy alone will mean the saving of many thousands of dollars a year."

Another interesting discovery is that, as a general thing, highly viscous oils do not readily penetrate wood, while the oils of low viscosity sink in easily. Again, it has been conclusively demonstrated that the best results are obtained when both the wood and the preservatives are heated during the treatment.

In removing one of the most serious objections to the use of wood paving blocks the laboratory has performed a distinct public service. Because of its ability to stand up under heavy traffic, the ease with which it may be kept clean, and its comparative noiselessness, wood-block pavement has come into high favor in many of America's large cities. On the other hand, the tendency of the blocks to "bleed" under strong summer heat has been a serious handicap to the popularity of this otherwise highly desirable form of paving. When pedestrians discovered that they could not cross a pavement of this kind, when a hot sun was beating down on it, without carrying away large quantities of tar on the soles of their shoes, they suddenly developed a most decided sentiment against creosoted wood-block paving. The chemists of the laboratory saw that here was a big, live, practical problem which needed solution.

The Vacuum Treatment

They finally hit on a method of treatment that appears to be thoroughly effective in preventing the blocks from bleeding after they have been laid. This treatment consists in drawing a vacuum on the blocks both before and after their treatment with preservatives. A test pavement of blocks treated in this way may be seen in Quincy Street, Chicago, between La Salle Street and Fifth Avenue. The eastern half of the street is laid with blocks treated in the old way, while the western half is paved with blocks subjected to the improved Forest Service method of vacuum treatment. The eastern half, which was not given the double vacuum treatment, bleeds profusely when the sun beats fiercely on it, while, at the same time, the western half, which did receive this treatment, remains clean.

When the investigations of the Forest Service showed that this country suffers an annual loss of about eight million dollars from sap stain in lumber the authorities of the laboratory saw that here was another opportunity for Uncle Sam to demonstrate in a new way his efficiency as a waste saver. This liability of lumber, after it has been cut and piled, to be attacked by a fungus called blue stain was decidedly discouraging to lumbermen.

At first the laboratory reached the conclusion that caustic soda would probably prove to be effective; but rather extensive experiments with this agent on the part of large lumber companies were not satisfactory. Later, however, the persistent experiments with which the laboratory has assailed this stubborn problem have seemed to demonstrate conclusively that sodium fluoride will not only eliminate the sap-stain trouble but that, because of its strong antiseptic qualities, it is well calculated to assist in checking decay during the storage of the lumber. Fortunately this chemical is comparatively cheap. Though the demonstrations thus far made with sodium fluoride have been clearly successful, they have been on a comparatively small scale; and, therefore, the laboratory is not yet ready to give this treatment its unqualified indorsement until it has been tried out in a big way by some of the large lumber producers. This policy obtains in every activity of the institution.

Active coöperation with individual and corporate concerns was part of the policy of the Forest Service before the laboratory was called into being. The men who have been most active in the work of the laboratory started several experiments many years ago on which the laboratory, from almost the day of its opening, has conducted a long series of searching observations with most important results.

One of these experiments was made ten years ago in coöperation with what is now the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Sets of experimental poles were placed in lines running out of Buffalo and Poughkeepsie, New York, and Savannah, Georgia. From the studies made of these poles many valuable conclusions have been reached. One is that the poles last longer when used in the region of their natural habitat than when put out to service in climatic and soil conditions which are strange to them. Another is that fewer badly decayed poles were found in the lines running through swamps than in drier situations. Also, it was discovered that untreated poles, charred or set in crushed stone, showed less decay at the ground line than those set in sand. Perhaps the most important general principles arrived at through these observations are that a preservative, to be really effective, must penetrate several inches into the wood and that plain tar coatings have been found quite inefficient in preventing the decay of poles.

Lifting the ban of prejudice from woods that have been shut out from their natural uses is a big economic task and one that only a scientific institution commanding universal confidence could successfully carry through. Regarding this phase of the laboratory's work, Mr. H. S. Sackett, timber engineer of the Forest Service, says:

"The hickory tree produces wood of two colors—red heartwood and white sapwood. For many years most of the users of hickory products excluded the red heartwood from their specifications, for the reason that they thought it was not so strong and resilient as the white sapwood. This resulted in great waste in the use of the hickory tree, as in many cases the heartwood makes up more than fifty per cent of the entire cubical content. In order to determine whether there was any foundation for this prejudice against red hickory the Forest Service conducted, in coöperation with the vehicle associations, a large series of tests and found that the discrimination was largely unwarranted. The tests showed that when the red hickory was as dense as the white there was practically no difference in their quality and strength. As a result of the tests by the laboratory the Isthmian Canal Commission changed its specifications for pick handles, shovel handles and similar products to include a large amount of the red hickory. Many other large consumers have likewise changed their specifications. This has made an immense saving in the sacrifice of this valuable wood. Red hickory is now permissible in a majority of hickory specifications; ten years ago it was rigidly excluded."

Tests for Hardness

"The laboratory has worked out a method of determining the hardness of various woods by pressing a steel ball into them. This is a far more important form of standardization than at first it might seem to be.

"The rapid extension of telephone and power lines in the West makes the question of a pole supply one of increasing importance. This is particularly true in the Southern Rocky Mountain States, an area quite far removed from the source of supply of standard poles. In this territory there are found large quantities of both green and fire-killed lodgepole pine and Engelmann spruce. Users of poles have been backward in making use of these species because they lacked confidence in their ability to withstand severe strain. With the idea of determining their relative strength the Forest Service conducted a series of tests on both green and fire-killed timber of these species and in conjunction with these tests ran a series on Western red cedar, which is one of the standard poles now in use.

"The result of the tests showed that both the green and fire-killed poles were sufficiently strong for pole purposes, and thus opened up for use a vast quantity of timber before untouched.

"Long-leaved pine and Douglas fir have been practically the only woods used for the crossarms of poles. Tests with short-leaved pine and white cedar show them to possess ample strength for use as crossarms.

"Additional tests of softwoods are now contemplated, and no doubt many other varieties will be shown to be sufficiently strong for use as crossarms. The big value of all this test work is to broaden the markets for users of this class of material and to enable them to utilize, to a large extent, those woods that are found nearest the point where they are needed."

Experiments in California

"It is a rather curious fact that nearly all the hardwoods in the United States are found east of the Rocky Mountains. In the state of California, extending from San Francisco north to Oregon, in a strip about thirty miles wide, is the great forest of redwoods containing billions of feet of this timber. Mixed in with the redwoods are a few hardwoods, such as the tanbark oak, the madrona, the laurel and a few minor species. Of these hardwoods the tanbark oak is the most abundant and important.

"At present only its bark is used. The barking outfit precedes the redwood logging operations by about a year. The practice is simply to cut down the tanbark oak trees, take off four-foot rings of bark, let the bark dry, and then haul it away, leaving the peeled tree in the woods. In the course of a year there are millions of feet of magnificent tanbark oak logs left in the redwood forests. This tree is of the white-oak family and if given proper treatment by the lumbermen could be very profitably utilized; in fact, it has been demonstrated that if the redwood lumbermen would log the tanbark oak as they do the redwood the lumber secured from it would be worth much more for each tree than they now receive for the bark. As it is now, the tanbark oak is destroyed; for, after the bark has been hauled away and the redwood trees felled, the lumbermen set fire to the woods to remove the débris in order that they may more easily pull out the large redwood logs. In this process of burning, everything goes up in smoke except the redwood logs.

"In order to demonstrate the value of this oak the Forest Service shipped quantities of it to San Francisco, where it was tried out with satisfaction by wagon makers and cooperage concerns. One of the large hotels recently built in San Francisco had its floors laid with this oak. It is estimated that more than four hundred million feet of this beautiful oak have been wantonly burned in the woods.

"It has long been believed that timber cut from trees tapped for turpentine was weaker than timber cut from untapped trees. Users of long-leaved pine have generally specified that only unboxed timber would be acceptable to them. This discrimination has caused a useless waste of about thirty-seven billion board feet of long-leaved pine timber valued at one hundred and eleven million dollars. Tests made by the Forest Service have shown that the chipping process for turpentine has no effect on the strength of the wood, and now the use of boxed timber is becoming general. Here is where the laboratory has done wonderful work as a waste saver.

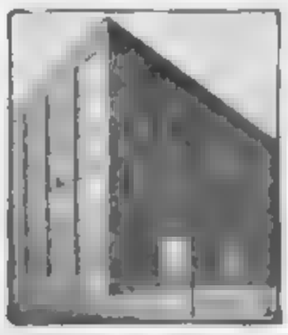
"The general practice among wood-preserving plants in this country has been to steam the timber before treatment. Laboratory tests have proved that steaming wood under pressure for long periods greatly weakens the timber.

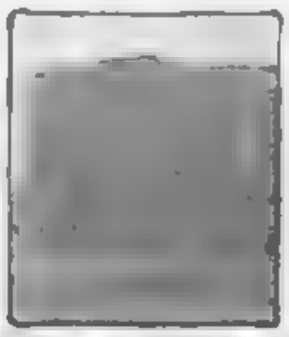
(Concluded on Page 85)

Barrel Outfit for Creosoting Fence Posts

TRADE MARK

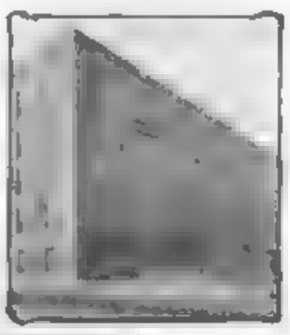
BELTING


TEXTAN SOLES


VALVES AND PACKING

MOLDED GOODS

DRUGGISTS SUPPLIES


RAINCOATS

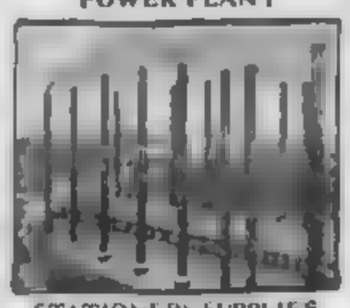
SURGICAL GOODS

MATS AND MATTING

HARD RUBBER GOODS

SPORTING GOODS

POWER PLANT


STATIONERS SUPPLIES

GOODRICH

THE HOUSE OF GOODRICH: ITS CREED

GOODRICH is RUBBER; RUBBER is GOODRICH

They are ONE the world round in household and mill; in man-packed city, or wherever civilization touches finger-tips with semi-savagery

A remarkable domination of an industry by a single institution, this supremacy of Goodrich. A striking imprint of a name on a world product from its raw to its finished state.

Goodrich IS Rubber; Rubber IS Goodrich. *Why is it?*

Look to that frieze of buildings which here frames these pages for your quickest, most compelling answer

Though it lists but a part of the fifty-seven buildings gathered at Akron on the Goodrich site of 101 acres, it does help picture to you the largest and most complete single Rubber Manufactory in the entire world.

WHAT buildings are shown here *suggest* the great size of Goodrich, but they fail to show you the BEEHIVE of *life* and *industry* they house.

They can but *hint* at the 3,772,329 square feet of floor space inside them with a capacity of more than 20,000 employes.

They say *nothing* about 16,000 horse power from Goodrich boilers, and 10,000 horse power from Goodrich dynamos that drive belts, and wheels, and rollers by thousands, and set the great plant aglitter with 20,000 lights

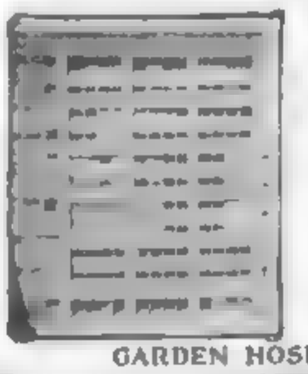
Still less do they voice the 350 telegrams and 9,000 telephone calls that pour daily into them from the four corners of the world; or speak of the 18,000 pieces of mail handled every week day in Goodrich's own post office.

And least of all do they tell of the more than 4,000 distinct Goodrich products, a meagre general classification of which is listed in our frieze.

An *excusable* shortcoming, this last, for not even a Goodrich executive officer knows EXACTLY at one time ALL the Goodrich products that go to make up the 160,000,000 pounds of rubber goods Goodrich annually ships to the peoples of the earth.

FAIR LIST PRICES

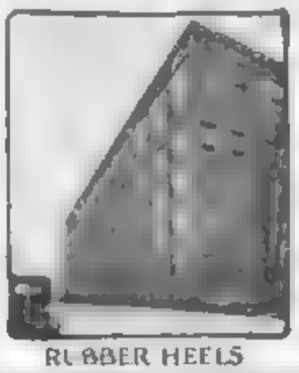
SILVERTOWN CORD TIRES SAFETY TREAD TIRES SOLID TRUCK TIRES


GARDEN HOSE

RAILROAD SUPPLIES

STEAMBOAT SUPPLIES

MINE SUPPLIES


RUBBER HEELS

TRADE MARK

GOODRICH

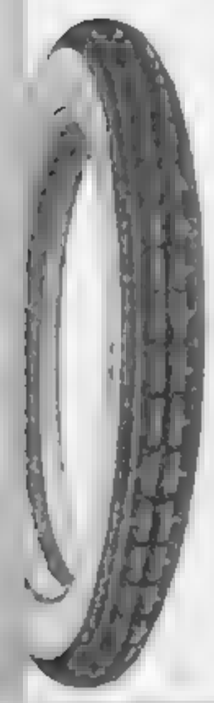
HUNDREDS of thousands of you know that Goodrich Tires—*Silvertown Cord Tires, Goodrich Black Tread Safety Tires Goodrich Wireless Truck Tires Goodrich Motorcycle* and *Bicycle Tires*—literally bear the automobile industry forward on its path of progress: BUT HOW MANY of you know GOODRICH RUBBER BELTS carry rough diamonds out of the mines of South Africa?

You, and thousands of you, know you walk on Goodrich TEXTAN SOLES: BUT HOW MANY of you know that when you step on rubber mats and matting you are TWICE walking on GOODRICH RUBBER?

To live forty-eight years and be merely big, is to be but *fortunate*. The test of a manufacturing institution is *how much* it has written into the advance of the industry, and what benefits it has given to humanity. The factory that scores FIRST in ideas and NEW PRODUCTS is the true LEADER.

FIRST in the development field by seniority, Goodrich has always KEPT FIRST by learning new ways of the earth's great material mystery—RUBBER—to fulfill the needs of mankind, often *anticipating* the needs.

It was no coincidence that Goodrich made the FIRST clincher automobile tire in America, the FIRST *cord* tire, and the FIRST solid rubber tire for automobile trucks, buggies, and carriages. As Goodrich's business is rubber, its organization has always automatically met the NEWEST need of rubber.



BUT of finer significance this: *While Goodrich builded itself, ALWAYS a leap and a bound ahead of the rubber industry, it builded itself into the confidence of people by integrity of manufacture and FAIRNESS of MARKETING*

Here is a triumph of the Goodrich CREED, the moral marketing force that rounds out Goodrich scientific knowledge, experience, and skill of workmen trained in the Goodrich way.

It is a creed which avows a *covenant* not to market an experiment till practical test proves it worthy of the Goodrich name

It is a creed content, *willing*, to give the buyer the benefit of Goodrich's huge purchases of raw material, and Goodrich's secrets of rubber compounding.

It is a creed which backs up a *Goodrich rubber* band with *the same* jealous watchfulness of the Goodrich reputation as a Goodrich tire.

That is ***Why*** Goodrich *is* Rubber—***Honest Rubber***—to the world

THE B. F. GOODRICH COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

HIPRESS BOOTS

STRAIGHTLINE RUBBERS

INSULATED WIRE

MILLING AND CALENDERING

LABORATORY AND TESTING

FIRE AND MILL HOSE

ADMINISTRATION BICYCLE TIRES MOTORCYCLE TIRES CARRIAGE TIRES INNER TUBES

THE · FRANKLIN · CAR

SOME RESULTS OF SCIENTIFIC LIGHT WEIGHT

THE American public seldom fails in the long run to accord recognition where it is due.

It may take its own time about accepting a sound principle in motor-car construction. But the public mind, once awake, is not easily diverted from the issue and does not readily forget *who started it.*

The common-sense American public was bound to turn against the heavy, rigid, complicated car, and demand *lightness, strength, flexibility*—for these things mean *comfort, safety* and *economy.* They mean interpreting car value in terms of service and of *use.* They mean the car as a man's servant: not the man the servant of the car.

* * *

The heavy car is going out of fashion.

Nearly all makers are talking light weight and implying tire and gas economy—but they are *not quoting figures.*

Light weight as a popular talking point is quite another thing from Scientific Light Weight attained by long experience in perfecting fine materials, gaining lightness, strength, flexibility, *consistently* throughout the car.

Franklin *Direct-Air-Cooling* did away with 177 water-cooling parts.

Franklin *flexible construction* did away with torque rods and reach rods and gave the Franklin the *lightest unsprung weight* ever attained.

The latest reports from Franklin owners give the tire-mileage of 215 Franklin Cars well over *ten thousand miles* to the set of tires. And not five per cent. difference between the Open Cars and the Enclosed Models!

You know some Franklin owner, probably several. Many of them, as you know, have owned and driven other makes of fine cars.

Short of driving a Franklin yourself, there is no surer way to get the *motorist's* side of Franklin Scientific Light Weight than riding with a Franklin owner.

You will see him handle his car with *ease* and *safety.*

You will find him taking the *roads as they come*—not humoring his car over the rough spots.

You will note the *comfort,* the freedom from hammer and bump—result of *light unsprung weight* and driving through full-elliptic springs.

Hold a watch on him—he is making *better time from place to place,* a steady, easy gait, miles on end, and no slowing up for hills or stretches of choppy road.

You will see him step out of the car *fresh and untired* at the end of the day's run.

Franklin Scientific Light Weight gives a road ability the motorist can use without working himself.

Check up his gasoline and tires. You will get some new ideas of motor-car efficiency.

* * *

Now, as an *enlightened motorist,* you are looking for *scientific light weight*—its safety, its comfort, its economy. Where are you going to get it? In a car that has had some of its weight taken off to meet the public demand?

Or in the Franklin: the one motor car that is today, as it always has been—a *consistently* Scientific-Light-Weight Car!

Touring Car	2280 lbs.	$1950.00	*Cabriolet*	2485 lbs.	$2750.00	*Town Car*	2610 lbs.	$3100.00
Runabout	2160 lbs.	1900.00	*Sedan*	2610 lbs.	2850.00	*Limousine*	2620 lbs.	3100.00
Four-passenger Roadster	2280 lbs.	1950.00	*Brougham*	2575 lbs.	2800.00	*All Prices F. O. B. Syracuse*		

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

(Concluded from Page 81)

Of course this practice is now being abandoned as a result of the laboratory findings.

"It is the general impression that the manufacture of lumber is a comparatively simple problem, consisting mainly in cutting down trees and then running a saw through them. The fact is that lumber is beset by perils in almost every process of its making. One of the most important and precarious operations is the seasoning. In the old days, when the world was not in a hurry, lumber was allowed to season slowly in the open air for a year or two before being used. By that method our grandfathers were able to build houses and barns that withstood the elements for a century or more. To-day we are using lumber in houses almost before it is cold from the saw. In our big mills to-day as soon as the logs are cut into lumber they are rushed to immense dry kilns and there, by artificial means, are dried in a few hours. This is why a modern house is often actually old at fifteen years, so far as the condition of the lumber in it is concerned. To remedy this condition and meet modern high-speed requirements the laboratory has perfected a method of accomplishing Nature's seasoning in a short time. There is hardly a branch of wood using that is not touched by the trouble of poor seasoning."

The Seasoning Problem

"In the vehicle industry to-day the quick curing of high-class wagon stock is a serious problem. A large wagon manufacturer recently sent to the laboratory a number of oak wagon rims that had been dried in his kiln. The manufacturer explained that he was losing a very large percentage of his stock owing to trouble in seasoning. At the same time he sent to the laboratory a quantity of green rims and asked whether these could be cured in a kiln without this waste. They were put into the laboratory's humidity dry kiln and dried perfectly without even a fraction of one per cent of waste—because they were dried from the inside out and not from the outside in!.

"One of the most difficult species to season is gum, and its introduction into the world's markets was retarded for many years for the reason that lumbermen could find no quick, effective way of drying it. By keeping persistently at this problem, however, the laboratory and the lumbermen have learned to dry the gum. This means an immense economy.

"The losses in air-drying and kiln-drying lumber range from one to as high as seventy per cent in the upper grades of certain species. The laboratory has demonstrated that this loss may be reduced to one or two per cent, or even entirely eliminated, by the proper control of humidity, circulation and temperature; this is done by a special dry kiln which is being adopted complete or in modified form by a number of large commercial concerns in the United States. This kiln is able, as a rule, to season the lumber intrusted to it with a much lower percentage of loss than Nature's method entails."

Here is a case in point that shows just how the laboratory's kiln works in a commercial way:

The head of a firm using two million feet of hardwood lumber a year decided to check up and learn just what loss was sustained by his company in the holding of a year's supply of lumber in its yards. He found that their losses by checking and "degrading" amounted to seven per cent, or ten thousand dollars. An improved humidity dry kiln of the Forest Service type was installed, blueprints having been obtained from the Forest Service.

The cost of operating this kiln amounted to thirty-five hundred dollars during the course of the year and it effected a net saving of six thousand five hundred and sixty dollars.

The Western larch is a wood in which the loss by air drying of upper grades has been found to be as high as sixty, and even seventy, per cent. The laboratory, in its humidity dry kiln, has reduced this loss to as low as one or two per cent. If this reduction of loss could be applied to the entire cut of Western larch the annual saving would be more than three hundred thousand dollars, so far as the higher grades are concerned.

One of the experts of the Forest Service sums up the situation with respect to the possible saving due to the perfection of this remarkable dry kiln in these words:

"If this process results in a saving over former methods of only three per cent in commercial softwoods cut in the United States, and seven per cent in the hardwoods, this will mean a saving of more than twenty-five million dollars a year on this country's total output of lumber; but it must be remembered that much lumber is used green and to this extent the economy possible through correct seasoning would not apply.

"As nearly as we can estimate it the direct saving made possible by the perfection of kiln drying is not less than fifteen million dollars a year. It may be ten million more than that. If the saving in the cost of transportation were to be considered the total economy would be materially increased."

There is still another extremely important consideration which bears directly on the result of this new seasoning process. This is the removal of a strong commercial prejudice against certain woods of which the Western larch is a good example. As soon as the natural users of lumber of this kind come to realize that they can depend on getting it in good condition the inevitable result will be a material increase in the price that it will command. This will relieve the pressure on other woods. All woods of the interlocking-fiber type—like red gum and tupelo—show an immense loss when air dried or kiln dried by the old methods; but when cured in the experimental humidity dry kiln of the laboratory this loss is reduced to almost nothing. This means far more to the wood users of America than can be expressed in mere statistics. It is a big drive ahead in lifting the ban from tabooed woods!

To the visitor at the laboratory, box-testing is the "big circus." Here hundreds of boxes are wrecked by every sort of strain or smash imaginable. Every year our railroads pay claims amounting to many millions of dollars because goods have not been properly boxed. Until the laboratory took up the problem box making was mere guesswork, while box smashing seemed to be an applied art. As the box bill of the United States is about one hundred and fifty million dollars a year the laboratory determined to find out something definite on this score. What it has learned has revolutionized box and packing case building. A man with a new idea in box making took his product to the laboratory and saw it tested. The results amazed him. He had a portable testing device built and exhibited at a national convention of wholesale grocers. The test was spectacular and drew a crowd. In the crowd was one of the largest food-specialty manufacturers in the country. After securing from the laboratory the scientific records of the tests of this box and of the box he had been using, he placed an order for the new type of box that is believed to have broken all records for its volume. The laboratory had not only taught the box maker the value of his product but had also taught him how to demonstrate it to others! There is no means of mensuring definitely how much the investigations of the laboratory are saving the users of boxes and barrels every year, but the sum is a large one.

Alcohol From Sawdust

In the field of Derived Products the investigations of this remarkable laboratory are varied and fascinating. Here is waste saving on a wholesale scale wherever you turn. Official estimates show that about forty million cords of slabs, edgings, trimmings and sawdust are annually wasted. Uncle Sam has done very earnest work as an Economy Expert in this field. Big practical results have been achieved. The laboratory has greatly simplified the reduction of alcohol from sawdust and reduced its cost. It has proved that the distillation of long-leaved pine waste in the South for wood turpentine, tar, pine oil, charcoal and other by-products is entirely practicable. It has developed new methods in the destructive distillation of hardwoods by which much greater yields of methyl or wood alcohol are secured. It has shown the paper makers that the immense volume of waste in yellow-pine slabs, edgings and trimmings is admirably adapted to the making of kraft pulp, the basis of wrapping papers.

About five million cords of this waste is available each year. The pulp and paper industry uses a little more than four million cords of pulp wood a year.

In attempting to provide a substitute for spruce as a pulp wood for the manufacture of "news-print" paper, the laboratory has performed one of its greatest labors. Its experiments in this line have been very extensive, both in the laboratory at Madison, which is equipped with a complete paper-making outfit, and also in the subsidiary laboratory at Wausau, Wisconsin, where it is possible to operate on a commercial scale. This branch laboratory was established in coöperation with the American Pulp and Paper Association.

Spruce has been practically the exclusive pulp wood, for the reason that its fiber is easily secured by grinding, which is altogether cheaper than the chemical method heretofore necessary to separate the fibers of other woods found in the spruce districts. In the earlier experiments it was found that the other woods came from the grinders in the form of wood flour instead of fiber and consequently had no strength when made into paper. On the other hand the added cost of chemical processes has shut these possible substitutes for spruce out of the race.

This has involved a rapid depletion of the spruce forests in the localities where the hundreds of pulp mills have been built. The imminent necessity of moving on to new spruce preserves has not been a pleasant thing for these millowners to consider; and less than a prophet's eye has been required to see the ultimate exhaustion of the spruce supply anywhere near the great centers of news-print paper consumption.

Patiently the laboratory experimented to the end of finding how to separate the fiber of the natural substitutes for spruce by mechanical means. Almost every conceivable form of grinder was used and operated at various speeds and temperatures. What were the results?

Better Methods Coming In

The laboratory has already found how to grind thirteen different woods that make excellent news-print paper and will soon announce several more as entirely available as substitutes for spruce. The woods thus made available for this purpose are far cheaper than spruce—some of them only half as expensive.

Paper from the approved varieties was manufactured in commercial quantities and shipped to daily newspapers in the East and in the Middle West.

Several editions of those newspapers were printed on this substitute stock and gave high satisfaction.

Many other lines of research are going forward at the laboratory that reach far into the future and involve problems immensely fascinating from a scientific viewpoint. The section of timber physics, for example, abounds in these basic investigations that are daily building up a vast and definite store of knowledge concerning the fundamental properties of commercial woods and their products. These results are not yet ready to be divulged.

Meantime, however, Uncle Sam is drilling steadily along in his effort to inject By-Product into the lumber and timber industry, and pull the waste of the forest down from about seventy per cent to something within human reason. In tackling this task he recognizes the fact that this industry faces peculiar difficulties, so far as radical economies are concerned. In the words of a Forest Service expert:

"Before you denounce the lumberman as a wanton waster you should consider that his situation is in many respects peculiar. In what other industry, for example, is a man obliged to buy his total supply of raw material for about twenty years in advance? That is practically what he must do in this line in order to insure a paying basis of operation.

"You may show a lumberman that he could make good money by putting in a fifty-thousand-dollar distillation plant to secure by-products. He'll admit it and then explain:

"'I've been at this job for about fifteen years and have practically paid off my bonds and other debts. What comes in after this year will be my profit. I'm tired of debt—tired of this rough, hard, fighting line of work. I want to clean up and get out—and retire.'

"This is an economic situation that cannot be forced; but the splendid work of the laboratory is correcting it in scores of practical ways. Not many years will pass before the lumber business will find itself on an intelligent by-product basis."

This Drop of 3-in-One Oil Has 79 Uses

How Many Ways Do You Use 3-in-One?

Use 3-in-One Oil to *lubricate* all light mechanisms—typewriters, sewing machines, phonograph motors, cash registers, adding machines and other bank and office mechanisms, guns, fishing reels, automatic tools, magnetos, Ford Commutators, bicycles, cream separators. Use

3-in-One Oil

to *clean and polish* all veneered and varnished surfaces—pianos, phonographs, fine furniture, office desks and filing cabinets, hardwood floors, automobile bodies, golf clubs. Use it to polish mirrors, cut glass, automobile windshields. Use it to make dustless dust cloths and polish mops—very economical.

Use 3-in-One to *prevent rust and tarnish* from forming on all metal surfaces—bathroom fixtures, stoves and ranges, metal parts of automobiles. Use it to *stop the squeaking* of automobile springs, door hinges, locks and bolts. Use it on razors, safety and old-style—makes shaving quicker and easier.

3-in-One is sold at all stores—in the Handy Oil Can, 25c, and in 10c, 25c and 50c bottles. *Use it!*

FREE

Liberal sample of 3-in-One Oil and Dictionary of Uses—both sent *free*. Write us a postal.

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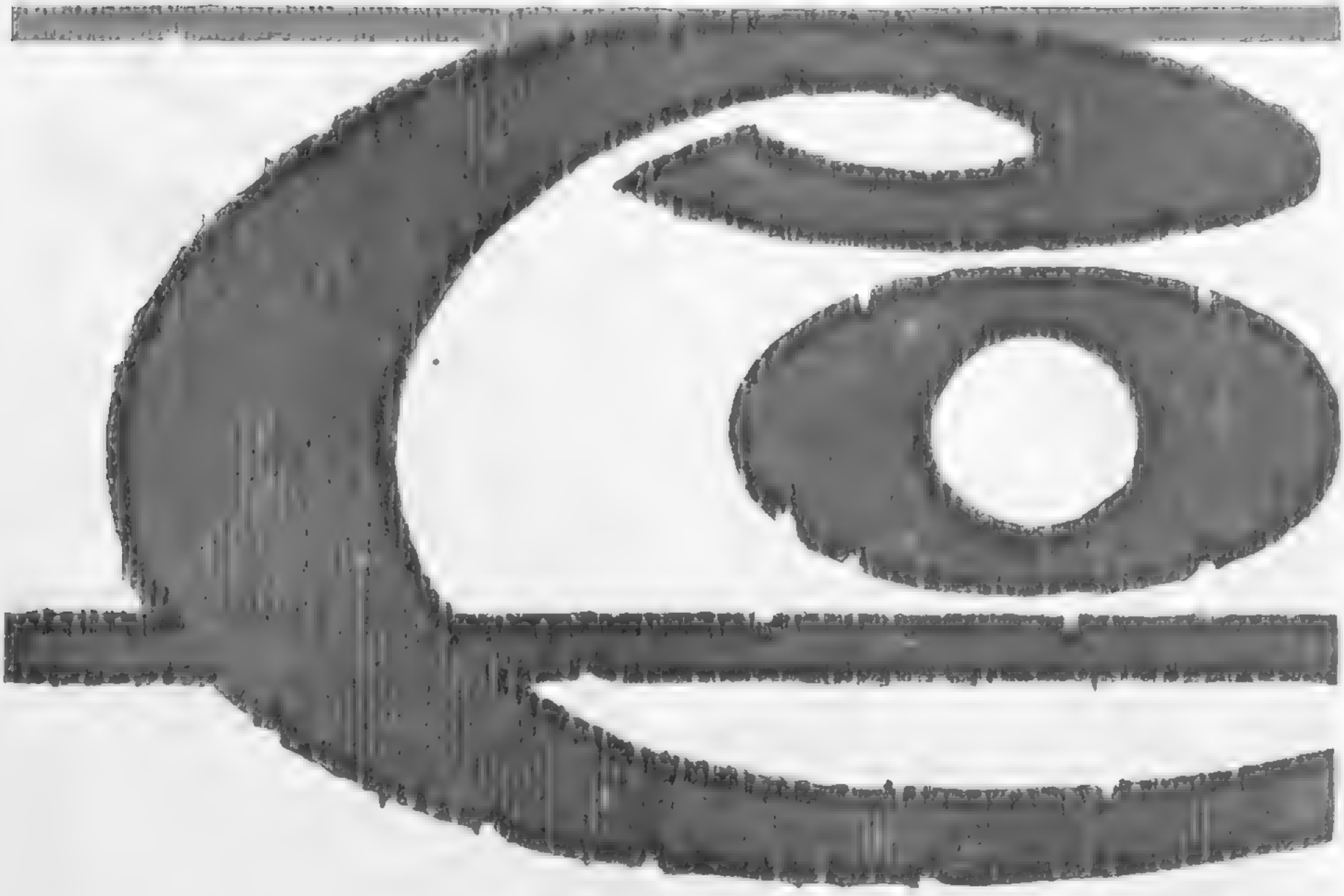


$100 More April First

Another $100 will be added to the price of Cole Eight Touring Cars and Roadsters April first.

The sales of these two models have increased so greatly in spite of a similar advance in price which became effective January first that we are already forced to put into their production materials which we did not think we would be called upon to use until July first.

And these new materials we have been obliged to buy at the present higher prices.

Consequently, we are forced to increase the prices of our Touring Cars and Roadsters ninety days ahead of the date originally set.

Our contemplated production of 10,000 Cole Eights for 1917 will not be disturbed however.

Cars purchased prior to April first may be had at the present price of $1695.

If our dealer in your locality can supply you, you can save $100 by buying before April first.

Cole Motor Car Company
Indianapolis, U. S. A.

United States Prices

Seven Passenger Cole Eight Touring Car,	$1695
Cole Eight Tuxedo Roadster,	$1695
Cole-Springfield Four-Door Toursedan,	$2495
Seven Passenger Cole-Springfield Toursedan,	$2295
Four Passenger Cole-Springfield Tourcoupé,	$2295

Prices f. o. b. factory

Canadian Prices

Seven Passenger Cole Eight Touring Car,	$2395
Cole Eight Tuxedo Roadster,	$2395
Cole-Springfield Four-Door Toursedan,	$3495
Seven Passenger Cole-Springfield Toursedan,	$3250
Four Passenger Cole-Springfield Tourcoupé,	$3250

Prices f. o. b. factory, duty paid

Cole Touring Car and Roadster prices are subject to an increase of $100 April first

Though the *service* differs, the *battery* needn't! COLUMBIAS run autos, engines, motorboats; toys or tractors; bells, phones, or signals. COLUMBIAS give dependable service wherever you use them.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio
In Canada, Columbia Batteries are made and sold by Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario
Fahnestock spring-clip binding posts, no extra charge.

Columbia Batteries

FINANCING WAR

(Concluded from Page 28)

the war has been estimated at more than five hundred million dollars—or, say, one hundred million dollars more than the total face value of the currency issued.

But inflated currency prices inflicted a greater loss upon the public at large. A congressional investigation resulted in the conclusion that while commodity prices, from 1860 to 1865, rose one hundred and sixteen per cent, money wages rose on the average only forty-three per cent. In other words, wages, as measured in purchasing power, very decidedly declined and a heavy loss fell upon those least able to bear it.

Greenbacks, of course, went only a little way in financing the war. Secretary Chase persisted in trying to sell bonds at par, and, on the whole, with rather poor success. Early in 1863 the general situation, military and financial, having taken on a somewhat more promising aspect, a new and very picturesque method of selling bonds was adopted. The Government employed Jay Cooke, an experienced Philadelphia banker, as its general agent for the sale of bonds, paying him a commission of one-half of one per cent on the first ten millions and three-eighths of one per cent thereafter.

Cooke then organized a popular bond-selling campaign, very much like that followed by popular-book subscription houses. He got out attractive pamphlets to advertise the merits of government bonds as investments and to urge the patriotic duty of subscribing for them. He employed twenty-five hundred agents, covering every part of the country; and in many cases these agents went from door to door, after the manner of book agents. As a result of this vigorous campaign, nearly four hundred million six per cent government bonds were sold by the end of the year.

But Jay Cooke was also a big banker, and Congress got full of suspicion. Patriots urged that this method of selling bonds gave opportunity for speculators and bank syndicates to operate nefariously. Secretary Chase, therefore, abandoned it. Yet it had proved so effective, as compared with all other methods then employed, that when he resigned—in June, 1864—his successor promptly returned to it. Of course the outlook then was brighter, and by the end of the following year Cooke and his assistant peddlers had disposed of eight hundred million dollars of government bonds.

Meantime the National Bank Act had come into effect. The act was passed in 1863, but in faulty form, and comparatively little progress was made until its amendment in June, 1864. The idea was to supplant state bank circulation by the circulating notes of national banks, which should be secured by government bonds. This would require the new banks to purchase government bonds and so broaden the market for those securities. The national banks, however, had comparatively little direct effect upon the bond market during the war, because an important part of the number chartered up to the surrender at Appomattox had been in existence as state banks, and already held large amounts of government bonds.

In 1860 the population of the Northern States was little over twenty millions, and their wealth was estimated by the Census Bureau at eleven billion dollars. Their total income has been calculated at about three billion dollars a year. Roughly, this is one-fifth of the present population of the continental United States, one-eighteenth of the wealth and, say, one-thirteenth of the income.

In four years these Northern States spent some three billion dollars for war, two billion six hundred millions of it representing an increase of the national debt. Their net borrowings averaged about six hundred and fifty million dollars a year. An important part of the borrowing by legal-tender notes—was wastefully done. That the United States could now borrow yearly ten times as much seems highly probable.

The big belligerents in this war have issued an enormous amount of paper currency. The Bank of France, at the beginning of February, 1917, had outstanding three and a half billion dollars of circulating notes, and the German Reichsbank nearly two billion dollars—taking the franc and the mark at the normal rate of exchange. But these are bank notes, resting upon securities, commercial paper and gold. The Bank of France at the same date held over a billion dollars of gold, equal to about thirty per cent of its note circulation, and the Reichsbank six hundred and thirty millions of gold, equal to about a third of its note circulation.

Of course the banks are by no means in an ideal position, but there is a great difference between bank notes of this sort and notes that a government issues on its general credit for the purpose of paying its debts.

Circulation of the Bank of England has increased comparatively little, being about fifty million dollars greater in February, 1917, than three years before.

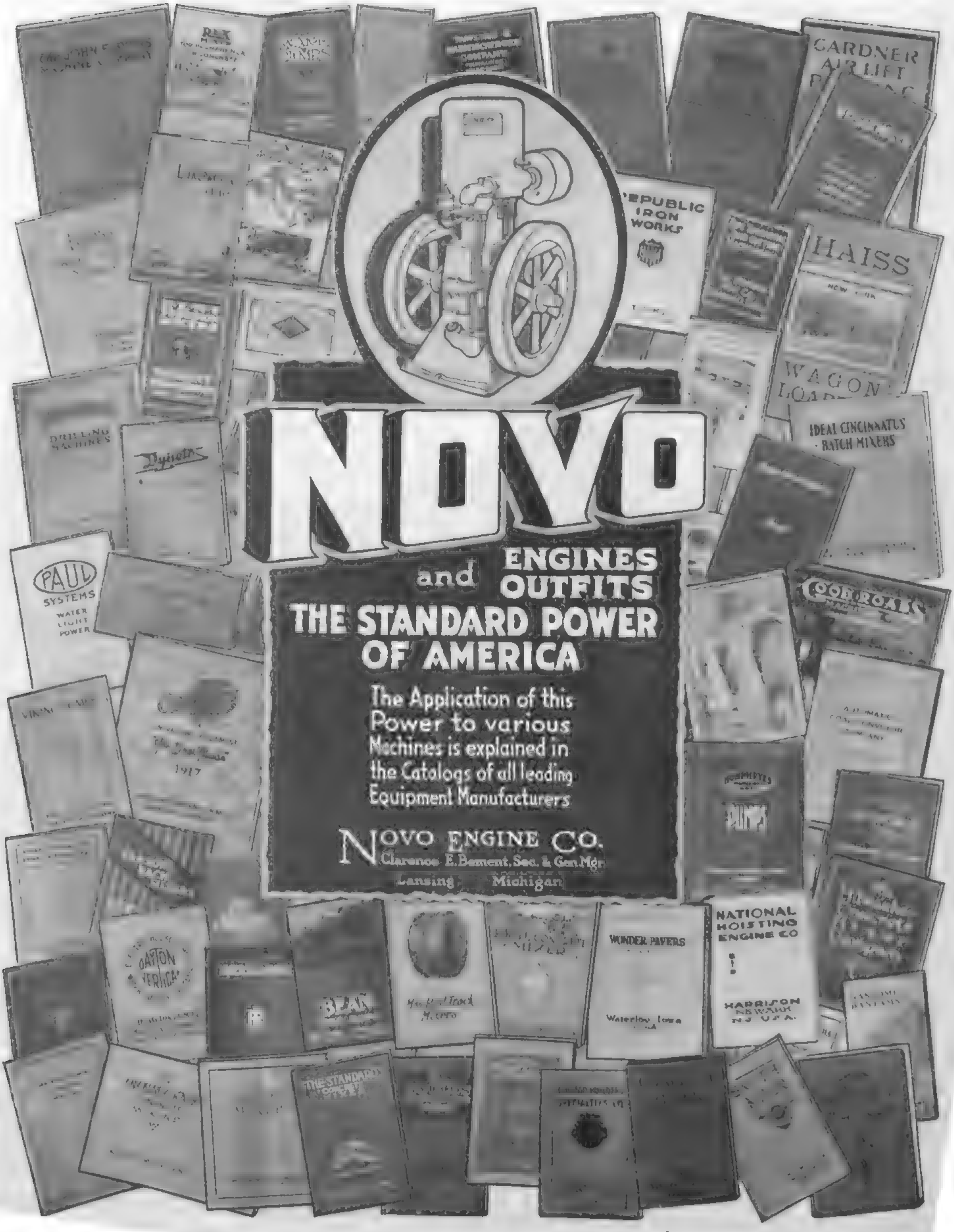
Soon after the beginning of the war the British Government issued legal-tender "currency notes," primarily to meet the banking crisis mentioned above. These notes are like the "emergency currency" provided for by our Aldrich-Vreeland Law, which our banks resorted to at the same time. They were issued through the Bank of England, which lent them to other banks against pledges of equal amounts of commercial paper or government securities.

At the last statement six hundred and eighty million dollars of these "currency notes" were outstanding against which there was a gold reserve of a hundred and forty million dollars, or slightly over twenty per cent. These notes are essentially bank notes, as distinguished from fiat money.

Fortunately the United States now has a banking system that makes unnecessary any such resort to emergency makeshifts in a panic. The fact that it has such a system would undoubtedly be a big element of strength in an emergency, for it would inspire confidence.

What confidence means to the banking and currency situation has been illustrated in this European war. Instead of hoarding gold, the people of Germany, France and England have brought it to the banks, exchanging it for paper money; so that, even in Germany, cut off from all imports, the gold reserve of the Central Bank increased two hundred million dollars in the first seven months of war, aside from the fifty millions which the government contributed from its celebrated "war chest" at Spandau Castle, where it had been lying since it was taken from the French indemnity in 1871.

This country's gold stock now amounts to two and three-quarter billion dollars, which is much more than the stock of England, France and Germany combined. Financially the country is as prepared for war as a country well could be.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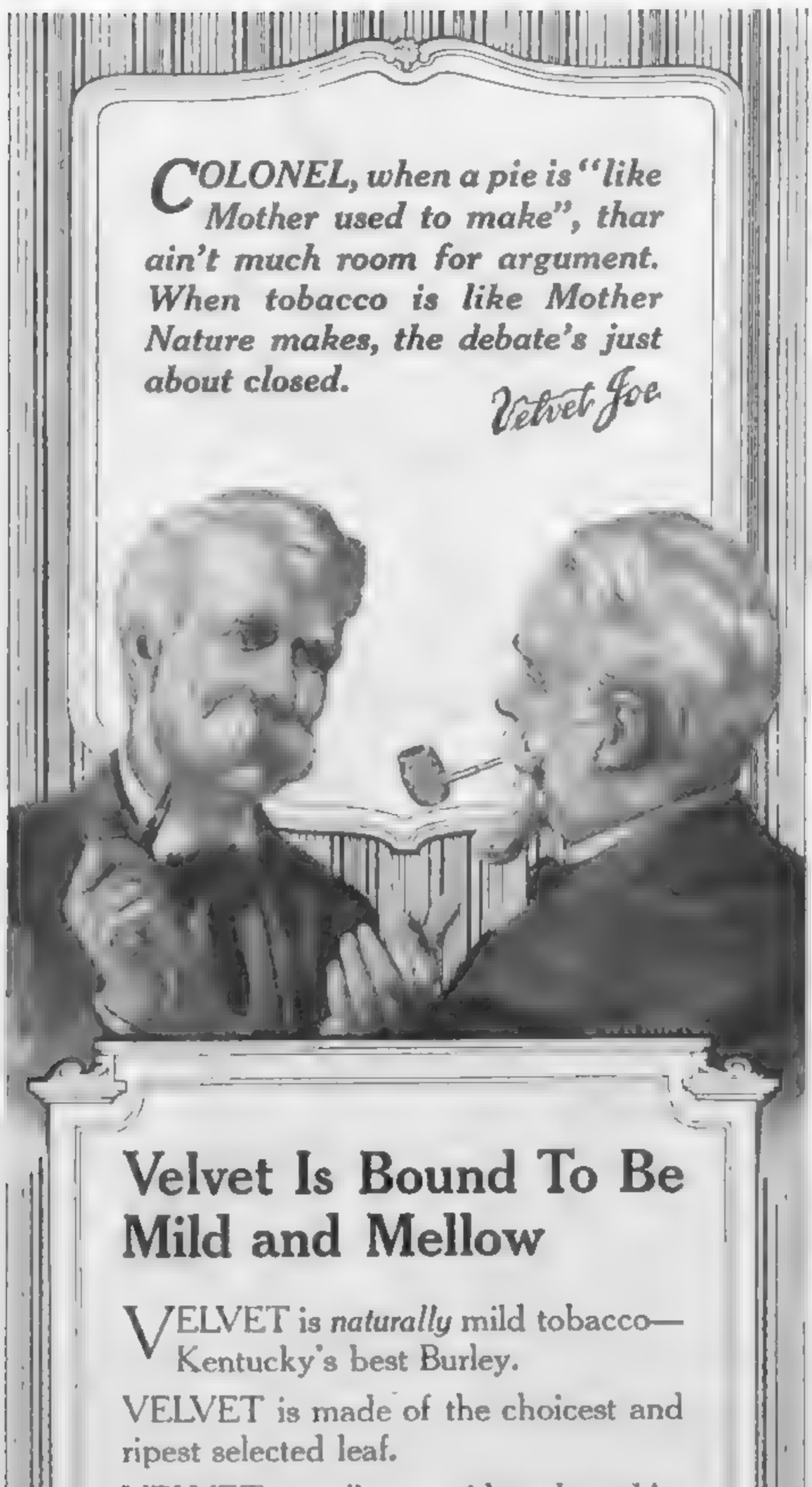
THE STANDARD

COLONEL, when a pie is "like Mother used to make", thar ain't much room for argument. When tobacco is like Mother Nature makes, the debate's just about closed.

Velvet Joe



Velvet Is Bound To Be Mild and Mellow

VELVET is *naturally* mild tobacco—Kentucky's best Burley.

VELVET is made of the choicest and ripest selected leaf.

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VELVET is truly Nature's own pipe tobacco.

Prove this for yourself today!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

5c Bags; 10c Tins
One Pound Glass Humidors

THE DUB

(Continued from Page 18)

whisky and surrendered himself to emotions of revenge. He had primitive impulses and looked fondly at the old-fashioned revolver that hung over the bar. One day he took it down and cleaned it thoroughly. . . .

Life in the Sentinel office proceeded at its newly accelerated pace. Only Miss Lucy seemed to have escaped the fever of revolt.

She continued to dust her shelf of dilapidated volumes with mechanical thoroughness. But her enthusiasms apparently had gone out of her. There was an untraceable rumor that she was growing old.

Miss Allison, on the contrary, had never been so gloriously youthful. There was no gainsaying her enthusiasms. She wrote one inspirational essay after another, smiled dazzlingly upon the staff, and—walked home with Sandringham Wilson.

He could not explain it. He did not mean to walk home with Miss Allison, at least with such regularity. But the matter apparently had been taken out of his hands. He seemed to be at the mercy of some higher force, an invisible and wholly mysterious force that in some way derived its powers from Miss Allison's attitude. This attitude, so far as it could be defined, was one of protracted expectancy.

The city editor observed these matters with a wondering eye and made pointed comment to his chief:

"The poor dub! He could marry the whole property to-morrow—and he doesn't know it!"

The managing editor said only:

"His work is falling off. He hasn't discovered a new animal for weeks."

And then the inevitable happened.

One afternoon, about three o'clock, there drew up in front of the Sentinel office a closed cab, from which a man emerged. He was a large man with intermittent jewelry and a highly decorative goatee. He wore a sketchy black felt hat and a light-tan overcoat that bulged in the region of the breast pocket.

Crossing the sidewalk he began to mount the stairs to the Sentinel office, his progress being marked by an extraordinary eccentricity of movement. He would go up two steps and fall back one. He would look reproachfully at his legs. He would launch a new assault against the stairs. Finally, by clinging to the handrail and counting "one, two, one, two!" he contrived to reach the top.

A door confronted him. He kicked it open. A negro boy, asleep in a chair, met his roving and slightly bloodshot eye. He drew an enormous revolver from the pocket of his overcoat and prodded the boy awake.

"Mr. John Triggs," said he, "calling on the editor."

The negro boy became imbued with astonishing activity. He rose from his chair like a flushed grouse, and uttering excruciating noises soared into the city-room's ken. The next moment the orderly confusion of the Sentinel office was transformed into a scene of spontaneous panic, largely dominated by a picturesque gentleman waving a huge revolver.

Then the door of the editorial department burst open and Mr. Lance Podderfoot appeared with a distraught countenance, his fountain pen still clutched in his hand and his eyeglasses askew upon his nose. As though by some prearranged signal, quiet fell upon the room. Only the telegraph instruments chattered on, like gossip at the grave.

Mr. Triggs slowly raised his weapon and pointed it at Mr. Podderfoot.

"I have come, suh," he said in a voice of studied politeness, "to shoot you. Provided, suh, that you are the editor."

Mr. Podderfoot's thin figure straightened. An expression of incredulous horror overspread his scholarly features. But unconsciously his head came up. He was no coward. Behind him Miss Lucy half rose from her chair, her hands clenched against her breast. At that point a diversion occurred. Miss Allison began to have hysterics. It was as though she had never been to college at all.

Mr. Triggs frowned and made supposedly soothing gestures with his artillery. Miss Allison had hysterics worse than ever. And then the staff became aware of Sandringham Wilson strolling out of his corner, his hands in his pockets, a trustful smile quirking his lips. He walked straight toward the visitor, who turned, in some bewilderment, to face this new complication. Perceiving that he had secured Mr. Triggs' attention, Sandringham Wilson stopped and moved his fascinating ears.

"Shoot me," he said. "I'm the editor!"

"Ha!" said Mr. Triggs, and pulled the trigger.

There was a flash, a roar, and a swirling cloud of smoke! The next instant Mr. Triggs was struggling in the combined embraces of half a dozen persons who had charged at the shot. Mr. Podderfoot himself rushed forward and wrenched the revolver from the gambler's hand. Mr. Podderfoot's negro boy stood about and shrieked.

Then suddenly the whole mad picture became focused upon the figure of Sandringham Wilson. He stood, faintly smiling, his left arm hanging limply at his side, and looked at the maudlin Mr. Triggs.

"Very — interesting — old — goat!" he said, and slipped quietly to the floor.

Miss Allison gave a cry and moved forward; but she was too late. Without a sound, Miss Lucy crossed the room and, flinging herself to her knees, took the fallen man's head in her arms.

"Mine!" she said.

Mrs. Tuthill's boarding house had taken on a new air of importance, a new dignity of demeanor. Pedestrians passing in the street stopped to gaze up at it with gaping curiosity; small boys gathered in throngs before its weather-beaten stoop, to rehearse, in imaginative pantomime, the drama that had distinguished it from other houses. It was many a long year since Kingstown had had such an eminent shooting.

There was, moreover, an element of the miraculous in the fact that John Triggs' bullet had gone slightly astray. Never before had the gambler been known to miss his mark. This enigma was explained eventually by Mr. Triggs himself, who spoke from the confines of the local jail.

"It was his ears," said Mr. Triggs. "He waved 'em at me! Spoilt my aim!"

Meanwhile Sandringham Wilson lay in Mrs. Tuthill's second-floor-front room with an impressively bandaged shoulder and enjoyed to the full his measure of publicity. He had always rather wanted to be a hero.

There were innumerable visitors. Colonel Allison called in person and thanked him for saving Miss Allison's life. It was generally understood that Sandringham Wilson had saved Miss Allison's life. Why else should he have taken upon himself the wrath of Mr. Triggs? Why else should he have invited the leaden messenger of death?

This romantic hypothesis was strengthened by the attitude of Miss Allison herself. She came bearing fruit and flowers, regardless of convention, regardless of the gossips' tongues, determined to ease a hero's bed of pain. Her desire to uplift humanity had been superseded by a thoroughly feminine yearning to do things to a sick man's pillows.

Yet despite these ministrations, despite even his aura of publicity, Sandringham Wilson was not happy. His wounded shoulder was nothing. He could forget it for hours at a time. But he could not forget Miss Lucy's cruelty—she had not come once to see him; she had not so much as thrust her head in at his door.

It was the evening of the third day of his convalescence. The room was dim with twilight. He dozed off and dreamed of Miss Allison's face, lifted with serene expectancy through an eternity of rose-scented misunderstandings. He sat up with a jerk, and moved by an impulse of unreasoning panic reached for the large dinner-bell that Mrs. Tuthill had placed at his bedside. This he rang vigorously.

Mrs. Tuthill came at last, stout and puffing, one large plump hand pressed to her ample bosom.

"Is Miss Lucy in?" he asked with the simplicity that was his nature.

"Upstairs," said Mrs. Tuthill briefly.

"I want to see her," said Sandringham Wilson, looking hard at the ceiling. "I want to talk to her. Ask her to come down, Mrs. Tuthill."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Tuthill. "Anything within reason."

She disappeared, gathering her breath for the ascent. There were ambiguous

(Concluded on Page 93)

JOHNS-MANVILLE

Service in Fire Prevention

FROM the sidewalk, most towns look satisfyingly safe. On every hand we see evidences of it, in regulated traffic, police on duty, adequate street lighting, fire hydrants and fire stations that house modern extinguishing apparatus.

But a balloon view of that town might look different—less safe. And this is the point of vision that fire takes when it looks over a town and figures out a raid. Fire sees the town above the cornice line and plots its course from one inflammable roof to the other.

So it is the community's roof that determines its safety from fire and it is largely the individual's choice of a roofing that determines the fate of his property in a community fire.

All over the country people are using J-M Asbestos in Roofing form. As individuals they realize the danger of the community fire—that every house is a menace to every other house.

Selfishly, if you please, they cover their own roof with J-M Asbestos, but collectively and in effect they do so for the common good—for public safety. There is a Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing for every type of building as the list below will show:

For flat roofs, J-M Asbestos Built-Up Roofing; for sloping roofs, J-M Flexstone Asbestos Roofing; for skeleton framing, J-M Corrugated Asbestos Roofing; for homes, J-M Transite Asbestos Shingles.

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$8 in repairs in three years of service—22,000 miles of operation—average load of 2050 pounds is record of first Smith Form-a-Truck sold. 8c per ton mile, exclusive of driver's wages, is average hauling cost. 13,500 now in use. Twice the load hauled by horses over three times the area is the new efficiency standard.

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Smith Form-a-Truck has demonstrated itself adaptable to every line of hauling and delivery.

Choose Your Own Power Plant

From an attachment to be used with Ford cars alone, Smith Form-a-Truck has been developed until now it is easily installed on Maxwell, Dodge Bros., Buick, Chevrolet or Overland cars.

Choose your own power plant. Convert it into a fully guaranteed, permanently constructed one-ton truck in a few hours.

Select your loading platform—9 feet to 12 feet.

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Our trained efficiency experts are ready to analyze your hauling and delivery problems—to show you just how many Smith Form-a-Trucks you need to displace your present hauling or delivery equipment—how much money you can save—how you can increase your delivery efficiency and economy.

Our dealer organization covers the entire country.

We Have the Materials

Materials for over 30,000 Smith Form-a-Trucks are in our warehouse, ready to be made into one Smith Form-a-Truck every four minutes. Future demands have been anticipated a year in advance. We stand alone in the motor truck industry in having material on hand for this enormous production.

We Have the Factory

Ranking among the largest manufacturers in the motor truck industry, we have the financial strength to maintain our production schedule—to maintain the quality standards that have made Smith Form-a-Truck reputation enviable—to enable us to secure materials fully a year in advance—to take care of any future increase in demands.

Name Your Delivery Date

We can meet every delivery requirement—every order, large or small—deliver Smith Form-a-Trucks on the date you specify. There can be no delay—no hold up. What we have already done for users almost staggers belief; what we are prepared to do now will dim even past performance.

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Smith Form-a-Truck utilizes proved power plants to do truck service. All the load is carried on the Smith Form-a-Truck. The completed construction is covered by the same guarantee that covers any motor truck you can buy. It is not a converted pleasure car. It is a real engineering development to meet motor truck requirements. And you get the low price made possible by the enormous production of the power plants you use and of the Smith Form-a-Truck itself. You cannot buy motors more adapted to truck service than those you use with Smith Form-a-Truck. You cannot duplicate the service value of Smith Form-a-Truck combined with these power plants in any truck construction at anywhere near the price.

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Southern Branch
120 Marietta Street, Atlanta

Kansas City Branch
1808 Grand Avenue

(Concluded from Page 90)

sounds overhead. Sandringham Wilson lay frowning upon his pillows. Occasionally he glanced at the clock on the table beside him. It was almost time for Miss Allison to come with her frank smile and her succoring grapefruits.

He turned suddenly and saw Miss Lucy standing in the doorway.

"Ah!" said he.

At the sound of his voice she came forward swiftly—and then checked herself—and then came forward again.

"Well?" she asked, striving to speak naturally. "Well?"

"I wanted you," he said. "I wanted you most damnably."

She sank down abruptly into a chair.

"I didn't know," she faltered. "You see, I thought . . . there were so many others ——"

"There is only one," said Sandringham Wilson.

Her face became very white in the shadow.

"Yes," she whispered, "only one. There is never more than that. Of course I have understood ——"

He made a gesture of protest, but she went on blindly:

"I have understood for a long time. And when it happened, I knew that you had realized how much you cared. . . . Men do not offer their lives—like that—unless they care."

"Unless they care," echoed Sandringham Wilson.

His hand fell upon hers. "Dear Miss Lucy!" he said.

At that moment footsteps sounded in the hall belowstairs; then came a voice, obviously in response to Mrs. Tuthill's greeting. It was a firm, modern voice; a voice suggestive of world uplift and grapefruits—especially of grapefruits.

Miss Lucy sprang to her feet with a little startled "Oh!" But Sandringham Wilson clung to her desperately.

"Wait!" he cried. "You mustn't go! I've been having dreams . . . grapefruit! Ugh! I did it for you, I tell you. For you. He was aiming straight at you—through Podderfoot. And Podderfoot is so thin! So dangerously thin! He has always reminded me of a stork. You would have been killed. I did it because I cared—for you. No one else. No one else ever—dear Miss Lucy!"

She looked at him through the bright chaos of a universe gone mad. There was tumult in her brain, and a mighty crashing of dark castles before her eyes. Then everything became as clear as crystal, and clean, and right, and good. She knelt down beside the bed, and put her arms about him, and cried very happily, not caring who should see.

And Miss Allison stood in the doorway, with her bag of grapefruits, and resolved to abandon humanity forever to its own devices. Six months later she amended that resolution in part. Which is to say that she married Mr. Podderfoot.

Public opinion is still divided upon the subject of Sandringham Wilson's abilities. His wife, whom he will always call Miss Lucy, considers him a genius. The managing editor of the Sentinel, viewing the paper's increased circulation, is inclined to agree with her. The city editor, on the other hand, has come definitely to the conclusion that the gentleman in question is a dub.

Sandringham Wilson himself is unaware of these divergencies of view. He is completely, preposterously happy. He goes about peering into the souls of his fellow men and drawing animals for the Sentinel.

It is entirely relevant to our story that we should quote a brief poem that he did toward the latter part of his first married year. It ran as follows:

There is a little Pink Frog in my bedroom.
It hopped in the other day from the great
  Swamp behind the Stars
And looked at me with its wise blue eyes—
It has miraculous noises in its throat,
And hands so small it seems ridiculous to
  trust one's heart to them.
I have closed the window of my room
And put a guard upon the door—
For I do not want my little Frog to hop
  away again.

BRINGING OUT BARBARA

(Continued from Page 23)

"No—he never promised to begin carrying out his orders here; but, of course, everybody assumed he would. No manners! . . . Doesn't know how things are done. . . . Hasn't any breeding. . . . The orders will stand, but this thing will kill him socially, of course!"

At the risk of mother's displeasure I made my escape while yet no cocktails were in sight. I had no defense of Randall to make. He had been frightfully rude to me. He must have heard further rumors regarding my relations with Allan. And he had cared rather magnificently—enough to get himself in bad with the high-muck-a-mucks who could have made him. I could not be very angry with him. He was free to get out. I, alas! was bound—by my promise, by my pledge—to "see the thing through."

The walls closed in on me that night, shutting the vistas out. How silly I had been to imagine that I could have my cake and eat it too—play both ends against the middle! Life was not like that. You had to stand for one thing or another. Out on the links that day, looking into Allan's eyes, I had renounced my rebellion—decided to accept present conditions. That, not this, was my true moment of choice. From that moment on I threw my hands up and drifted with the tide. The die was cast.

In the mornings the sea was so blue and it was such fun to have a merman to swim with, and in the afternoons the golf course was so green and it was so stimulating to have a partner to play with, that I swept all the disturbing thoughts into the back of my mind, where they lay in a disordered heap, inviting dust. There was no doubt that having two grown-up men show interest in me had gone to my head a little. None of the other girls of seventeen had anybody so old to bother about.

My nerves were keyed too high. By September I started at every sound. If a door slammed it seemed to slam in the top of my head; the slightest stimulus was sufficient to set in motion the vibrations of my emotional reaction. One night I caught a look in Allan's eyes—those eyes so supremely blue, so heavily fringed; and his hand pressed mine. He whispered the three fateful words, and our lips met. . . . Nothing else was possible; for I was in love with him—madly in love!

Straight from his arms I went to mother, unafraid to break in on her privacy, bold with the boldness of a messenger who brings welcome tidings, to be delivered anywhere, anyhow—even, like this, in the middle of the night.

She was in bed, with her hair strewed all about the pillow. By the shaded bedside light she looked very beautiful, yielding and young. Eager and smiling, I approached and took the hand that lay, slender and very white, against the soft whiteness of the blanket.

"Oh, mother!" I whispered. "It's come!"

I expected she would understand at once; so I was surprised when she returned blankly:

"What do you mean? What has come?"

Embarrassed, but still confident, I let her hand fall and returned shyly:

"Can't you guess? I'm engaged!"

At that she gathered herself up in bed as an animal gathers itself for a spring, and I stepped back in terror.

"What are you talking about?" she demanded in a voice that cut like the lash of a whip.

Only one thing could account for it; she suspected that John Randall was the man. Her tone, her manner, hurt just as much as though he had been.

How could any older woman make any young girl shrink and quiver away from her like that?

I wanted to gather this big thing that had happened to me to my breast and run away with it; but it was too late.

"It's not the man you think," I said painfully. "It's—Allan Denning."

To my amazement, the name did not placate her.

"Nonsense!" she retorted sharply. "I never heard of such nonsense in my life!"

I could not believe my ears.

"I thought you'd be pleased," I said. "I thought you were crazy about him! You've always thrown him in my way."

"To give you social confidence!" she cried. "To bring you to people's attention!

How We "Salt to Taste" With Accuracy

WHEN we first began making Beech-Nut Peanut Butter, we used to season it by hand. But we soon learned, as all cooks learn, that hand seasoning is not always uniform. Hand seasoning would not keep Beech-Nut Peanut Butter up to the Beech-Nut standard of excellence.

Therefore we devised an ingenious machine to crush the nuts and salt them at the same time. This machine does the seasoning with the brains of a chef but with unfailing mechanical *accuracy*. You, yourself, know that you have never tasted any Beech-Nut Peanut Butter that was not salted *just right*.

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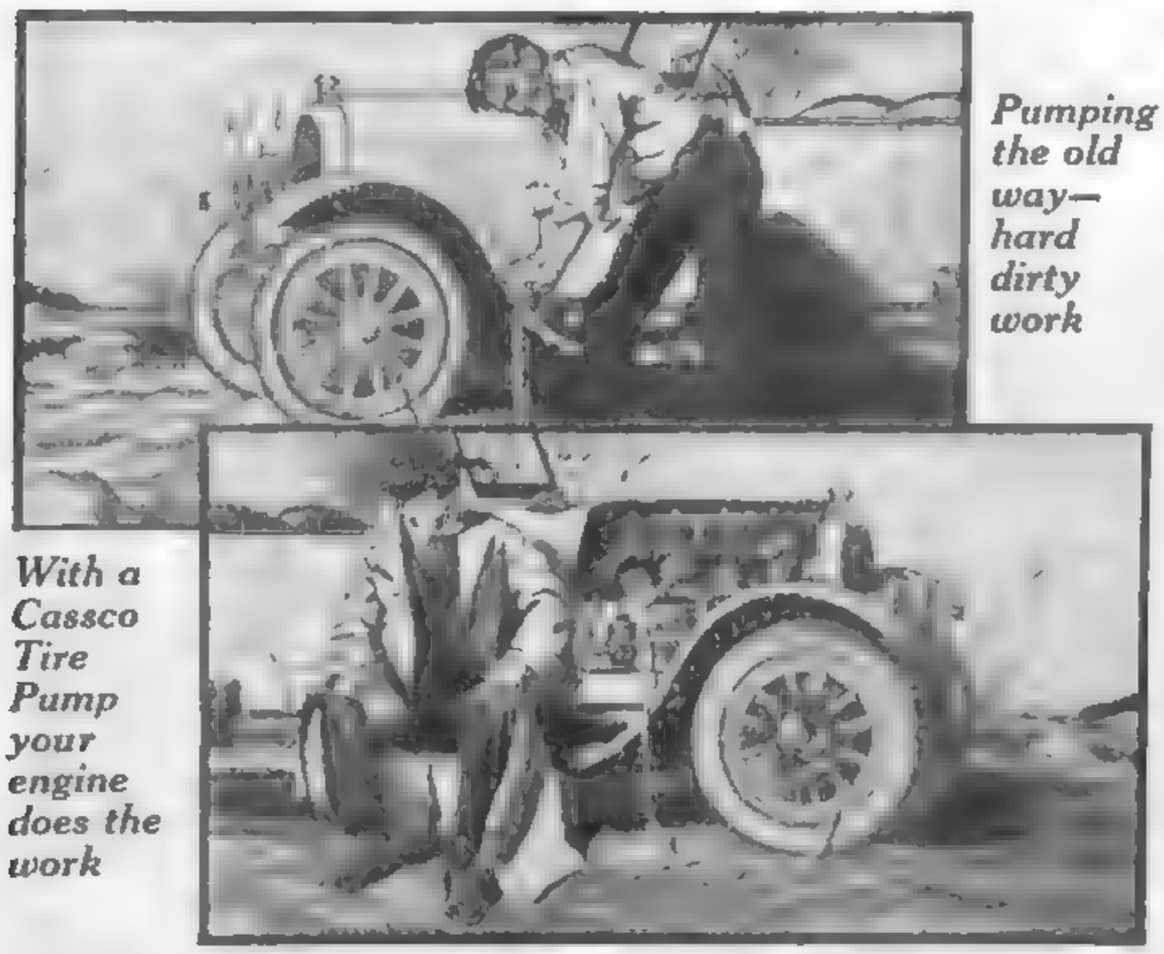

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That was what he was for! To insure you a start!"

Something turned to iron inside me at these words. I no longer shrank; I had lost all sensation of timidity.

"You expected me to work him for all he was worth—to squeeze him dry, and then to throw him over!" I summed up. "I see!"

"You won't gain anything," she warned, "by distorting my words. I didn't say anything about working or squeezing. Those graphic expressions are your own. Allan Denning has done just exactly what he wanted to do. And in the end he's amused himself by flirting with you a little. If you make anything more of it than that," she concluded disparagingly, "it's because you know nothing whatever about life; you, a mere schoolgirl—a baby."

"I'm not so much of a baby," I replied slowly, "as you think. And I know a good deal more about life—than I did. If you imagine that you can start things going and then—then—make them stop—by just putting up your hand, like a policeman regulating traffic—why, then, it seems to me it's you who don't know about life—that's all!"

From the silence which followed I saw that my words had begun to carry conviction.

"How far," she asked at length in great agitation, "has this actually gone?"

"I've just told you," I answered. "We're engaged. He's going to speak to father tomorrow."

Her indignation found a new channel.

"We'll see about that!" she declared ominously. "I can't believe it of him! To play upon a young girl's ignorance! To impose upon her lack of knowledge of the world!"

I smiled bitterly.

I had heard such words before. First it had been John Randall and now it was Allan Denning who was imposing upon my inexperience.

"You wouldn't let me have the man I wanted," I cried; "and when I take the one you substitute you're not satisfied, either! You'll never be satisfied, no matter what I do!"

"Now, Barbara," she almost begged, "be reasonable! It never occurred to me that you wouldn't know that Allan Denning is no match for you. He's good-looking and well connected and convenient to have about, and all that; but he hasn't got a cent. And as for marrying him —— Why child, you haven't even begun to look round! Wait till after next winter. What sort of time do you think any girl who was engaged would have when she came out?"

"I needn't come out—now," I suggested, though I recognized the futility of the suggestion.

Mother's face turned to adamant and her eyes to steel.

"Whatever happens," she announced, "you are coming out!"

She said it as though she were registering a vow before heaven.

For her manner of receiving the news of my engagement I had been totally unprepared. I had run to her with it, expecting to be praised—and had been incontinently rebuffed. I was less upset on my own account than on Allan's. How would he take her unflattering estimate of him as a parti? Hard, I was sure. In counseling me to acquiesce in her program for the coming months he had obviously not realized, any more than I, that his name was not to appear upon it. Perhaps he would not feel so convinced now of the advisability of being a sport, playing the game, seeing the thing through.

What was my astonishment, not to say chagrin, when he took my information quite easily, and was all for compromise! You had to be tactful with women like my mother, he said confidentially. They must always be made to think that they were getting their own way, whether they actually were or not. Nothing was to be gained by antagonizing them.

The following was the policy he outlined in council before the concert of Powers: Not a word concerning what had occurred between us was to be breathed until after the close of the New York season. Only we four were to know of it. If at the beginning of March next I should have changed my mind, I was to call the whole thing off. Thus mother's arrangements for the winter would not be in any way jeopardized. To all intents and for all social purposes I was free.

Mother and father expressed themselves as satisfied and took my silence for consent.

As a matter of fact, I scorned trial engagement as I would have scorned trial marriage. Like every other girl of seventeen, I was firmly convinced that I knew my own mind and would never change it. My word was my word—not a mere near-promise, subject to the statute of limitations. The more they said that I was not bound, the more securely bound I felt.

I justified Allan's willingness to make concessions to mother upon the ground of his faith in me. In staking his life's happiness upon his belief in my fidelity, he was paying me the highest tribute in his power. Still, I felt that an open rupture with my parents would have been the more honorable course to pursue. Never before had there been the smallest reservation on my part in my relations with mother. I had argued with her, burst into tears, shown temper, done all sorts of exuberant and childish things; but I had never for one moment allowed her to remain in any doubt as to what I meant. I had carefully refrained from being tactful with her.

Now I was letting her infer one thing while I intended another. Curiously it was a man who had urged upon me this method of dealing with her. And I had always been led to suppose that a man's sense of honor had a finer edge than a girl's!

Of course I had no business to fall under this or any influence that was at odds with that something inside which had always kept me straight. This was what I had got by drifting. I had drifted so far and so fast that I could not make up my mind to turn about and put up a fight. The alternative was just to keep on going wherever the wind and the tide chose to take me.

The weather was so mild that it was October before we returned to Long Island. Once arrived there, we spent our days in the city as before, going back to the country only to dine and to sleep. In preparation for what was to come my wardrobe was being amassed. Mother concentrated upon this task enough energy to have run a dozen Bureaus of Serbian Relief. If I was expected to attend all the types of function for which garments were being provided I thought I should be a rag before the end of the first six weeks.

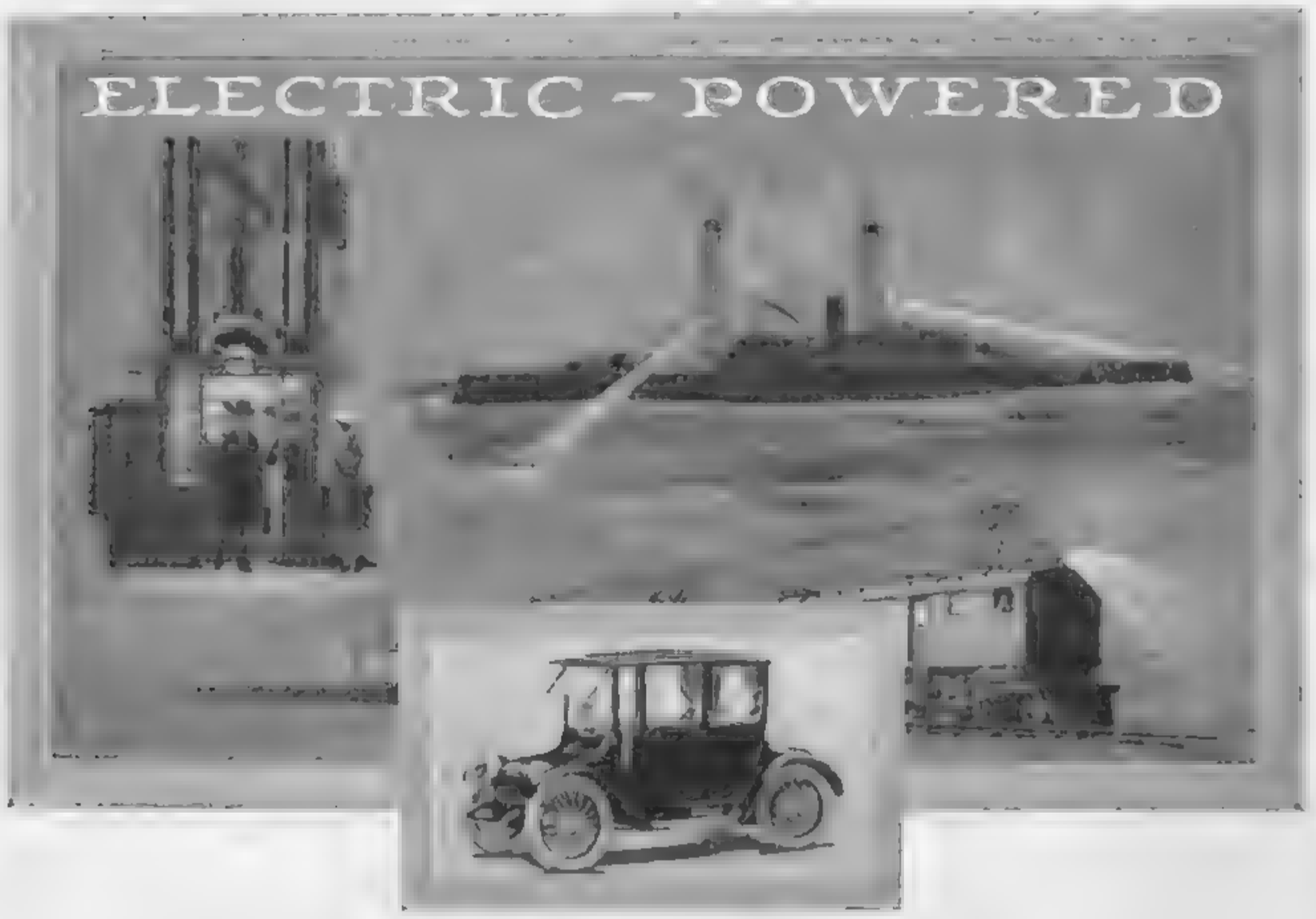
She didn't buy me a variety of dresses, hats and coats, and let it go at that. No; every costume was an equipment by itself, a symphony of nuance—a tone poem. Each afternoon gown, for example, had its accessories of hat, veil, gloves, coat, fur neckpiece and muff, shoes and stockings. Even gloves were not interchangeable. Attention to these details consumed an exorbitant amount of time. I remember we went into nine shops one day before we found enameled hatpins of the exact shade of mauve to harmonize with a certain hat.

There seemed to be no end to what mother could do when she was doing what she wanted. The vitiated air of the shops stimulated her. If at first she didn't succeed she asked nothing better than to try, try again. Yet there were things that tired her. If she walked for half an hour along a country road she became so exhausted that she had to lie down. When her secretary was ill one day, and she was obliged to write her own notes, she could not eat any lunch. Loud or abrupt talking was painful to her for instance, mine. When I laughed "right out" I often saw a little frown come between her brows, as though I had given her a headache.

Many of her friends shared these idiosyncrasies. There was Mrs. Fiske Wyman, for one, a "confirmed" invalid; yet she had just risen from an almost permanent bed of pain, with an alacrity hardly decent, to go yachting in the Bahamas; while Miss Julia Endeman, who had weighed two hundred undismayed and had never exercised in her life, had recently rolled her hips away by turning over and over fifty times each morning on her bedroom floor, and "gone in" for golf.

Everybody was planning to skate this winter on the Radmore roof—even those whom the blackest ice had not tempted in youth, the natural skating time. Wabbly legs could be strengthened by practice, weak ankles propped; and she who was unable to attain balance by herself might always hire somebody to hold her up. From the dictates of fashion no infirmity excused. Fashion made its puppets dance to any tune. During that autumn, in and out of shops, I estimated that we must have walked a hundred miles. We never left off until the wax ladies in the windows were being covered with sheets and the blinds drawn down.

(Continued on Page 97)



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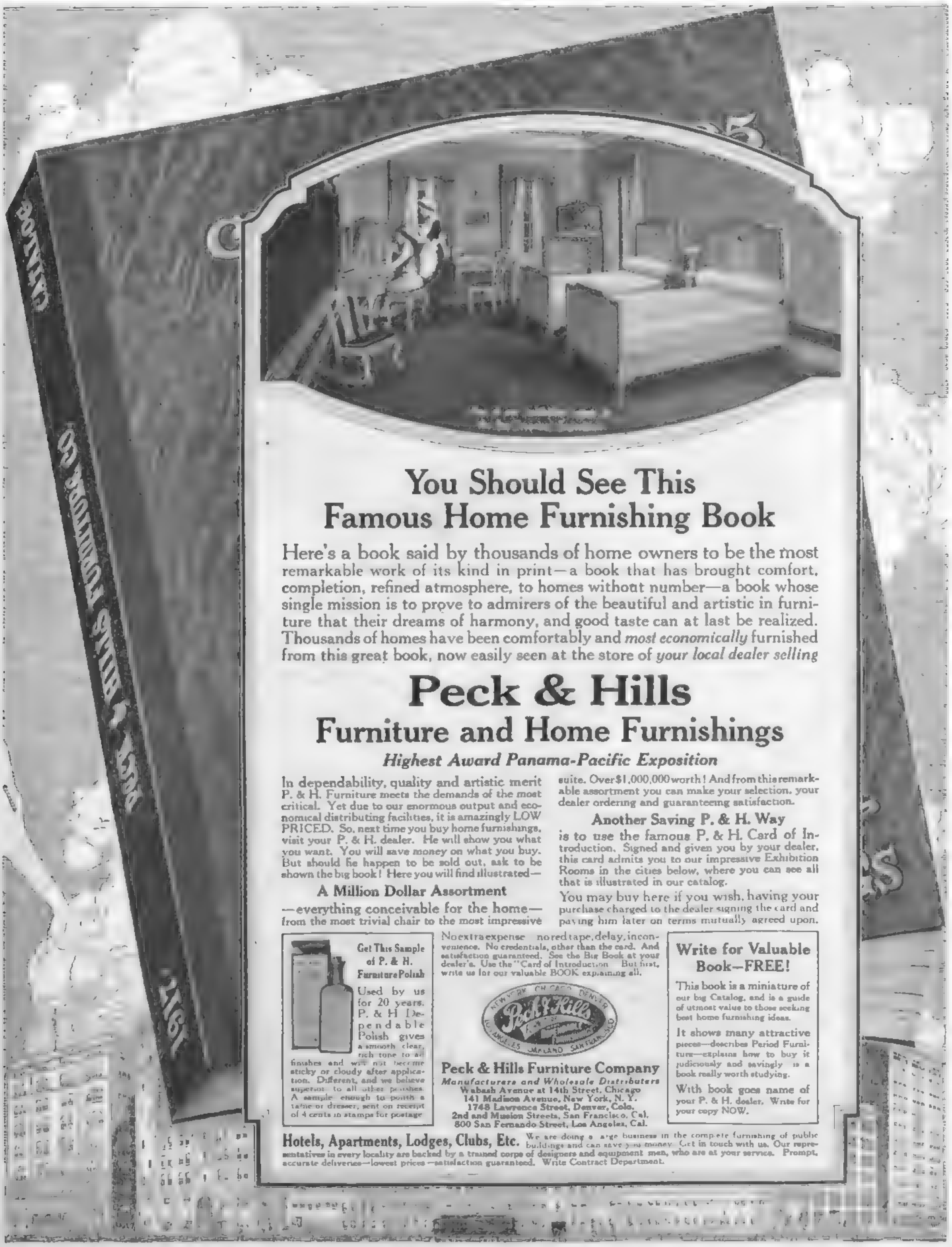

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(Continued from Page 94)

We spent and were spent. What for? That I, too, might be made into a waxen manikin, set in a window for one season for exhibition purposes, and then carried away to make room for fresh goods. There was a career for you!

I was becoming surfeited with clothes. Every girl loves clothes, but she does not love a superfluity of them. I had once eaten all the caramels I wanted, and for years thereafter had not been able to look at a caramel. As a child I had always approached the park by the Seventy-second Street entrance on my way to the Mall. Now I sedulously avoided that approach. Fifty-ninth Street was all right, or Eighty-fifth, or Ninetieth; but Seventy-second I was done with forever.

One disadvantage of owning a costume for each occasion was the anticipation it involved. It was bad enough to have to go to functions at all, without focusing one's attention upon them for hours beforehand. Oh, for my old rough serge, which had served me all day and every day at school for as many seasons as I could get wear out of it!

Sometimes I remembered, with a sense of loss, the things in my experience that had been uncomfortable. I had grumbled as loudly as anybody else, at the time, at having to pile out of bed half asleep on a dark winter morning to close my own windows and stand shivering on a chilly floor; but now I thought that I should have welcomed any hardness to relieve the eternal softness of my life! My bed was soft; my food was soft; the people about me spoke in soft voices; there was no edge to anything, no sparkle, no snap.

My engagement had been so qualified and bereft of the natural attributes of an engagement that it afforded me but little satisfaction. Allan lunched with us occasionally, and that was about all I saw of him. Things would be different in the spring, but I was not so old that spring did not seem to me a long way off. And there was much to come, between now and then.

In preparation for the great event, my coming-out ball on December twentieth, we closed the Long Island house much earlier than usual, and found ourselves just after Thanksgiving, as mother said, "alone" in New York; by which she did not mean, of course, that there was not the usual quota of people in the streets. I was satiated with that ball long before it occurred, for it was the only topic of conversation. I had always supposed living in the future to be a prerogative of youth; but no young person I had ever seen lived so much in the future as mother.

She took precautions against the possibility of everything's not being perfect in every detail by stocking up with commodities, as though the sources of supply were presently to be forever cut off. Even an awning was ordered to be specially made, instead of being hired from a caterer for the evening. She showed me samples of awning cloth and looked reproachful because I had no preference for green and white stripes over red and white, or vice versa. She got another French maid, to supplement Yvonne, so that the two might work in shifts like a night nurse and a day nurse in illness—one being always on hand. A second butler was likewise procured, that coattails, instead of mere livery, might still be in evidence before guests when the butler in chief was out or sleeping.

As it was assumed that, once launched upon my social career, I should keep to my bedroom until noon, yet another housemaid was added to the staff.

As a result of this forethought the servants now outnumbered the family in a ratio of five to one. I ran into them at every turn, stumbled upon them in every corner. It was like living at a fashionable hotel on the Normandy coast while waiting for the season to open—storm-lashed waves; empty casino; band playing to the echoes. Everything ready, and nothing doing. How could one settle down to normal accomplishment with this abnormal fever of anticipation permeating the atmosphere? If mother found me reading she would order me to close the book, for fear my eyelids should become reddened. Painting was out of the question, for painting took time, and I could never count on more than half an hour.

It wasn't an evening's pleasure that was being planned; it was the opening move in a systematic campaign. So far as I could make out, pleasure didn't enter into it. After the first of December mother's activities narrowed down to the desk in her sitting room, where she and a strange woman, who came every morning, pored all day long over sheaves of papers and marked off names in the various lists with little crosses. The strange woman seemed to know exactly who should be invited and who should not. They managed it all between them, without once consulting me. I suggested only one name, with much diffidence—John Randall's—which was received without comment and written down.

Time and much cogitation had brought me to the conclusion that Randall's sudden departure from Newport had been due wholly to delicacy. If he had retired in favor of another man it was because he had believed that I cared for that other. Once convinced of this, his sole consideration had been to remove the embarrassment of his presence as speedily as possible. The fact that in failing to seize his unprecedented opportunity he was jeopardizing his future of worldly success and running the risk of losing a score of orders was a matter of supreme indifference to him, if it occurred to him at all. Poor as dirt, he was, nevertheless, a royal spender. Honor to whom honor is due.

Unfortunately, instead of flashing me the true explanation at once, my woman's wit, or intuition, or whatever it is that constitutes our superiority to man, had been extremely slow upon this occasion in getting to work upon the situation. It had, in fact, remained in a state of suspension during some weeks. In the interim Allan Denning had obtained my promise. I was morally bound by it now, hard and fast, hand and foot. But to Randall's behavior I had at last found the key. Therefore, the invitation.

When we had first moved to the city Allan had begun again to present himself with frequency, but, upon a hint from the authorities, had obediently fallen off in attendance, and had since reappeared with the utmost circumspection only upon rare occasions. I sometimes wondered whether it was not a case of shutting the barn door after the horse had trotted forth. After all, we had afforded ample opportunity for comment that summer, having been almost never apart. Not everybody's sight was as peculiar as that of mother, who went through life believing that only such things existed as she wished to see.

John Randall, for example, had been "on" long before I was.

The approach of my eighteenth birthday, which filled me with a shy sense of mystery and wonder, was acclaimed by mother solely as affording a good excuse for a theater party. This occasion was to be a farewell to subdébutantism, consisting of girls only—thirty of them—and those younger ones who were not coming out this year. It was quite in order, mother explained to me, to invite girls of that age without boys. The most fashionable dancing class in the city—that which preceded the Cosmopolitan dances for girls not yet out—excluded the other sex, except for an evening dance at Christmas and an Easter *thé dansant*.

After much deliberation, ten names were selected from the list of this dancing class. Nine out of those bidden accepted, as the girls were only fifteen and had not many engagements as yet. Alas! The very one who declined was the one mother most wanted—the little Bolton girl.

The remaining twenty were asked from the year's Cosmopolitan list. The Cosmopolitan dances, colloquially known as the Mops, were the only official peepholes into the social arena. To be eligible a girl must be sixteen—and much besides. It was excessively easy for some girls to be invited to join and insuperably difficult for others. The dances were subscription affairs, but it was not only money that had to be subscribed. Those who failed to get on the list organized consolation dances of their own, with limited membership, and patronesses, and all the proper accessories, so that the newspaper accounts of them sounded just as good. A few of those who attended the Mops went to these also, if they were particularly enthusiastic about dancing.

Boarding school had deprived me of my three legitimate years of Mops. By means of them I should have gained experience. The next best thing, according to mother, was to tap them—to keep in touch with the members; so that when my sun should be setting, a year from now, I might still have points of contact with those whose luminary was drawing toward its zenith.

The party, when it occurred, came perilously near being a frost, for mother was not accustomed to young people and did not

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know how to put them at their ease. The little girls arrived earliest, not having yet acquired the smart habit of keeping other people waiting. From the maturity of eighteen I leaned down toward them with a reminiscent wistfulness for the childhood forfeited during those three years. They were so sweet, several of them, and came into the room shyly, their bodies tenderly curving, some inward, some outward—like flowers blown lightly this way and that in a breeze. Their recently uprolled hair rested unfamiliarly against their heads, creating new outlines; a few of the coils seemed too heavy for the soft necks to bear. What a sin against Nature to mold them—to make them conform; to point out to them what was what and who was who. Youth was receptive enough; it would not take long.

Meantime they were standing about, some with hands folded patiently across their stomachs, others with their satin slippers scrunched inward, wide-eyed, expectant and dumb. This would never do! In desperation I managed to corral the whole group into a corner, tell them little jokes and whisper little confidences until their laughter bubbled up like geysers out of the ground.

Each newcomer heard it as she came in and joined our elastic circle at once; it offset mother's formality and the situation was saved. Soon there was a twittering like that of swallows under eaves. Everybody was natural, as the sexes are apt to be in the absence of each other.

Against mother's advice I had chosen Henry the Eighth instead of the musical comedy she proposed. It was a superb production and the girls were crazy about it. Any puppy will eat meat if you throw it to him, and like it just as well as lollipops.

That was a happy evening for me—a sort of female bachelor dinner, dedicated to pure, spontaneous gayety, before assuming the bonds of wedlock to the social world.

As the twentieth drew nearer, the atmosphere grew more and more oppressive and hushed. I became, day by day, increasingly apprehensive of not carrying out my part in the affair in the right form. The thought of it weighed on me as though it were a presentation at court, or even a ceremony of coronation. I might say or do something that wasn't on the program—I never could tell just what I was going to do or say.

I wasn't used to pomp, and doubted whether I ever could get used to it. It sat uneasily upon me, and hampered my movements in much the same manner as did my delicate clothes. Yet I wanted so earnestly to do my best that I even sent up a little prayer about it, and intended neither triviality nor irreverence thereby.

Personally I did not attach the least importance to this or any function; but mother cared terribly, and that was enough. I had sacrificed much to "play the game," "see the thing through." I wanted the climax to occur in a burst of glory. That much I could do toward the success of the crowning achievement of the life of her who had borne me, whether my ideals were hers or not.

"I wonder," she said reflectively one day when we were out in the motor together, "whether you'll be a success!"

I smiled, and uncomfortably felt her eye on the spot where I'd forgotten my dimple was.

"I'm not going to worry about that," I returned gently. "You're doing the best you can to make me one, mother. It doesn't depend on me."

"Oh, yes, it does, in large measure," she asserted. "I'm just deliberating what tactics to advise. This spring I believed your—er—outspokenness and your blunt manner would offend. Now, from what I've observed at Newport, I'm inclined to think that they take. People are tired of the usual thing, probably, and looking for something different. On the whole, I think I'll have you push your individuality."

The color surged over my face and neck in wave after wave.

"Oh, mother!" I protested. "Don't you see that you're going to kill whatever it is that's me by talking about it? Please—please don't!"

Nevertheless, I was a little relieved to think that I need not behave like an automaton at the ball.

The result of the invitation to Randall was a note from Mrs. Winslow next day asking mother to allow her to take me to the studio for some music that evening. Of course permission was not withheld. With Mrs. Winslow I should have been allowed to go anywhere!

The minute I stepped out of my own house I began to feel the breath of a keener air. Snowflakes, light as thistledown, were falling; I can feel their tiny pricklings of perforated frostiness now on my cheek. In the motor I touched the fur-edged sleeve of Mrs. Winslow's wrap with cautious finger, to make sure that she was real. There was an illusion of fitfulness and shadow about her, and I wanted to dispel it, for my love went out to her there in the night. Daughterless mother and motherless daughter that we were, our natures had hailed each other long since, at the first handclasp.

That evening brought Randall out of the void for me put a background behind him and earth under his feet.

The studio was a big room in a downtown street, up several flights of stairs. Somebody was singing when we got there. The room was full of people who made no sound. Toward the back I caught sight of Mr. Winship's face, appreciative and intent. It was my first contact, save at public concerts where tickets were to be bought, with a gathering that dared show itself serious. No one was ashamed of being serious here!

Randall was sitting motionless, chin forward, hand on knee. He must have heard us; but he gave no sign. We were spared the variety of "manners" that would have forced intrusion upon us. In the arch of the old-fashioned doorway, her breast rising and falling under her pearls, the folds of her train coiled about her feet, Mrs. Winslow was allowed her fair share of enjoyment, standing unnoticed until the song was at an end. Then Randall sprang toward us with a glad face of welcome, all his boyishness loosed from the spell.

"You!" he said, turning to me when he had greeted Mrs. Winslow. "In my house!"

That was all; but he said it as though some Presence had crossed his threshold, and I trembled, incapable of reply

Hour after hour they made music for the sheer joy of it. On and on they went, without order, sequence or brevity. During intervals Randall scrambled eggs, we ate, and I met everybody. There was plenty of jollity; and when people laughed, they laughed! They were no more afraid of laughter than of seriousness.

The guests included painters of both sexes, musicians, sculptors, stage folk, two playwrights, several readers for magazines, editors and their wives—people who did things; and people who, like Mr. Winship and Mrs. Winslow, loved to see things done. Some were word artists, who chatted familiarly of subjects that, where I came from, were kept imprisoned between the covers of books. Everything they touched upon they clothed with form and color. They brought dead history to life. They discussed philosophy and metaphysics. It was almost too rich, that meal, after a starvation diet of such long duration.

"You're coming to my ball?" I whispered to Randall as we said good night.

He nodded.

"Really, this time!" I enjoined.

"Yes really!" he promised with a flitting smile.

It was the only reference that was made by either of us to his late defalcation.

In the interval I tried not to think of him. My intelligence must be of a very limited order, I reflected ruefully, since I seemed incapable of thinking of more than one man at a time.

At Newport, Allan had crowded Randall out; now Randall was crowding Allan out. And this was not as it should be. I was a little annoyed with Allan for his tame acquiescence in the rôle of absentee landlord. He should have been keeping a closer watch on his preserves.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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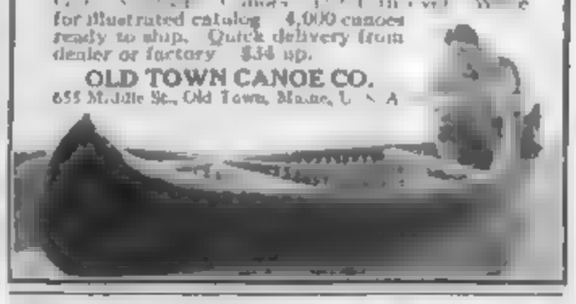

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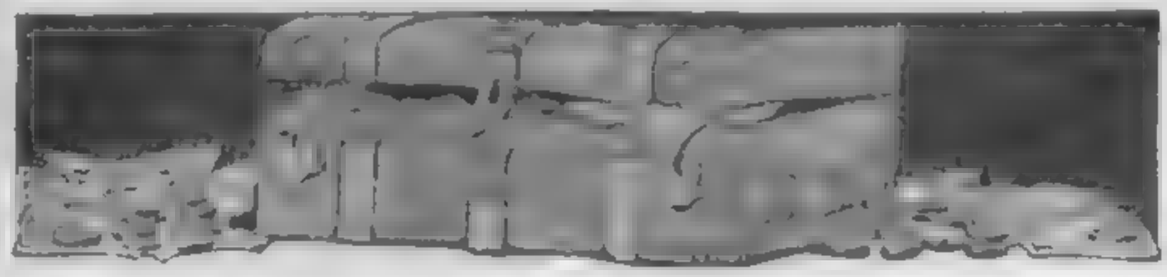

Endurance

is simply sustained power. The ability to sustain power does not depend upon mere size or weight. It springs from an even distribution of weight—a perfect co-ordination of parts.

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endurance is the product of concentrated strength, plus lightness, plus co-ordinance, plus control. It is the highly specialized, synchronized strength of Science. Excess-weight in a motor car is an effort to secure ease by weighting the car down on the road. Scripps-Booth attains ease by a perfect and scientific balance. Scripps-Booth lightness is actually converted into luxury. Every ounce of Scripps-Booth energy counts every minute it is on the road. It is not wasted in overcoming the inertia of dead weight. Scripps-Booth is like a perfectly muscled athlete—its lightness conserves energy. It always has energy to spare.

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Four-Cylinder Roadster	$ 935
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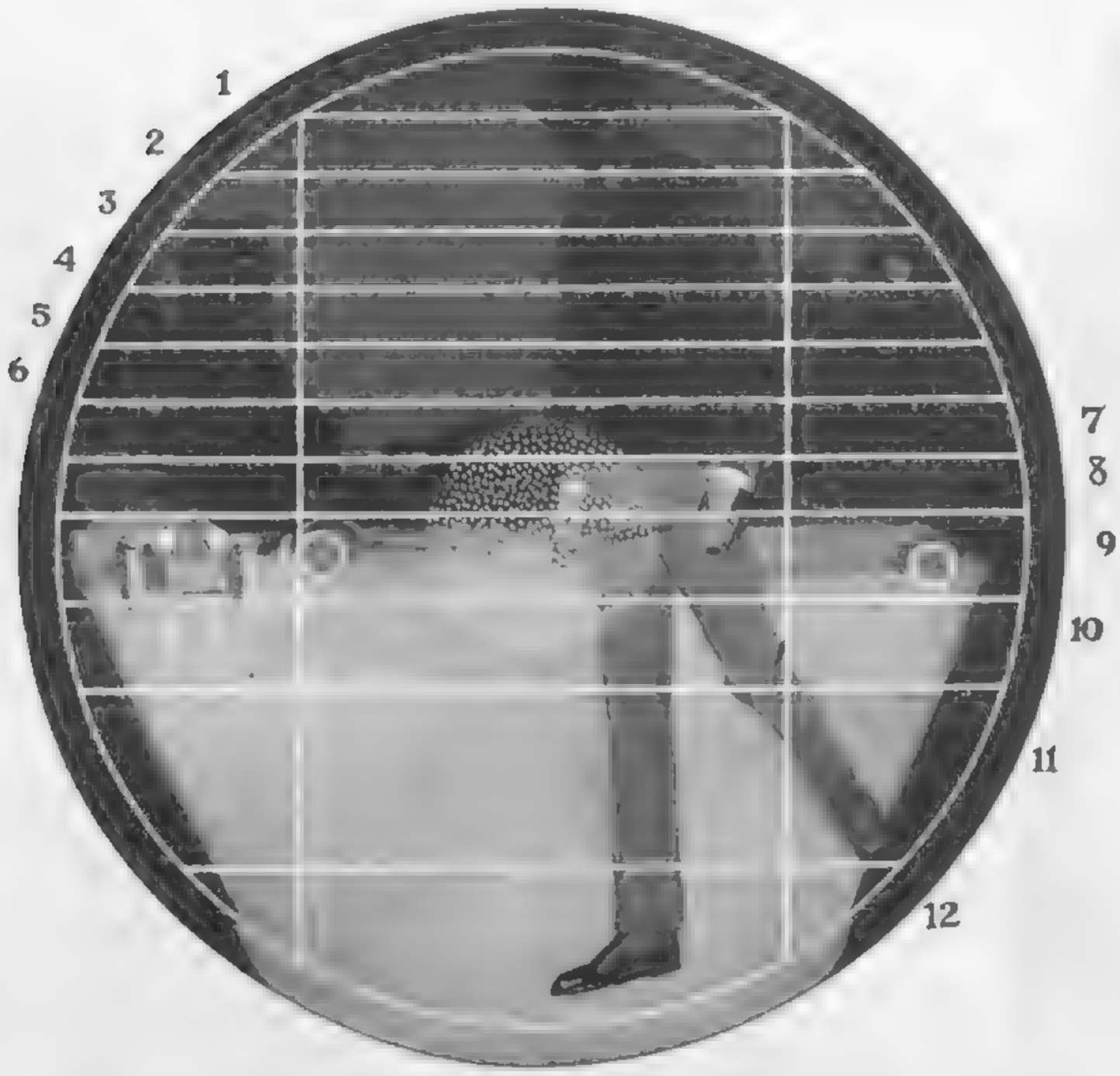
Four-Cylinder Roadster



Twelve Shafts of Light That Stream as One

74% Greater Road Brightness—Ray Thrown One-Third of a Mile —Not More Than Waist High—No Glare!

Professor E. H. Freeman of the Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, has made some interesting tests with the New Osgood Lens.

He finds that the New Osgood Lens increases the average apparent candle-power below the axis of *reflector over seventy-four per cent*, as against a headlight equipped with a plain glass lighting the same width of road.

This is due to the *fact* that rays which *ordinarily* are thrown into the air, are here thrown onto the road, as shown by the small illustration heading this column.

Compared with a lens of *ground* glass, he finds that the average candle-power of the beam from the New Osgood Lens is *910% greater* below the horizontal plane.

This is light *control*, by which the light is passed through prisms which direct all rays where they are most needed.

Light control must not be confused with light *diffusion* by which light beams, passing through irregular surfaces are merely broken up at the expense of lighting distance.

And where there is *light control* there can be no dangerous snow-breaking glare because all rays are kept within bounds below waist height and not in the eyes of other motorists or pedestrians.

JAMES R. CRAVATH, one of America's foremost authorities on illumination, has done a wonderful thing with light for motorists.

He has designed in the New Osgood Lens one which concentrates all of the power of the light on the road, free from glare, and complying with headlight laws—the lens of courtesy and efficiency.

Here is an improved non-glare lens which wonderfully increases the useful driving light. Gives 74% more candle-power toward the road than does a plain lens, due to the fact that light which is ordinarily directed above the horizontal axis of the reflector is thrown *downward* by the New Osgood Lens.

The New Osgood Lens is a one-piece lens consisting of twelve prisms, each of which selects and then delivers its particular beam to its particular, predetermined objective point, while merging with the other eleven beams to form the one shaft of light which so completely illumines *all* the road.

You have a long, bright, broad, direct stream of light of ground-hugging tenacity for the full distance of one-third of a mile. Not more than waist high. Always where you need it as *light*—not where others condemn it as *glare!* No dimming necessary. Read to right and left the official story in detail.

Sizes and Retail Prices

The New Osgood Lens is made in all sizes for all cars of whatever make. Sizes and prices:

7 to 7¾ inches	. . .	$2.50 a pair
8 to 8½ inches	. . .	3.00 a pair
8¾ to 9½ inches	. . .	3.75 a pair
9¼ to 11 inches	. . .	4.50 a pair

Prices quoted on special sizes.
25 cents a pair higher west of Rockies.
20% higher in Canada.

In ordering: Give diameter of old lens; diameter of opening in door frame; model and make of car.

Osgood Lens & Supply Company
1241 Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

The following results were observed in official tests made with the New Osgood Lens by L. A. Hillman, technical representative of the American Automobile Association.

Date of tests, November 27, 1916. Standard lighting equipment used with New Osgood Lenses.

At 50 feet the spread of concentrated rays was 15 feet. At 75 feet, spread of rays was 18 feet.

At 150 feet, spread of rays was 35½ feet. Height of concentrated rays 24 inches.

At 250 feet, spread of rays was 60 feet.

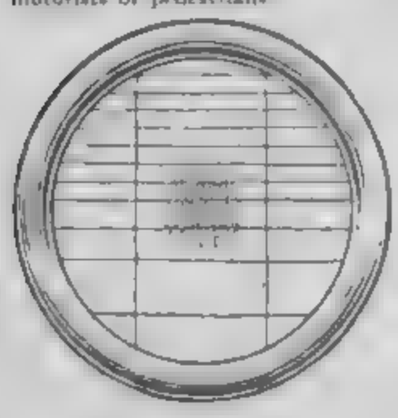
At 1,800 feet there was a considerable strength of light, sufficient to cast a shadow. Illumination of road and to each side, was good at this great distance.

Observers standing before the car in various places and positions could find no glare.

During one of the settings the rays were passed through a film of smoke which showed plainly that the rays of light from the lenses sloped *downward* at a very gradual angle.

The smooth outer surface of the lens was found to be fully as claimed. Note: There is nothing about the New Osgood Lens to catch dust. It is as easily cleaned as a window pane.

Dealers: Write for complete data. By official test the New Osgood Lens throws a light for a third of a mile—not more than waist high—74% greater road brightness—no glare! What other lens does all this?



OSGOOD LENS

CRAVATH LONG DISTANCE TYPE

DEEP MINING FOR BRAINS

(Concluded from Page 20)

streets incorrect, undercharge or overcharge, items not shown on sales checks, amounts wrong, wagon calls wrong, giving out wrong parcel, omission of name or address on check, transfers not promptly collected, charge-office slow in "will take" purchases, wrong carriers sent through pneumatic tubes—and a host of similar blunders, exasperating to customers and expensive to the store.

A record of mistakes was then installed. In the department handling wrappers and negligée gowns one Annabelle had a persistent habit of altering saleschecks; but when this fault began to be visualized day by day, and grouped in weekly tables for comparison with the mistakes of other salesgirls, Annabelle sat up and took notice.

The error analysis showed something like this:

Saleswomen with bad records for altering checks: Annabelle, of the wrappers; Florodora, of the wash dress goods; Clementine, of the ready-to-wear hats; Maryjane, of the patterns; and Dorothea, of the art embroideries.

Salesmen with bad records for not showing names on transfer checks: Jackson, of the upholstery and draperies; Jones, of the boys' clothing; Olson, of the rugs and carpets; and Steinberg, of the pictures.

Salespersons with unsatisfactory records for not getting charge-takes O.K'd: Sophronia, of the flowers and feathers; and Jixon, of the office furniture.

You may be sure that Sophronia and Jixon, for instance, did not relish being called upstairs together and constituted a special infants' class in the art of getting charge-takes O.K'd; and after this had happened once neither of them ever made the error again.

On the other hand, the groups of employees who made the fewest mistakes were disclosed in similarly tabulated reports, and rewarded with increased salary or bonus, or with special holidays. Commendation cards were issued. The number of errors began to come down just as soon as this work was begun; and now instead of fifteen thousand errors a month there are less than fifteen hundred.

Similar methods were adopted in analyzing the different kinds of work done in the store. It was found that there were more than three hundred so-called jobs in the house, and the duties of each job were analyzed and reduced to typewritten form. This gave a great leverage in the specialized instruction.

Johnny, Bobby, Jacky, Joey and Willy, for instance, were messenger boys. Maudy, Claudy, Petty and Louie were stock-girl helpers. Each group was supposed to do certain things; but before the establishment of development work these duties had never been picked out of the vast conglomerate mass and set apart to be studied. When they began to be studied it was discovered that these boys and girls had been doing many things in a slipshod, indifferent way. Thus, it was found that in certain routine messenger work a time-schedule collection of packages and papers enabled the store to eliminate Johnny altogether and promote him to higher-grade work.

The store also found that all the messengers were of a low-grade type except this boy Johnny. It was amazing to contemplate that, for years, promotions had been made from among these unanalyzed store boys, who had continued to pass on and up through different channels in the store until the organization was dotted with them, some holding important positions.

An example was that of X, a floorwalker. He was thirty-nine years old, and had been walking the floor for sixteen years, for a time at fifteen dollars a week, and then at twenty. He was regarded chiefly as an animated guidepost, had no share in any profits on increased business and no part in any scheme of advancement.

An analysis of X showed that he came to the store as a messenger, became a shoe salesman, and was then made an aisle man. He was never rated in any way on paper, or studied, so far as the records revealed.

His mental status was of a low type. He had little knowledge of current events and practically no conception of the problems of merchandising. He was never called into a conference of the higher executives, and his brain was that of a child in nearly everything that had to do with management. Analytical salesmanship in its varied ramifications was to him *terra incognita*. Yet for sixteen years he had been given supervision over a part of the salesforce!

The floormen are now developed for their responsibilities, the aim being to give them the qualities of keen observers and teachers, capable of grading salespersons intelligently and playing other rôles in the development work. In return they are given a financial interest in the larger profits of the departments they serve.

The reduction of the selling work to definite gradings and standards has brought with it mathematical methods of measuring the efficiency of individuals and groups. It was demonstrated to me how Mary H., of the umbrellas and parasols, might have been considered, under the old way of fixing valuations, to be worth less to the store than any of twelve clerks in her group. The true method shows her to be worth more than any of nineteen!

Delia J. and Alice L. were considered in the old days to be of almost equal value to the store; but when measured by the new arithmetic Alice was found to be forty-one per cent more valuable.

In another department Maud earned in wages round eight dollars a week, and Roberta ten dollars; yet when properly measured Maud was found to be eighty-odd per cent more productive.

These are rather complicated matters, and I refer to them merely to indicate that in mining humanity for brains it is necessary to use one's head and pencil.

A STORY WITH A HAPPY ENDING

(Continued from Page 10)

than ever, Price decided that it was time to stir things up; to give a few hints that he might be persuaded to consider a new position.

He called on an acquaintance who had formed an aëroplane company. He was received with heartiness and a cigar. The aëroplane man acted as though he considered Price a genius, but he didn't make any suggestions about acquiring the genius; and Price could not bear to get down on this cheap rug—it was so much cheaper than the Iran in his office at Pistoflash—and beg for employment. He pretended that he had merely "dropped in," and awkwardly went away.

For a month more he could not get himself to ask for work; but this month saw him becoming haggard, and he began to economize, to recall the systematic, frightened saving of the days when he had been a cub salesman, and to try to stretch his inelastic middle-aged dignity to this mean carefulness. He had only twenty-two hundred dollars left now. He had spent about five thousand dollars in a few months; had lent five hundred to the club tattler—a man he had to keep in the belief that he was still prosperous.

He gave up his apartment, sold or stored his furniture, took a two-room suite in a family hotel, and cooked his own breakfasts over an electric stove. He was a rather pathetic, blundering figure—this solid official personage in tailored clothes and a silk shirt—endeavoring to fry an egg and getting the yolk all over his fingers.

He sat in the silence of his room, trying to read library books, and longing for the days at the Magnus Company when, to himself and to Mrs. Arroford and all his young men, he had been busy and secure. When he could no longer stand the seclusion he would go and sit in the lobby of a Broadway hotel, one of the line of intruders and loafers and pompous failures in the big chairs.

He had at last come to a real humility; and he started a campaign to get a job—not a position, but a job. He made out a list of all the motor firms he knew and offered them his services. He even planned to see Magnus.

But he read in a trade paper that Mrs. Nancy Arroford had been made general manager of the Motor Accessories Department of the Magnus Company. The paper commented that she was the first woman to

Builds city of 65,000

There is a busy town in the Middle West that has been described as being literally intoxicated with an all-pervading prosperity.

In a short time its population has increased from 13,000 to 65,000. It boasts of 182 men who have made fortunes from $100,000 to $6,000,000.

This boom—this city and fortune building—is the work of one man. Yet, big as this work is, it is only one phase of this man's gigantic enterprises.

Today, he is master of several industries representing an organization of $175,000,000, employing 36,500 men.

This man started in a humble way as an employé in a lumber mill. At twenty-one he said he had mastered the business and was ready for something else.

A cigar factory required bolstering. He gave it new life.

The town water-works were in a bad way. He put them on a sound basis.

Later he organized a carriage company. Then a motor company. In ten years he was a multi-millionaire and was building fortunes for other men.

He knew the underlying principles of business success

Some men will tell you his success was due to a series of "lucky breaks." Others will say he is one of the men who get all the opportunities.

But the fact is, this man started at scratch—he was born with nothing more than most of us are born with.

It was an unusual mastery of big business laws and principles which gave him his advantage—and this grasp of business principles is within the reach of all who have the determination to learn.

The laws of business success do not vary

This man had to master the laws of business before he could become a success. His text book of business knowledge was the experience of others and the facts of his own daily experience. He was able to crystallize these experiences into working principles.

The knowledge he finally gained in this way was the same knowledge that has stood behind every big business success. It is the same knowledge that, when acquired, needs only the personal qualities of determination and energy, to make success sure for anyone. The difference was in the method of learning. Unlike this man most of us need to have these principles crystallized and set down in writing before we can absorb them.

It is this business knowledge, this crystallized experience of thousands of America's most successful men that the Alexander Hamilton Institute is giving to more than 50,000 business men today.

Based on the actual experience of thousands of successful business men

The Institute collects, classifies and transmits to you thru the Modern Business Course and Service, the best thought and practice in modern business. It will give you a thoro and sound training in the fundamental principles underlying all departments of business—it will give you a knowledge that could otherwise be obtained *only* by years of bitter experience—if at all.

The kind of men enrolled

Presidents of big corporations are often enrolled for this Course and Service along with ambitious young men in their employ. Among the 50,000 subscribers are such men as H. C. Osborn, President, American Multigraph Sales Co.; Melville W. Mix, President of the Dodge Mfg. Co.; Geo. M. Verity, President of the American Rolling Mills; William H. Ingersoll, Marketing Manager of the biggest watch company in the world; N. A. Hawkins, General Sales Manager of the Ford Motor Company, and scores of others equally prominent.

In the Standard Oil Co., 242 men are enrolled in the Alexander Hamilton Institute; in the U. S. Steel Corporation, 450; in the National Cash Register Co., 194; in the General Electric Co., 282; in the Pennsylvania Railroad, 87; and so on down the list of the biggest concerns in America.

Advisory Council

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A careful reading of this 135 page book, "Forging Ahead in Business," a copy of which we will send you free, will open your mind's eyes over. It will help you see what you know, what you don't know, and what you should know to make success sure. This Course and Service will fit you to grasp the opportunities that are bound to come to those who are prepared

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The Florsheim SHOE

THE RELIANCE is a dignified, straight, comfort shape for the man who wants the same style each season, unvarying quality and perfect fit.

$7 to $10

The Florsheim dealer is ready to show the season's assortment of styles. His name and booklet on request.

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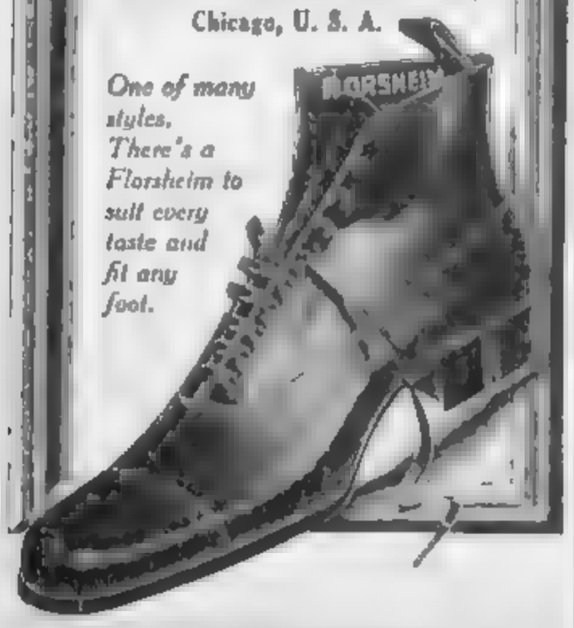

One of many styles. There's a Florsheim to suit every taste and fit any foot.

What You Need Is a Hot, Fat Spark

A lot of your power shoots out of the exhaust. Unexploded gas is pure waste—power lost that should have been used

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"Bougie Mercedes" PLUGS

produce a spark so powerful that ALL the gas explodes EVERY TIME. The famous "Clover-Leaf" electrode with the explosion chamber behind it flashes a spark so intense and penetrating that it explodes a very rich or a very lean mixture. Don't buy *any* plug without this explosion chamber!

HERZ PLUGS are doubly insulated. Every detail of them conforms to an exacting standard of structural excellence. They last, and last, and last. If your dealer hasn't HERZ PLUGS, write us.

HERZ & CO., 245 W 55th St., New York City

Please meet the "New Chiropodist" and say "good-bye" to corn

troubles. You've tried the old-fashioned plasters. Your corns still bother you! You've risked blood poisoning long enough. Now try the *modern* way—the

"Griffon" ANGLE SAFETY CORN PARER

Gives *immediate relief.* It is *the only parer that cuts corns between the toes* as well as on top. Good for calluses too.

Use the safer and surer way!

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

At up-to-date Dealers or send 25c to us

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74 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Write for Free Booklet "The New Chiropodist"

hold such a position in the accessories world, but that her record as salesman and her invention of the Magnus Bumper had "so splendidly qualified her for the position that there is no man in the business who does not heartily approve of her appointment and wish her good luck."

So Price could not go to the Magnus Company. He could not contemplate working for a man who had worked for him—especially when that man was a woman! Take orders from a person whom he had taught the very meaning of an office memo.? That was asking too much, he decided; and his remembered affection for Mrs. Arroford was inescapably dulled by envy as he began to bombard the motor firms with written applications for a job. He received a number of chatty replies, but not one single offer.

Where now was the born executive? At last he was considering details—details of cutting down the cost of breakfast by a nickel and of making a collar last two days.

He was in actual want. True, he still had eighteen hundred dollars; but he who has eighteen hundred dollars and no prospect of ever getting any more is as much in need as he who has nothing. So at last he turned back to the Magnus Company, to beg for any sort of chance to start over again.

There was a certain exultation in throwing away all his burden of pride, in attacking the world like a youngster for whom the future may hold anything. He felt twenty instead of fifty when he went swinging, head up, eyes front, not ashamed to be shamed, to face Magnus. . . . And he had a secret excitement in the fact that he would see Mrs. Arroford again. It was three years since he had been near the Magnus office or her.

VII

THERE was a new office boy in the outer office at the Magnus Company, one who knew not Joseph and didn't want to let Joseph 'go in to see Mister Pharaoh. He stared at Price's spats and piped: "Whacha wanna see 'im 'bout—heh?" But Price's old filing girl was passing through and cried:

"Oh, Mr. Price! It's so long since we've seen you. My, you're looking fine! Eddie, you beat it right in and tell Mr. Magnus that Mr. Price is here."

As Price passed through the inner offices to Magnus' coop, it was through a lane of smiles and handshakes. He was home, and glad to be home; and his old friends were glad to have him. But Magnus himself wasn't so flattering.

"Magnus, I'm on the rocks!" Price felt the luxury of absolute frankness and confession. "I was a damn' fool ever to leave here. I want to come back."

"Well! Well—— Just a moment, Price. Forgot to tell —"

So, in the rush of his gallant self-exposure, Price had to wait while Magnus telephoned. Chilled, uneasy, he tried to start again; but he could only mumble:

"As I said, I'd be glad to make a connection with the firm again, Magnus."

"Yes yes; 'course we'd be glad to have you back; but—uh—I don't know just how you'd fit in now, Price. You see, we've completely reorganized the department. The big business now is in direct appeal to car owners—they're getting educated now. You're trained to handle big consignments to manufacturers; but Mrs. Arroford—she's boss now—I told you she was a bright little woman. Hee! Hee! Lord, a small-car owner can't go ten miles in his bus without her coaxing him into some local garage to buy a speedometer, or maybe a whole electric starting-and-lighting system. I don't know how you'd be ——"

Price wanted to say "All right, then. Go to the devil!" But he couldn't afford even this first, most valuable privilege of an executive. He said uncomfortably:

"I'd like to look over the situation."

"Then you go see Nancy Arroford. She's boss now, Price. She's boss! 'Fraid I can't do anything for you; can't go over her head, you know—hee! hee!—though, of course, personally ——"

Price saw that Magnus was looking at him with a fuzzy leer of amusement; but he said nothing. He stalked out and took the elevator to the next floor—to the Motor Accessories offices.

Mrs. Arroford herself came fluttering out to greet him; but it was the flutter of a cordial woman, not of an embarrassed girl.

"So nice to see you! Won't you come right in?" she said.

Her new office was solid and masculine, except for a huge bowl of roses on her flat-top desk and a Canton hourglass chair for visitors. To Price, after a certain hardness of the chair hitched up beside old Magnus' desk, the Canton chair was comforting. As they sat down Mrs. Arroford's secretary poked her head in the doorway and remarked:

"Hubbard wants to see you, Mrs. Arroford."

Mrs. Arroford stared blankly at the secretary; looked worried, fidgety—feminine. Price watched her closely. "She can't make decisions like a man," he concluded. He had wondered whether he would be stirred by her, and he found only a tired, busy everyday woman; pleasant, smartly dressed, and with more character now to her prettiness; but with none of that lingering magic that had, in his memory, seemed to melt about her. And she wasn't even a decisive boss! But Mrs. Arroford's face cleared and she spoke very concisely:

"Tell Hubbard he's to go to Buffalo. Let him fuss, and listen sympathetically, but tell him I can't see him—and sympathize with him about that, too—and get him started off. That's all."

In her voice was shown a perfect understanding with her secretary and a perfect readiness to fight with this invisible Hubbard person; but she dismissed her interest in the problem and turned on Price a smile of real welcome.

"I'm so glad you came in! I think you'll be pleased with your old pupil. We've increased receipts thirty per cent this past year; and we —— But tell me about yourself, first. I heard somebody say you'd retired from Pistoflash to look after a mine of your own. That's awfully exciting! I knew you wouldn't always be working for somebody else."

It was hard, but into the lamp of her enthusiasm Price had to throw a brick:

"No; I'm not working for anybody else—or myself either. I'm broke! Flat! I'm a failure! I'm through pretending. I want a job—from you. Anything from twenty a week up. I haven't admitted to anybody but you and Magnus ——"

"Oh, I am so sorry! But it doesn't really matter. You couldn't be a failure even if you are broke. You'll be back where you belong—soon."

Mothering pity gave color and warmth to her voice. Price hastily decided that business women excelled men in one thing, at least—they could show compassion without seeming weak. He burst out. He confessed that he had made a botch of Pistoflash, and of job-getting since.

"Probably I'm a fool to tell all this when I ought to be making an impression on you; but I've needed somebody—no; needed you!—to buck me up."

"I'm glad you told me. I ——"

She walked over to the window and stared out. When she turned back to him he saw that her eyes were teary; and as she passed his chair she patted his shoulder—just once, shyly and delicately.

"Of course I'll do anything in the world to set you going again," she said quietly. "We've been reorganizing here and I'm not satisfied with my new sales manager. Sooner or later I'll have to let him out. Would you like to try that? It's only five thousand a year, because —— You won't be offended, will you? I'm really sales manager myself—and all the rest of the managers too. And, oh, you'd have to—well, I'm afraid it would almost be taking my orders."

"Dear lady, I'll take them without questioning. I mean it! I ——"

"Don't! I know. I just wanted you to understand the situation. It's —— It will be wonderful to have you here again. We all loved you. . . . I'll let you know in just a day or two about when you can start in. Leave me your address."

Then she waited for Price to go—she who had so often awaited his permission to go! At least, she hadn't been so crude as to rise as a sign that the interview was over!

He thanked her with mingled affection, gratitude and an unavoidable resentment that he should have to come and sponge on her pity.

"I'll make good," he vowed in the elevator; "but it will be a stiff fight. To get myself to take orders from my own secretary—Lord, that's the last slam for a failure! . . . But Nancy—poor, sweet kid! It will be just as hard for her, I suppose."

VIII

THERE were many differences between Mrs. Arroford and the typical man chief. She was at once more impatient and more

(Continued on Page 105)

A Real 10c Cigar for 5 Cents

YOU men who have been accustomed to smoking ten-cent straights and two-for-a-quarter cigars will find my J. R. W. cigar a most delightful smoke.

[illegible] cigar is selected for me from the finest tobacco [illegible] In my 40 years experience as a smoker I have never found a cigar with the smooth, mellow, delightful taste of my J. R. W. cigar.

Real Tobacco Value

When you buy my J. R. W. cigar you are paying for straight tobacco goodness—nothing else. My cigar goes direct from me to you.

And besides, J. R. W. cigars are always fresh. No [illegible] cigars that have that smooth, fresh taste. I make only enough to fill immediate orders.

Try Five Free

I don't want you to buy a box of these cigars until you [illegible] Just send me your name on your business card or letterhead together with 10c to partially cover [illegible] cigars to try free.

Smoke [illegible] of them. If you like them send me $1.00 [illegible] Otherwise [illegible] try this really delightful cigar.

J. Rogers Warner
214 Lockwood Bldg.
Buffalo, N. Y.

Exact Size

Relieves Callouses bunions and sore feet by removing the cause.

They are almost invariably caused by pressure from a misfitting shoe, which makes the skin harden and become sore.

Wizard ADJUSTABLE CALLOUS REMOVER and ARCH BUILDER

by means of soft rubber inserts in pockets, supports the bone in normal position, and the trouble soon disappears. Relief is immediate. No metal. Soft, flexible, featherweight.

If you have any form of foot trouble, write for free book "Orthopraxy of the Foot," a [illegible] publication [illegible]

Wizard Foot Appliance Co., 1611 Locust St. St. Louis, Mo.

GET MY PRICES

I can ship at once any size or style WITTE High-Grade Engine—2 to 22 H. P.—Kerosene or Gasoline

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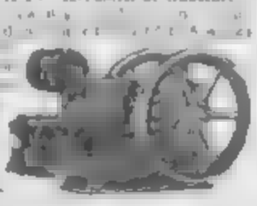


White Engine Works,
2510 Oak and Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
2340 Empire Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

CARBONA
Cleaning Fluid

Better than dangerous Benzine Naphtha or Gasoline for all Cleaning purposes

Cannot burn or explode

15c 25c 50c & $1.00 *Sold by all Druggists*

LEPAGE'S GLUE

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

Some are Misled

By Seeming Likeness to the

HUDSON SUPER-SIX

Don't judge cars, or choose between them, by a half-hour demonstration. Nearly any new car, without competition, seems an excellent performer. But the paramount question covers years to come. And that cannot be settled in that way.

Mark These Great Distinctions

The Super-Six motor, in outer aspects, seems like a hundred light sixes. The cylinder size is common. The type doesn't look unique.

Clever salesmen, unchecked by proofs, often class other sixes with it. Or even depict an advantage.

But remember that Hudson long built the finest light Six produced. And the Super-Six invention, as proved by common, standard tests, increased its efficiency 80 per cent. That's a very wide difference, you know.

Salesmen of V-types—Eights and Twelves—often call them the newer type. But we built both for testing long before the Super-Six. And we quit them only when the Super-Six proved its vast supremacy.

Mark how this invention stopped the trend toward V-types. And returned the sovereignty of Motordom to a light and simple Six.

What of the Future?

The question is, What will five years show? Or perhaps one year, or two? That must be shown by long, hard tests, under a fearful strain.

It has been shown with the Super-Six.

It was shown by driving 3,000 miles, at speed exceeding 80 miles per hour, without evident wear on any part or bearing.

It was shown by driving 1819 miles in 24 hours—breaking all like records by 52 per cent.

It was shown by driving from coast to coast in by far the record time. Then turning around and breaking the records back.

It was shown by beating—again and again—the costliest racers with a Super-Six. Simply by keeping going.

The Beauty Question

Standing alone, many a car looks handsome. But their beauty pales beside a Super-Six. The latest Hudson models were first molded in wax. Then sculptured by artists to utter perfection. Then built by master craftsmen. Then finished and trimmed and upholstered as cars never were before.

Hudsons are not merely handsome, but right. These styles will endure. That is one reason why Hudsons now outsell any other front-rank car.

Remember These Facts

The Hudson Super-Six, in the past year, has won all the worth-while records. It has shown itself the supreme performer in every sort of feat.

That fact is recorded in a hundred records, many of them official. Let no mere claims outweigh them.

And all those records prove super-endurance. Its speed tests, its hill climbs, its long distance records—all were won by that.

The whole advantage of the Super-Six lies in minimizing friction. Motor wear is almost nothing. That was ever the chief aim in motor car engineering. It is, by all odds, the chief thing to consider.

The Super-Six is a Hudson patent. That's why every ruse and scheme is used to minimize it. To choose that motor means to choose the Hudson. And you'll do that when you know.

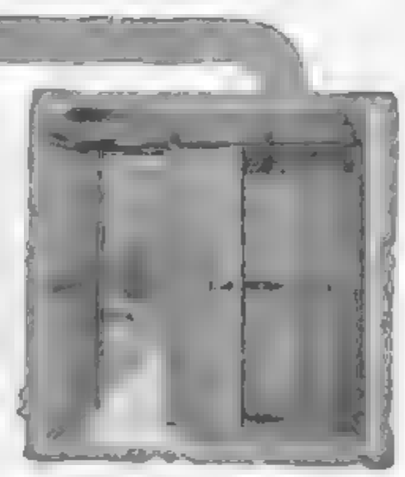
Go see our newest models with the shutter on the front.

Phaeton, 7-passenger, $1650	Town Car $2925	Town Car Landaulet . $3025
Cabriolet, 3-passenger, 1950	(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)	Limousine 2925
Touring Sedan . . . 2175		Limousine Landaulet . 3025

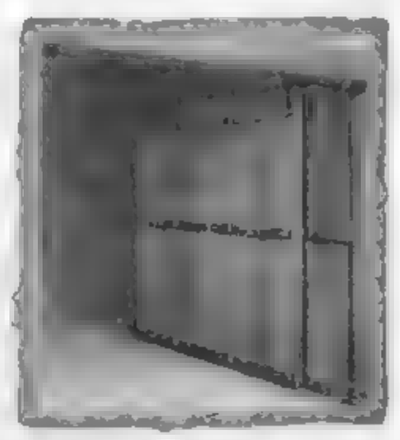
HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

The Most Convenient Garage Door Hanger Made

LOUDEN



The swinging section of the door is used as an individual entrance and exit door.



When open, the door lies flat against the wall, out of the way.

This book tells the whole story. Ask for it

$60.00 Complete Outfit

It Meets Every Condition Perfectly—Convenience, Safety, Space Economy, Beauty of Design, Ease of Operation, Permanence, Cheapness.

The door is made in three panels, stoutly hinged together, supported by swiveled, roller bearing trolleys which operate on a continuous steel track.

The track extends across the door opening, inside, and along the adjoining wall, curved at the corner. The door slides smoothly around the corner—doesn't cut off an inch of valuable space—and when open lies flat against the side wall, out of the way.

When closed, it fits snug and tight. Everything is inside out of the weather, and free from obstructions of all kinds.

Swinging garage doors are inconvenient and clumsy. They are sure to sag sooner or later, and frequently they are whipped open or shut by the wind, damaging doors or car. The outside sliding door requires a post in the yard and takes up much valuable room. It is awkward and unsightly. The one-piece inside sliding door cuts off a big corner and creates from three to five feet of waste space in the garage.

The Louden-Hung Garage Door overcomes the disadvantages of clumsy swinging doors and posts in the yard, and solves permanently the problem of the inside sliding garage door.

A DOOR WITHIN A DOOR

An extremely valuable feature of the Louden-Hung Garage Door is the hinged section, which makes a separate foot entrance unnecessary. A small door for the man and a large door for the car, all in one, is an exclusive, Louden-patented feature—absolutely new in garage door construction.

The convenience, safety, and handsome design of the three-panel Louden Equipped Garage Door make it popular with wealthy owners of fine garages. Its inexpensiveness makes it popular with those who wish to economize.

Because of the room it saves, the convenience it affords, and the lasting satisfaction you will derive from it, you will find the Louden Garage Door Hanger a highly profitable investment.

See your Hardware Dealer or write to

1867—THE LOUDEN MACHINERY COMPANY—1917

7300 COURT STREET, FAIRFIELD, IOWA

2288 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn. 1051-1059 W. 35th St. Chicago, Ill. 1047-1053 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.
The Harbuson Manufacturing Co., 1219-1221 W. 10th St., Kansas City, Mo.

OTHER LOUDEN PRODUCTS: Steel Cow Stalls and Stanchions, Steel Animal Pens, Litter and Feed Carriers, Hay Carriers and Track, Hay Forks and Slings, Barn Door Hangers, Cupolas and Ventilators, Water Bowls—"Everything for the Barn."

Here's What You Get

- No. 1. Track (supporting brackets riveted on) for 6, 8, 10 or 12 foot door, as specified
- No. 2. Three swivel-jointed, roller bearing trolleys.
- No. 3. Six durable strap hinges.
- No. 4. Two adjustable floor stay rollers to guide the door and hold it in place at the bottom.
- No. 5. One wall stay roller to keep the door from binding on the side wall.
- No. 6. Two well shaped door handles.
- No. 7. Special barbed nails for putting up track.
- No. 8. Screws for hinges, handles and stay rollers.
- No. 9. One hasp and staple.

No lumber is furnished

Complete directions for building and erecting door accompany each set of hangers.

Dealers Attention!

Hardware dealers, automobile supply dealers and general stores will find a ready and continuous sale for the Louden Garage Door Hanger. It is now extensively used and our national advertising campaign will give a tremendous impetus to the demand for this hanger. Don't miss sales by failing to stock it. Write us today

(Continued from Page 102)

generous; more interested in the fortunes of everyone who worked for her or encountered her. She overworked too frequently; like a girl grind in college, she couldn't put away her work and go jovially off to loaf. She talked too rapidly; she was rather too insistent on the fact that she played no favorites. But for details she had real genius; and her "big decisions" didn't have to be undecided afterward, because they were not flip-a-quarter guesses, intended to bluff a waiting subordinate.

She never hesitated to reprove savagely anybody who came to her with a "Well, my little woman, I will give you my masculine advice" manner; but for the clerks she had a never-exhausted tolerance that made them adore her and give her the loyalty which enables executives to succeed.

In all this she was not so very different from the girl secretary Price had known—merely a little surer; a little more independent. Two things, however, kept warning Price that she was a very different, an enormously larger person now: She had a certain luxury of living; his position of inferiority was crudely but clearly indicated by the fact that she could spend more than he could now. Like most business women, she decidedly retained a love for pretty things—flowers; frocks; charming apartments; a woman's club as elaborate and self-dependent as the most exclusive man's club; her own car; her overnight bag, with silver fittings. But more important than her luxuries, as a hint of how completely she had passed him, was the fact that he had to take her orders.

Price was sincerely trying to accustom himself to the new methods in Magnus' distribution; to organizing data about garages and hardware dealers and small jobbers; to advertising not just for technically trained minds, but for amateur motorists. It was hard for him to skip quickly over a million details and be an authority on them when Mrs. Arroford called on him for information—and it was harder to realize that he mustn't be giving her advice all the time. When he noticed her using an old-fashioned desk calendar instead of a box tickler, when someone was impudent and she was unnecessarily aggressive in her resentment, Price would catch himself giving her suggestions as though she were his secretary.

She listened impatiently. They grew dangerously polite in their conferences. He began to doubt himself, and felt useless. In this frame of mind he couldn't get up the energy necessary for that most demanding of tasks—starting over again.

Oh, he knew it; he blamed himself as savagely as any boss could have done; he sat and watched himself, unable to originate ideas, to put any fire into his salesmen—even to keep decently busy. He descended to the sordidness of pretending to be busy; of rustling papers and looking up abruptly when somebody came into his office. Before even small office girls he played out this shameful game. He could not get his mind to take hold. He glowered through the window at a chimney-potty sky line, and hated it. He did want to get to work; but there was no force in him.

In his nervous idleness he felt himself becoming irritable. He was irritated by Mrs. Arroford's tricks as manager—the tricks she had learned from himself, but which she presented as her own. Because he was ashamed of that irritation it was the harder to go to her for orders; go to that small pretty woman behind a bowl of roses! And always he had the fear—which every delinquent clerk has in the presence of every chief—that some day she would "blow him up."

But she did not blow him up; and for months he wavered between that fear and a slight contempt of her because she allowed him to go on merely marking time, and a bitter contempt of himself for everything.

Suddenly, one evening just before closing time, she sent him a memo.:

"Please see me before you go home."

He ambled into her office rather patronizingly and sat down beside her desk. She called in her secretary.

"Please don't let anyone disturb us," she said. "You can bring my letters in to sign after Mr. Price has gone."

Her voice was very weary. Price felt as though she was turning to his masculine strength. But as she faced him she seemed not a woman to be petted—neither man nor woman, indeed, but merely a brain behind cold eyes.

"Mr. Price, we must come to an understanding now; and let's get it all threshed out at this one conference. What are we going to do? I've tried my best to give you an opportunity and not be bossy, and you haven't responded. Do you realize that you are making it harder than ever for me because I've been doing most of your work? What can we do?"

"You've been doing ——"

"Yes; I certainly have."

"Then, in that case, my dear Mrs. Arroford, I suppose there is nothing further desired from me, except my resignation."

"As you wish—though I really am sorry. I had hoped ——"

"And so I do resign. Now!"

"Oh, please don't be so stiff and dramatic. Can't you see I'm not talking in any unfriendly way? But I can't—oh, I can't, just can't go on carrying any more work. I'm overworking now. I thought you would take some of the burden off my shoulders. Please understand. I'm not talking like a boss, am I? I don't feel like one, but like an exhausted woman. And yet I am the boss and have to take the responsibility. But I can't if my courage goes smash. What am I going to do?"

His stiffness was gone then.

"I know," he said. "I've been rotten Now I resign again—but this time for your sake."

"No; I won't accept your resignation to-night—not for at least a week. See, oh, please see if you can't think of some way of getting hold of your job, so that you can help me. Good night."

He stood up. He took her hand—a small, tired, relaxed hand—and smiled down at her, not as the naughty boy who has been scolded but as a man does smile at a woman.

"I'll try—dear," he said.

He sat at dinner, alone, for two hours; and suddenly he threw overboard his whole philosophy. He saw that he had been working for himself first; for the firm second—a far-distant second; and for her, who needed him, he had not been working at all. Now he would work for her first; then for the firm; and as for himself—oh, his self had become confused, useless, and he would forget it entirely. Her presence in his plan made it not an impulsive desire for reformation, but warm, thrilling, human. He went to her next morning and said:

"I want to work for you. And please give me the devil whenever I need it."

"I will!" She smiled.

What he had to do was simple enough—he had to work! . . . The same being a solution of many complex problems in life. . . . He had to attend to every detail; have information on which she could depend ready for her; not let his desk get choked with papers; not delay his assistants nor give them snap judgments. But to get himself to do this work required some change in himself. His new determination was a fine, earnest, youthful little determination; but determinations to reform are generally worth about as much as the "never again!" of next morning. He had to change.

So, at fifty and more, he began to make an art of so living that he should again have fire and joy in his work.

It is possible that he recalled the régime to which young Mrs. Arroford, of Mt. Vernon, had once subjected herself. He gave up ease and the precious routine comforts of middle age. He was up at six-thirty; took a cold bath, though every square inch of his sleek skin protested; walked before breakfast, and then cut out most of the breakfast, omitted the waffles and lamb chops—just as later in the day he shook off his lunchtime habits of a cocktail, coffee, cigars, and familiar gossip with the male old women at the club. He lunched when he could with small-garage men, with his salesmen, with men from the factory; and their close-to-the-machine energy enlivened his dull office view of business.

He was too busy now to stop to consider whether he was a born executive or not.

IX

BETWEEN failure and success there is, sometimes, only a thin partition; an inconspicuous difference in system or in not having headaches, in philosophy or in not smoking too much, in will power or in not forgetting to sign letters. Leonard Price knew a great deal about business; and, once he was willing to use that knowledge not to glorify himself but to serve the world—and a woman, it was not very hard to come back.

FLavo FLour

Nature-Flavored

HERE is the new flour, containing the entire food values of the wheat berry. The essential aromatic flavor oils of the wheat are not milled out of FLavo FLour.

This—FLavo FLour—is made only on the AMERICAN MARVEL self-contained roller mill, a system which has been in successful operation in hundreds of communities throughout the United States for the past seven years. This system of milling is very short and direct, quickly turning the wheat into the whitest patent flour. There is no opportunity to destroy the volatile oils, or the rich, natural flavor of the wheat berry, which, in our process and flour, is imparted to the bread.

Millions of flour users know the superior qualities of FLavo FLour and are wanting to get it. It is used with enthusiastic satisfaction by housewives in over one thousand communities, where it is made only by each COMMUNITY MARVEL MILLER.

Flour users in hundreds of other communities are wanting these mills started at once to supply FLavo FLour.

FLavo FLour is made locally only—not by ordinary big flour mills.

This is a great opportunity. A splendid, clean-cut, permanent money-making business can be yours if you have as much as $2000 to invest.

I invite millers, bankers, or any business man to write us for full information. We make it easy to start, and great success is assured by our special, helpful methods.

AMERICAN (Midget) MARVEL Self-Contained MILL

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In a little over a year he was making so much of his position that Mrs. Arroford herself insisted that he ought not to be merely an inferior of hers. They had a two-day conference—Magnus and Mrs. Arroford and Price; and the department was again reorganized, with Price in charge of negotiations with manufacturers and in possession of independence equal to hers.

He had come back; and now he had a far more puzzling problem to study.

x

WHEN she had been his secretary Mrs. Arroford had turned all her femininity into discreet loyalty; when she had been his chief she had turned it into kindness, complicated by a resolve that no one should walk over her. But, now that she was his equal, now that she was day by day his more quickly responsive companion, sharer in his every ambition and enthusiasm, he began to see her as a woman, with vanities and petulance, and a smile that was dearer than laughter; with ridiculous little hands, and mystery not to be deciphered. A woman—but a business woman, iron rigid in system, who laughed with him, but was swift to resent any undue familiarity in the office from him or from any other man!

He seemed never to get nearer to her. If his hand fell on hers as they said good night at the elevator she would respond with a casual grasp, but instantly withdraw her hand and speak with an impersonality that was harder to pass than scorn or hate.

He had to pass it, he told himself. She was necessary to him. When he spent an evening at the club he was equally lonely for her illuminating shop talk and for her woman's gentleness.

But if she was determined to be businesslike about everything—very well, he would be businesslike in love-making. He made a plan of which he was just a bit proud. Never, he told himself, had any staid middle-aged lover had the genius to think of being businesslike. He would discount all this romance stuff, as Mrs. Arroford had done, and make a regular campaign of selling the attractions of Mr. Leonard Price.

On a winter afternoon, when the streets were irritating with squalls of dirty snow and the office was a warm refuge, Price sat beside her desk in conference.

"See here," he said prosily; "I know you're tired, but there's one other matter I must bring up and get all threshed out. There's one feature you've been neglecting."

"Go ahead."

"Nancy, you're always evading me when I want to talk about—well, about us ——"

"Heavens! Is that your neglected feature?"

"—— but I'm going to make you take it up systematically. If you're so darn' businesslike, then I'll simply have to be a good salesman for the Price line."

"Very well. What goods are you showing this season?"

"A very nice line of heart and hand—heart tobacco-marred, but very warm."

"I'm afraid we're all stocked up."

"Well, madam, how about heroic male protection?"

"No; we don't deal in male protection—or any windshields at all. We prefer open cars, so that we can drive right into the rain and feel it on our cheeks. Sorry!"

"No lady's car can be sold with just a bare chassis, though—no upholstery or anything. How about something neat in an upholstery that you can simply jump on if you want to—and it won't complain?"

"No; no upholstery, Mr. Price. I've got so used to riding down next to the crank-case of life that I like the heat and smell of it—even the spattering oil. Business has made me afraid of all the upholstery that most women start out riding on, and find themselves sunk in, lost in ——"

"Will you stop evading my attempts to propose to you! I'm so terribly afraid you'll get away from me again. And I do want to give you the chance to rest, to work for you —— Oh, hang it, I say—will you marry me, Nancy?"

"Business has made me so ——"

"Confound business! Nancy, you make me go back to my old belief that women don't belong in business. You business women ruin yourselves for love."

"No! That isn't true! It's you business men that ruin us for it. When we go into offices you expect us to be either flirts or nuns. If we aren't obviously nuns you keep bothering us. So we have to freeze out all the habit of love. No! I'm sorry. I am glad to have you for friend; but—that's all! Ever! You see, we're both being practical and frank, and—decisive."

"Nancy"—he hesitated—"I wish I could kiss you—just once!"

She smiled; but:

"No," she said; and he unhappily ebbed away.

xi

UPON his birthday old Magnus gave a Company dinner at his big house on Riverside Drive. The businesslike Mrs. Arroford was radiant and soft and utterly feminine in a cloud of silver and pearl; and Price stared at her all evening.

"Walk down the Drive with me on your way home," he had the chance to whisper. "There's moonlight on the snow."

"Moonlight?" she said. "Oh, yes; I remember—that's what they used to have on spring evenings when I was a girl."

They came chattering and laughing out of the orange glow of the doorway. They crossed to the river side of the Drive.

A yacht was fleeing up the Hudson, its lights red and yellow and vivid green upon the water, its searchlight shifting over the snowy heights of Weehawken. They stopped to watch it.

"It's so startlingly beautiful by night," she sighed, as they stood there.

He watched her, in her white furs, become hypnotized by the river's shining light; saw her grow tender with that faint sadness which is at the heart of all solemn beauty. Without a word he put his arm about her, felt the warmth and softness of her furs. He was not shy of her now, nor did he plan to seem businesslike. To be close to this dear woman comrade was as natural as that most ancient naturalness of snow and moon and wide, listening sky.

She shivered a little and leaned against him. She said no word. Deliberately he smoothed her cold cheek and kissed her.

"Oh!" was all she said; her hand slowly slipped into his and stayed there.

He had the inspiration to keep silent for a time before he whispered:

"I shouldn't have asked you, before, if I might kiss you."

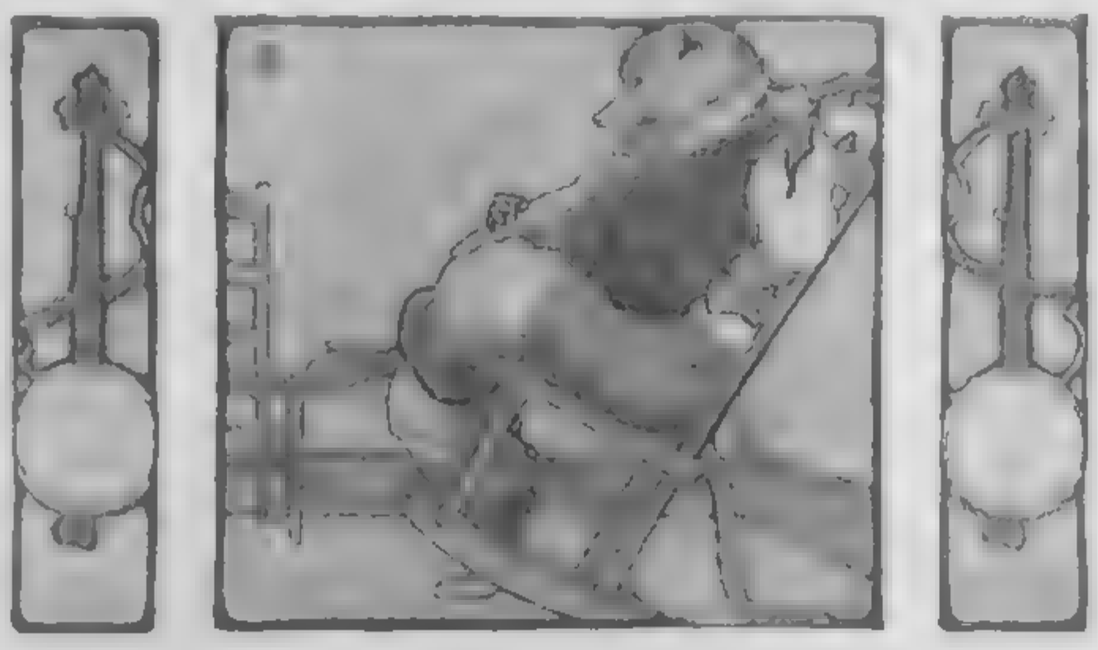
"No!"

"And I shouldn't have been so practical in making love. Always it's you who are the wise executive! I should simply have been a plain human, and—and made love!"

"Oh, yes; yes! A business woman wants to be just a woman when it comes to love. Oh, we're so old-fashioned, we practical modern women! Like you men! I want moonlight and romance, and a chance to cry a little because I'm happy; and, oh ——"

"And lumbering old me?"

"And gentle old you, my dear!"



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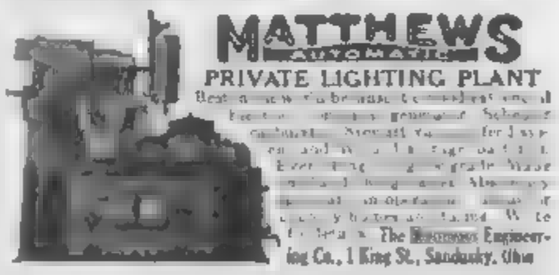

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Had he only begun to fight off "Acid-Mouth" and decay in early life, he'd *not* need false teeth now.

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Successful in all things, except preservation of his teeth. A victim of unpreparedness *only* in not guarding against "Acid-Mouth."

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WHY *will* some men and women fail to protect their teeth—fail to ***guard*** them against decay? It is beyond comprehension.

Millions know that "Acid-Mouth" works like a thief in the night to rob your teeth of goodness. Practically everyone is subject to "Acid-Mouth" and ***needs*** a preventive.

"Acid-Mouth" is said to weaken and soften the hard exterior of your teeth. Unless checked, it opens the way to germs of decay. The first *you* know about the havoc it is doing is when you discover a cavity—or several. Or when a swift, sharp ache shoots the knowledge to your brain. Use a scientific test in time. That's the one certain way to tell.

Millions now use Pebeco because they know it counteracts "Acid-Mouth." By using Pebeco these millions are doing something to ***preserve*** their teeth as well as keep them white and clean.

We have prepared a scientific test that detects the presence of "Acid-Mouth." We'll send it to you ***free***—accompanied by a ten-day Sample Tube of Pebeco. Just write for both—on a penny postal. We want to show you how to save your teeth.

The use of Pebeco is mighty ***pleasant.*** Its after-effect is keen, refreshing, invigorating. If "pep" has a ***taste,*** it's the taste of Pebeco.

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KENTUCKY TURNS

(Continued from Page 15)

"Jedge," he whispered, "I wish you'd come down to my house for a little spell. I want to tell you somethin'."

IV

THE sun had just gone down behind the distant blue haze of the Coast Range. Kentucky gave Judge Navlett a seat outside the house upon the only chair he possessed. It was a clumsy affair, constructed of odds and ends of old boxes. Kentucky sat upon the wash bench, with his back against the house. Beside him was the water barrel, on one hand; on the other side was the door.

"Maybe you better smoke, Jedge?" he suggested. "This thing I've got to tell you may take a good while; I don't know."

Judge Navlett filled his pipe and handed his pouch to Kentucky. The man hesitated; but there was an avid gleam in his sunken eyes that betrayed him. It had been long since he had tasted tobacco.

"Obleeged to ye, Jedge," he said finally. "But I think I'll not smoke with ye—yet."

Judge Navlett lighted his pipe and looked about him. Beside the water barrel, and close against the miserable hovel, a sickly morning-glory vine strove with adversity. Through all that followed, Judge Navlett's mind kept coming back to that poor, weak vine, struggling for life in the midst of desolation. All about it there was no other green thing indigenous to the country where its ancestors had lived. The yard was torn desert sand; in the encircling clumps of low greasewood brush scraps of soiled paper clung and fluttered drearily. Inside the shack a woman moaned. Kentucky lifted his head and listened. After a while he began speaking in a low, monotonous voice.

"I'll have to begin way back," he said. "If I seem to say too much, Jedge, or if you feel yourse'f gettin' weary, just try to remember that I'm talkin' for my life. You can forgive a man a heap when he's talkin' for his life, I reckin.

"Ever since I was a boy I've wanted a home. Not a grand mansion, you understand, with half a dozen rooms and maybe an organ in the settin' room, but just a place of my own where I could live in peace. From the time I was twelve years old until I was twenty-one I worked in the tobacco fields, savin' money for my home.

"When I was twenty-one I married. Marthy and me bought a little place, payin' down what we could and givin' a mortguge for the balance. For nigh ten years we shaved and starved, payin' off that mortgage. But we didn't mind. We was slavin' and starvin' for our Home. That made it easier to bear.

"Then came the trouble among the tobacco growers. I never did understand the cause of it; but one night the Riders raided us and hoed up our tobacco beds. So then there could be no crop. The mortgage took our little home and all the money we had put in it—all that I had worked for since I was a boy.

"I thought a right smart of that little home, Jedge. . . . There was a morning-glory over the kitchen window; and every evenin' when I came in from work I'd see Marthy smilin' through the blue and green vines, when the sun went behind Ole Turkeytop and made our place all cool and shady an hour or two before it was real sundown. . . .

"We left Kaintucky. The Riders kept pesterin' us. Besides, we hadn't anything left to stay on there for. We crossed the Ohio and took another farm, way up in the Wabash Valley. We worked that place for several years, and we paid in on it every cent we could spare and still keep from starvation. Then they discovered coal on the place. Again the mortgage was foreclosed. I don't know how, but I did know that the man wanted the farm back because there was coal on it.

"That was two year ago. We managed to get hold of a team and wagon. We put a cover on the wagon, took the children and our dog and started West. We didn't know what the West looked like, but we just set out same as you would start out into the dark wonderin' what would happen to you at last. There ain't any call to bother you with everything that happened to us on that trip. But you saw us come in. One horse had died on the way, and the other died the night we made camp on the Lizard's head.

"When my horse died I saw that I was to the end of things at last. I couldn't go back and I couldn't go on. I *must* make a home here or my wife and children would shorely die! So I done the best I knowed. You saw what we done—me and the little woman. We done our best. We hadn't the learnin' of most people and the chances was plumb against us—us not understandin' the country and knowin' nothing at all about minin'. The country was strange and the people was strange; and sometimes, lookin' up, it 'most seemed as though God wa'n't there any more. But we done our best. Ever since we located the Lizard we've slaved. My wife stood it until a few days ago, and then she broke. I've stood a heap in my time; but it was only when I saw my wife layin' there lookin' like a ghost of her old self—it was not till then that I really walked right down into hell. I—I ain't complainin', Jedge; I'm jest tellin' you.

"That day the Ryker gang came and found that something was wrong with my location. Not with my right to the property, you see, but with the way I had described it on the piece of writin' I stuck up on the Lizard. They jumped me."

Kentucky was silent for some time and his eyes were gazing far across the desert, where the moon was beginning to show its rim above the dark outline of the Panamints.

"Ain't it strange?" he said finally. "All my life I was that tender-hearted I couldn't kill a hawg at butcherin' time. I never even shot a crow. Once I walked round a hornets' nest all summer instead of chunkin' a club through it as most fellers would 'a' done. God had made 'em. I figured that they had a right to live, somehow. . . .

"Well, when the Rykers jumped us my wife went clear to the bottom, as you might say. It was the last straw and she couldn't stand no more. You see, we had put just a little more than the last drop of our hearts' blood into the claim when this happened. And when it hit us something inside of us seemed to snap, and we went all to pieces, like. We both knew this was the last time. We couldn't stand another long siege. Something inside of us quit! I wish I could explain it better. I kain't; but maybe you'll understand.

"The Rykers gave us until six o'clock this evenin' to get off the claim. They promised to shoot me if I didn't—just as I told you before. I couldn't go. My wife —— Did you ever have a wife, Jedge?"

Judge Navlett did not move, but his voice came thickly in the moonlight:

"Yes. She died on the Overland Trail. There was no water. That was a long time ago." Again there was a silence.

"When I came back from your office yesterday," went on Kentucky, "I found my dog layin' under the washbench here, shot through the lungs. I done what I could for him; but he died. Just licked my hand once and died. I found where he had dragged himself down through the sand. I follered the trail back to the Lizard shaft. There's where he was shot. The tracks of three men was there.

"Now, Jedge, it's a cur'ous thing—a mighty cur'ous thing; but it wasn't until they killed my dog that I changed. As I done told you, I never was a killer. And I've stood a lot. The Rykers done a lot, from first to last, to destroy my peace o' mind; they robbed us and insulted us all that most mortal flesh an' blood could stand, and I tuck it meek—me lovin' peace thataway. But when they killed my dog it seemed the very last thing that was needed. I reckin I'd have done it, anyway; but that gave me the final shove.

"Last night, after my wife and children was asleep, I went up on the Lizard's head and climbed down in the shaft. I couldn't sleep, you see, and I wanted to get away from my troubles. Ever have that feelin'? But you kain't do it. There's no hole so deep that your troubles don't find you. I guess maybe you've found that out sometime yo'se'f.

"So down in the bottom of my shaft, a hundred feet below the surface, I done figured it all out. And this is the way it come out in my mind:

"If the Rykers was to pry up my window and come into my house and steal my property, I could shoot 'em; and every law of the land would uphold me in the act.

"If they came in the night and tried to rob me of everything, so that my wife and

The Man Who Succeeded Where Herbert Spencer Failed

SEVENTY-THREE years ago, in Derby, England, lived a young man who had a new idea in watch-making.

He was Herbert Spencer, then an inventor, later one of the world's greatest utilitarian philosophers.

His idea was "a rearrangement of the works with a view to greater flatness."

Although his principle—that a practical thin watch could be accomplished only through a rearrangement of the works—was correct, Herbert Spencer failed. "My model," he writes, "proved to have no superiority; indeed it was a bad one."

Another man's ideal

In Cincinnati, Ohio, thirty-three years later, another man conceived the same idea. Like Spencer, he saw that *all* watches were not only too large, but too *thick*.

This man was Dietrich Gruen, a Swiss watch manufacturer who had learned his trade under one Martens, among the most renowned horologists of his time.

He had founded his business in America with the idea of producing a watch of exceptional merit. For its production his thoughts turned naturally to Switzerland, where from time out of mind the finest watches have been produced.

There he gathered together a group of the finest craftsmen and established his first factory for producing watch movements, importing these and fitting them to their cases in America.

The smallest watch then made was what was known as the "18" size. But Dietrich Gruen planned and experimented until he produced the watch known as the "16" size—for many years the popular size watch and the size made today by all manufacturers for railroad use. But even this did not satisfy the ideals of Dietrich Gruen. He started then from the bottom, striving to find a new arrangement of movement parts, which, without weakening any individual wheel or pinion, would *build up* a watch of exceeding thinness.

Then came success!

In 1892 his son Fred, who had been studying horology both in America and Switzerland, took up the problem with his father.

It was not until 1902 that Dietrich Gruen's thin model was brought to the high standard of accuracy and durability which the name Gruen Verithin stands for.

It was an invention of Fred, who today personally supervises the manufacture of Gruen Watches, that made complete success possible. What his invention is, and what it does, is shown by the wheel train illustration below. In the old way the wheels were one above the other, like steps. In *his* way he took the smallest wheel and reversed it, placing this small wheel on a line with the larger wheel, as shown.

This enabled him to make the Gruen Verithin only *half as thick* as the ordinary watch without reducing the strength of parts, and thus retaining the highest accuracy and durability.

The Watch of Herbert Spencer's time

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One or two high grade *Closing Salesmen* wanted at each distributing point, to work with salesmen—experience in selling to farmers desirable.—Must furnish fidelity bond.

Salary and Commission basis. Apply to nearest office.

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Baton Rouge, La., Geo. M. Foos, 203 Third St.
Boston, Mass., Home Electric Light & Power Equipment Co., 53 Canal St
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Charlotte, N. C., Home Light & Power Co., 218 W. First St
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[illegible], W. F. Gray, 201 Huron [illegible]
[illegible] J. J. Munsell, 14 E. Rich St.
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St. Louis, Mo., The Del-Home Light Co., 612 [illegible] St
San Antonio, Tex., Cunningham & Butts, 205 [illegible]
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San Francisco, Cal., Modern Appliance Co., 630 Mission St
Sioux Falls, S. D., Home Electric Co., 303 South Phillips Av
Toledo, Ohio, E. H. Walker, 212 N. Erie St.
Wichita, Kans., Arnold & Long, 143 N. Market St
Calgary, Alberta, B. L. Robinson, 307 Eighth Ave., W.
Toronto, Canada, C. H. Rooke, 108 Bay St
Winnipeg, Man., Canada, Breen Motor Co., Ltd., cor. Sherbrooke and Broadway
Buenos Ayres, Argentine, S. A., B. [illegible] Duffie, care American Consulate
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Kingston, Jamaica, Jamaica Times, Ltd., 10-[illegible] King St.
[illegible], Australia, Chas. M. [illegible] Inc., 115 [illegible] St.
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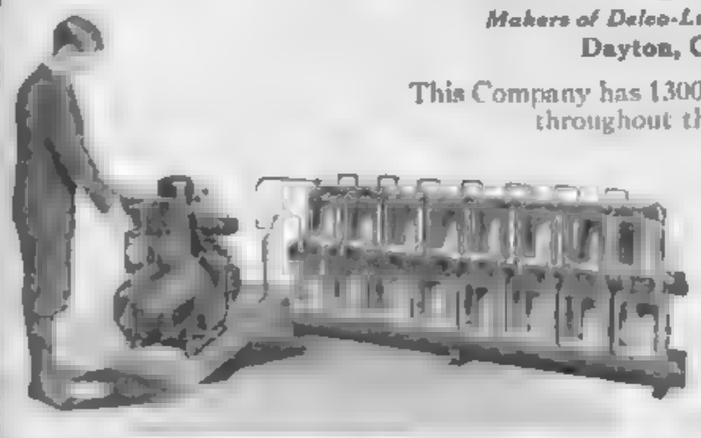
The Domestic Engineering Company
Makers of Delco-Light products
Dayton, Ohio

This Company has 1300 salesmen at work throughout the world.



Delco-Light is a compact electric light and power plant, for farm, village, and suburban homes—Betters living conditions and pays for itself.

Fill The FITALL With Whatever You Wish

Put in your own brushes, shaving outfit and favorite toilet articles, as many or as few as required. It wastes no space and you've no extra weight. This is the great advantage of the FITALL Kits; you needn't buy or carry useless fittings.

Adjustable self locking straps hold all articles securely. There are three extra pockets for wash cloth and other conveniences.

FITALLS are equally serviceable for both men and women. Come in flexible leather and specially prepared water proofed fabrics at $1.00 and up. May also be had fitted.

We also make FITALL Brief Cases of FITALL water-proofed fabrics. They are superior to leather, and sell for $2.50 to $5.00.

Your dealer should have FITALLS—write us if he hasn't. *Descriptive booklet free.*

EISEMAN, KAISER & COMPANY, Ekco Bldg., Chicago
Manufacturers of EKCO Make Leather Goods

Fitall

fambly would die, the law would uphold me in slayin' them. The law would say I done right.

"So I says to myse'f: 'Where is the difference? They're doin' the very same things—only they're usin' the law for a mask, just as a robber would use a black handkerchief. Would it be the same as shootin' a burglar if I killed them?'

"Seemed to me it would. But, anyway, it didn't matter. I was at the end of things. All my life I been lettin' the world walk on me and starve my fambly and take away my property, just because I been lovin' peace.

"But way down there, in the silence of that hole in the ground, I turned. I could seem to hear my wife moanin' and my children cryin' for something to eat. I thought of the long years my wife had follered me over the world, for better or wuss. I thought of all she had suffered. So, suddenlike, something shot through me that was shame and sorrow and hopelessness, and a lot of other things. I clenched my hand and hit the rock wall of my shaft, and said to myse'f: 'By God, I've turned.' The blood ran all over my hands; but it done me good. I felt that the time had come for me to get used to the sight of blood.

"I went up the ladder and carried down all my stock of powder. There was fifty pounds of it.

"When I quit work yesterday I had three holes drilled into the bottom of my shaft. I had been workin' on the fourth and had it nearly done when I quit.

"I took a stick of powder and put a cap in the end of it. But I didn't put in the fuse. I let the stick down into the bottom of the unfinished hole. Then I lowered the drill down on top of the cap—mighty careful and easy; for a cap goes off at a touch sometimes, you know. So there the drill stood, with about ten inches of it stickin' up out of the hole. I set the fifty-pound box of powder beside it—open. On top of it I left an open box of caps.

"When I'd done all that, I laid my singlejack down alongside the drill hole. It looked as though I had just quit work and dropped my hammer beside the drill.

"'Now,' I says to myse'f, 'when they come they'll all come together; for they think I've struck rich ore and they'll be crazy to see it. They'll come down together—shore! And while they're foolin' 'round down here one of 'em will pick up that old singlejack and tap the head of that drill—shore! It's human nature.' I don't know how the idee came to me; but it did.

"And that's what they must 'a' done. One of 'em tapped the drill sort o' carelesslike, and shot the powder. The whole fifty pounds went along! . . . You saw the rest.

"That's all, Jedge. I killed the Ryker gang. I done it unfair; but it was the only way. They always traveled together. What would 'a' happened to me in a man-to-man fight with three gunmen? And what would 'a' happened to my fambly when I was dead? If it had been only my life I wouldn't 'a' done it. But, Jedge, a man don't study much about polite ways of killin' when he's fightin' for the lives of his wife and babies."

Kentucky fumbled in the breast of his ragged shirt and brought out a piece of rock.

"I did strike rich ore," he said, handing the rock to his silent auditor.

Even in the uncertain moonlight it smiled up with the rich gleam of much free gold. It weighed heavy in the hand.

"And there's three feet of it," went on Kentucky—"right from the grass roots. But it's not in the shaft where the Rykers are. It's way down yonder at the other end of the claim; at the very tip of the Lizard's tail. But it strikes this way—the pay chute does. I opened it up across; but when I saw what it was I raked the sand over it; and nobody knows—nobody but my wife and me.

"That's my case, Jedge. I haven't held back anything—not even about my big strike. I wish you'd give me your verdict to-night—now!"

Both men had risen and now stood facing each other—the Kentuckian standing limply, his shoulders sagging as though under a heavy burden; Judge Navlett with the lump of rock forgotten in his outstretched hand, his rugged old body erect under the stars.

For a long time there was silence. The rising wind caught and rustled the sickly morning-glory vine, clinging to the swaying strings hung on the side of the house. Somehow that poor, pathetic vine would persist in twining itself through Judge Navlett's thoughts. It seemed to carry his mind back over the thousands of weary heartbreaking miles along which the under dogs had journeyed, carrying always the seeds of green things, even as they carried the germs of hope, cherishing them against the time when they should find, somewhere in the earth, a place for the loved things to grow.

"Kentucky," said Judge Navlett in a queer whisper, "if—if I were you I'd—— It's moonlight now, and you could see to do it, easy. If I was you I'd take that amended location right over and post it up on your claim alongside the original which wasn't exactly according to Hoyle. You do that—so this Court decides—and that little technicality will be straightened out. You can get witnesses to sign it tomorrow. I'll record it. It won't cost you a cent. And I've got a few dollars hidden away in the corner of an old sock that I'll split with you until you get going ——"

Kentucky collapsed upon the bench, his wasted body heaving with silent convulsive sobs.

"And," continued the old judge in a controlled, casual voice, "I wouldn't tell a soul what you have told me. It wouldn't do any good. The Ryker notice was posted on the windlass. It's blown into a million flyspecks, and the wind has carried them clear across Old Baldy by now. Just post your amended location and bring me a copy to-morrow."

Inside the house a woman called feebly. Kentucky rose and hurried awkwardly within.

"It's just Jedge Navlett, mother," the listener heard him say. "The jedge is our friend! He's folks, mother—think of it—*folks!* And he says we won't have no more trouble! The Rykers have gone away for good and we can have our home now. . . . Why, mother! There, now! . . . There, there, honey girl! . . . There, there, there!"

Judge Navlett stole quietly away and plowed up through the sand to the Lizard's head. By the side of the wrecked shaft he paused and looked down into the ugly hole.

"You deserved it!" he said grimly. "You deserved it—and you got it!"

Inside his poverty-stricken little office the judge lighted an old candle and set it before him on the rough table that served him as a desk. Calmly and unhurriedly he opened the District Records at the last written page. For some time he sat, leaning back and regarding that last page, abstractedly filling his blackened corncob pipe. Presently, with grim, steady old fingers, he tore the page from the book, twisted it into a spill and touched it to the flame of the candle. His hand was still steady as he applied the flame to the bowl of his old corncob and puffed serenely, meantime watching the sheet burn to a cinder in his fingers.

A sudden gust of wind eddied into the room, putting out the candle. It whirled the charred ashes from the judge's fingers and scattered them out into the night.

For a long time the old man sat on, smoking his pipe in the darkness and watching a pale light, far down on the Lizard. A feeble light it was, reminding one of some lives that struggle with the immensity of a world which to them is all mystery and night.

The wind rose and warred across the desert; but Judge Navlett sat and smoked on. There was no night tempest worrying his soul; for his conscience looked beyond the petty things called Written Law and discerned the clear light beyond.

Teeth Are Not Cleaned

By Ways You Use Today

By Wm. M. Ruthrauff, A.B., A.M.

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

That Film Remains

And, Despite Your Brushing, Teeth Discolor and Decay

This is not to discourage you. It is simply to prove, at our expense, that this film can be ended. You can have white teeth, clean teeth, just as easily as not.

You were taught to brush teeth often—twice a day or more. And no doubt you do it.

But with what result? Has decay been prevented? Do the teeth stay white? Does tartar never form? Or must you periodically visit a dentist for cleaning and repair?

There is one universal answer. The brushing you do removes débris, but it doesn't prevent tooth troubles.

Every dentist knows that, just as you do. He has sought in many ways to remedy the fact. He has tested, probably, a dozen methods which claimed to solve the problem.

All those methods failed. Teeth still discolored, still decayed. There came a time when most dental advice was, "Use any dentifrice you like."

The trouble lies in a slimy film—the film which you feel with your tongue. That is what clings and hardens, especially in crevices.

It absorbs stains, and holds them. It catches the food particles which ferment and form acid. It holds that acid in contact with the teeth until it destroys the enamel.

It hardens and forms tartar. Above all, it breeds germs, for the film is albuminous. And, with nine folks in ten, those germs eventually lead to pyorrhea.

That film is the cause of all tooth troubles. It is as stubborn as it is destructive. It has taken fifty years to find a remedy for it. *But it has been found.*

You can prove in one week that Pepsodent ends that film. You can prove it at home just as dentists have proved it.

The purpose of this ad is to ask you to do that. To do it now, at our cost. And thus to learn that there is now a way to keep teeth white, safe and sound.

A Week's Free Test

Will Prove That Teeth Can be Kept Really Clean

We offer here a One-Week tube of Pepsodent. That's a new-day dentifrice on which five governments have already granted patents.

It has now had three years of clinical tests. It has won by those tests supreme endorsement from many high dental authorities.

The time has come when everyone should know it. So we take this means to spread the use as quickly as we can.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. As that film is albuminous, pepsin is the right way to dissolve it. But pepsin alone is inert. It must be activated by an acid, as it is in all digestion. That has been the trouble. Acids in general are harmful to the teeth.

The invention lies in a neutralized acid, made from elements used in tooth construction. This activates pepsin without harming the teeth, as our patents certify.

This discovery has made pepsin available in attacking the film on teeth. It has given us a way to keep teeth free from film. When that is done teeth can't discolor or decay. Tartar cannot form. And germs can't breed around the gums, as now, to lead to pyorrhea.

We urge a one-week test, and we supply the tube. We say one week, because on old film the action isn't instant.

You will find Pepsodent delightful. In a few days you will note results which old methods never brought.

Mark how clean your teeth feel – as though you just came from a vigorous dental cleaning. Note how they whiten. Feel your teeth and note the absence of the film.

You will wish to keep them that way, and you should. Three years have proved that Pepsodent will do it.

Send this coupon for the One-Week Tube. Please don't delay. You know that other methods fail in doing what you want. Let us prove that Pepsodent will do it.

Pepsodent
REG U.S. PAT OFF

The New-Day Dentifrice

Sold by Druggists in Large Tubes

THE PEPSODENT CO., Dept. 39, 1104 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago

One-Week Tube Free

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Chicago, Ill.

Mail One-Week Tube of Pepsodent to

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Selling You the Secret of My Success

Why I Left a Prosperous Retail Business to Become a Burroughs Salesman

My evolution from retailer to Burroughs salesman ought to be interesting to every small retailer from Maine to California.

I'm now selling something that I know, by personal experience, is a wonderful help in making a retail business a success—and no store is too small to profit by it.

In my grocery at Newnan, Georgia, I learned how to run a small business on *knowledge* instead of *guesswork*.

I found it paid to analyze charge and cash sales slips, to get facts about my business.

But to get those facts I had to add long columns of figures, and this is something the average retailer cannot find the time to do, and cannot do with sufficient accuracy, by pencil-and-brain methods.

With my Burroughs I found I could get those facts in a small fraction of the day's working hours.

It enabled me to put my business on a systematic basis—to obtain totals of charge sales, cash sales, collections, bank deposits and expenses.

It helped me greatly in taking stock, it was always saving time on odd figuring jobs.

I used it to check each customer's account every month and thus prevented overcharges and undercharges.

It enabled me to present a complete statement of my business in twenty minutes for the mercantile agencies. It stopped profit leaks and gave me the knowledge that is power.

Naturally, I passed the good word along to other retailers—and it did for them what it did for me

Finally I decided to give up my grocery business, and spend all my time selling Burroughs Machines.

My own experience as a user had given me the best possible preparation.

To carry the message to retailers of what a figuring machine would do for them was an opportunity—not only to sell something that I knew the retailer really needed, but to win his friendship because I was helping him to a more profitable business built on accuracy and knowledge.

From experience I know that a figuring machine is a good investment for any retail business.

It will detect many small losses that otherwise would get by.

For instance, every invoice you pay must be added correctly, or you may lose.

Every cash sale you make, every charge slip you record must be correct, or you may lose.

You must know your income and your outgo, your cash and your credits, your assets and your liabilities, or you may lose. And the easiest way to get these facts is with a Burroughs Machine.

Analysis of figures made me a successful grocer and a Burroughs booster.

Do you wonder that I am urging you to buy a Burroughs?

Paul Manget

Burroughs salesmen are always personally interested in the business success of their customers. They are qualified to tell you which of the 98 Burroughs models will best fit into your business, and to help you make a good profit on the investment.

Your telephone book or your banker will give you the address of the nearest of the 170 offices of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company in the United States and Canada.

A Burroughs Figuring Machine helped Paul Manget build a successful retail business. He passed the good word along to other retailers—and it helped them as it had helped him

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS-SAVE VALUABLE TIME

PRICED AS LOW AS $125

Burroughs

Any retailer can adopt the same business-building methods that formed the basis of Paul Manget's success

THE THRILL SHOOTER

(Continued from Page 5)

idea about using her in a picture. I took her name and her telephone number because it struck me as a shame that she should be working for a director like Towne. You know his system; everybody knows it. It won't be long before he'll be telling her that she's got the makings of a star, but she needs a love affair to 'develop her latent dramatic instinct' and 'bring out her powers of expression.' Bah! If I had anything she could do I'd give her a job just to keep her out of his hands!"

"Towne has worked that scheme on a lot of girls," said Gabby, "and he always plays the other end of the love sketch. There's nothing to him but his looks and his line of talk, but gee, how the dames do fall for him!"

David was silent for a moment.

"This one won't," said he with an air of conviction. "She sees through him already."

"Fine!" exclaimed Gabby. "If she's that sensible, why not grab her anyway? I wish we knew whether she can drive a car or not. I tell you, Davy, sure as eggs is eggs, Arlington will never go through with the big punch in this next picture. She's not game enough."

"She'll have to go through with it," said David, and his mouth closed like a trap.

"All right, Simon Legree, you crack the whip and see if she does! Confound it, Davy! If it wasn't for your stubbornness you might learn something once in a while!"

It was early dusk when MacWade whisked through the gate of the Mammoth plant and pointed the nose of his two-ton runabout toward Los Angeles. The road, a ribbon of asphalt smooth as glass, twisted upward into the hills, a temptation and, when the motor-cycle policeman lurked in hiding, a snare. David thought well of his car and of his skill as a driver. He carried one passenger, Gabby Trozier, with whom he shared his bachelor bungalow in Hollywood.

"Let her out a little," urged Gabby. "The speed cop has gone to supper."

"No hurry," was the reply. "If we loaf along we may scare up a race."

From the rear came the rapid throb of a motor, and David checked to a modest twenty miles an hour—an invitation and a challenge. Gabby peered over his shoulder and blinked at the approaching lights.

"Coming like a streak, Davy. Give her the gun—step on her!"

The throb swelled to a sudden roar, and MacWade's toe fell heavily on the foot throttle. The big car leaped as a thoroughbred leaps to the spur, but David had delayed an instant too long. A small, striped roadster whizzed alongside, drummed in their ears for a brief space, and then drew swiftly away up the grade, disappearing round a curve with a scornful flirt of its tail light.

"No can do!" grunted MacWade, at the end of a mile. "Too light. Too much speed. What do you suppose he's got under that hood?"

"He!" cried Gabby. "It was a girl—the girl you was chinning with this morning over on Towne's set! Your little blond friend!"

"The deuce it was! Well, she's got quite an engine in that old wreck. I'd like to hook up with her on a ten-mile straightaway ——"

"Oh, forget your confounded car for a minute, Davy! This kid can drive! Do you think Arlington would have tried to pass us with only a foot or so to spare? Not in a million years! This dame could make the stunt stuff loom up big in the next picture. Why not use her to double Arlington?"

The director shook his head obstinately.

"If I begin doubling Eileen now," said he, "there'll be no end to it. She'll insist on a double for everything in the stunt line. No, she'll have to go through."

"You make me sick!" grunted the camera man. "A mule has got you cheated for legs, Davy, but that's the only place he wins from you!"

III

"NOW, little girl, be reasonable! You know I wouldn't ask you to do anything with a real risk in it."

Thus spoke David MacWade, in whipcord riding breeches and pigskin putties, his remarks being addressed to a beauteous blond creature sulking at the wheel of a shiny new six-cylinder roadster. Seated beside the blonde, and obviously bored and unhappy, was the handsome youth known to motion-picture patrons as Gerald Fairfax, MacWade's athletic leading man. Even the extra men addressed him as Jerry—a certificate of character not to be despised. He was bareheaded and wore a soft white shirt with a flowing collar—certain proof that he was about to assist in putting the punch in a MacWade thriller.

The scene was a railroad crossing on a branch line near Los Angeles, and in the distance an express train was waiting, the same having been hired by the day. Behind the director stood Gabby Trozier, fiddling with his camera, on his honest countenance an expression which said "I told you so." On each side of the road were the extra people—a score of them. The fat, swarthy man, known as Sam, appeared in the garb of a locomotive engineer, his face smeared with oil, a bunch of waste in his hand.

"There isn't a bit of danger!" asserted David.

"Not for you!" snapped the beauteous blonde. "But suppose I should go too fast—and bump into that engine?"

"I won't start you until the train is almost in the clear. All you have to do is back your car straight down the road, and keep on backing till I tell you to stop. And be sure to turn your head a little, so it will look as if you are watching the train."

"A little!" shrilled Miss Arlington. "How do you expect me to back this car unless I look behind me?"

"You mustn't do that," said David patiently. "Better rehearse it once—without the train."

Now there are tricks in every trade, but when it comes to making thrillers the trade is in the tricks. Motion-picture actors do not always take their lives in their hands. MacWade was attempting to secure a very common effect, but one which never fails to deliver its thrill. The picture, as thrown on the screen, would show an automobile fighting with an express train for the right of way, racing it to the crossing, and barely slipping across the track a few feet in front of the engine—a fearsome thing to watch in a darkened theater, but ridiculously simple in the making, and practically devoid of danger. The spectator is tricked, and in this case the trick lies in reversing the action as shown on the screen. The scene begins with the automobile standing still in front of the camera. The train, tail first, backs rapidly over the crossing. At a signal from the director the automobile backs away from the camera, and crosses the track as soon as the way is clear. The camera man, grinding slowly and with the reverse motion of the crank, photographs the scene backward on the film—and the trick is done. Reverse the action, and you have a hairbreadth escape from sudden death.

Miss Arlington finally consented to a rehearsal, and crawled cautiously down to the crossing at a snail's pace, showing nothing but her back hair to the camera. Jerry grinned and shook his head, MacWade groaned, and Gabby chuckled in an extremely irritating manner, whereupon the beauteous blonde entered a vigorous protest.

"If you insist on my doing this," said she, "I shall certainly watch the road behind me!"

"That's what comes of a movie queen owning her own car," muttered Sam. "She's afraid she might scratch the paint on it!"

Gabby whistled cheerfully and looked at his watch.

"Forty or fifty scenes yet to come," said he, "shooting light going fast, and she's holding us up on an easy stunt. What do you think she'll do when it comes to the real punch in the picture? Think she'll drive that varnished cozy corner up alongside an engine running forty miles an hour? If you do, you're daffy! How much does it cost to hire a train by the day, Davy?"

"That's right—rub it in!" David was beginning to show exasperation. Tiny beads of moisture appeared on his brow, but he still addressed the blonde in even tones: "Now then, Eileen, we'll try it again. A little faster, please. Jerry can watch the road for you ——"

"I wish he wouldn't speak to me!" scolded Miss Arlington. "It makes me nervous to have anybody talk when I'm driving." Jerry sighed and rolled a cigarette. It had been his fortune to play many love scenes with Eileen; he knew the lady well and detested her most cordially.

After wasting a precious half hour, MacWade announced himself as ready to shoot.

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Well-kept floors are an essential part of the beautiful home. They provide the right setting for fine rugs and furniture, and give an air of taste and refinement.

Good varnish is the most beautiful finish a floor can have—rich, lustrous, and sanitary. Its smooth surface repels dust and dirt and is easily kept clean with a moist cloth or mop.

But be sure of *good* varnish. Poor varnish may look nearly as well in the beginning, but it doesn't last; it must be continually replaced.

Murphy Transparent Floor Varnish

"the varnish that lasts longest"

reveals the delicate grain and beauty of the wood and covers it with a strong protective coating that resists moisture, the wear of passing feet, and the friction of heavy furniture.

Besides this, Murphy Varnish has the one greatest virtue of fine varnish—length of life. It lasts, and lasts, and lasts. It saves money because it requires so little care and doesn't have to be replaced frequently.

Your painter or dealer can supply Murphy Transparent Floor Varnish or other Murphy finishes that protect and beautify wood surfaces.

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Send for handsomely illustrated book "The House that Found Itself".

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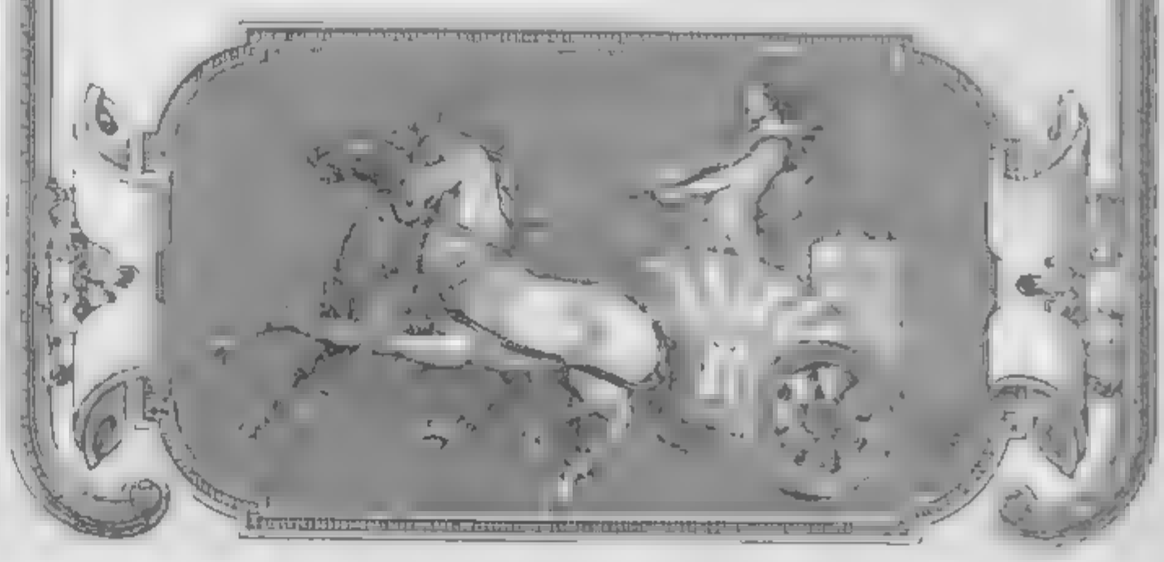

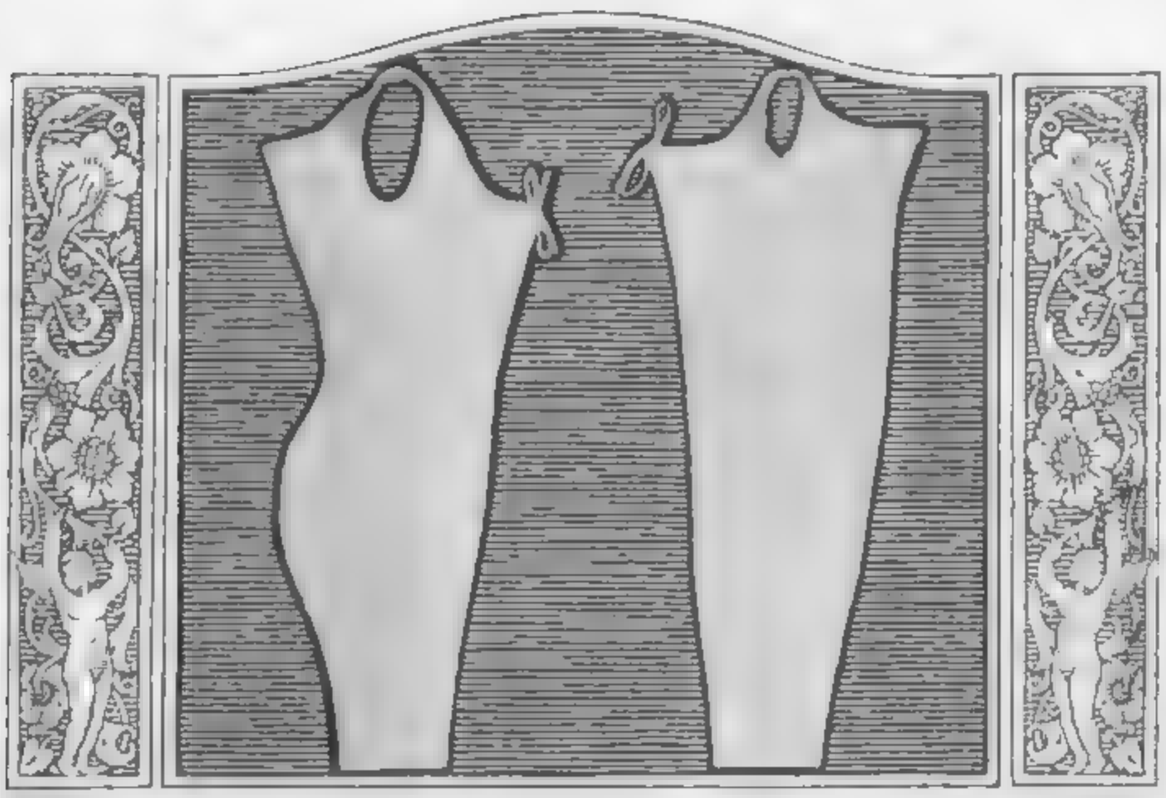

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ATHENA is the underwear that fits women and children comfortably and perfectly, without being stretched into shape.

Contrast ATHENA Underwear with ordinary underwear, and the result will be as shown in illustration above.

THEN you will realize why women who know ATHENA Underwear always buy ATHENA Underwear and tell their friends to do the same.

All sizes, weights and qualities at the prices you have been accustomed to pay.

Ask for ATHENA Underwear at your local dealer's.

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Cucumber—1 [illegible]
Lettuce—1 [illegible]
Lettuce—1 [illegible] Iceberg
Peas—½ pint Gradus

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The engineer obeyed the flag and did his part, but Miss Arlington backed her car twenty feet, looked behind her, screamed and jammed on both brakes, stopping short of the crossing. MacWade raved up and down the road, the fair Eileen shed real tears, Jerry maintained a disgusted silence, and of those most vitally concerned, the camera man alone remained cool, calm and collected.

"What in the name of crime did you stop for?" demanded David.

"Because y-you started me t-too soon—y-you know you did!" sobbed Miss Arlington.

"Too soon! Why, you couldn't have hit that engine to save your life!"

"Y-you wouldn't c-care if you k-killed me, so long as y-you got a picture of it!"

At this point David abandoned repression and emptied his mind freely. It was a great treat for the extra people, and especially for Sam.

"Never heard the little boss squawk so loud before," said he. "Just shows that no man's goat is safe when a fool woman goes after it!"

"An engine—an engine and seven cars," sputtered the agitated director, fairly skipping in the road; "a mob of extras, everything hired by the day, a lot of scenes to shoot—and you're gumming up the entire parade! You said you could drive a car, and so help me, young woman, you'll drive one if I—if I ——"

In the midst of David's tirade a small, stripped roadster slithered up to the crossing and halted close to the camera. A young girl sat behind the wheel, and when MacWade saw her the words died in his throat. He paused in the middle of a sentence, gulping. The girl stopped her engine and bowed to the dumfounded director.

"Good morning, Mr. MacWade!" said she with a smile.

David mumbled something under his breath and walked slowly over to the side of the car. His eyes were fixed on the girl's face with a peculiarly intent and disconcerting stare; they seemed to see through and beyond her.

"You don't remember me," she began. "Well, no matter. When I saw you last I was atmosphering with Mr. Towne—three-dollar-a-day atmosphere in a seven-dollar evening gown—my hair was up on top of my head, and the orchestra ——"

"Was playing Hearts and Flowers," interrupted David with the brusqueness of one anxious to dispose of unimportant matters. "Your name is Jean Campbell. I remember everything, young lady, everything; but when you drove up here just now, it—it—well, it set me to wondering about a little thing they call Fate. What good angel brought you along this road?"

"It isn't an angel at all," laughed the girl as she patted the wheel of the roadster, "but it behaves like one."

"Do you think you can back a car down that road without looking behind you?"

"Why not? It's a perfectly straight road."

"And a train of cars doesn't frighten you?"

"Not when I see it first."

"Bully for you!" David settled his cap on the back of his head and rammed both hands into his pockets—sure signs that he was once more the thrill shooter on the job. His voice took on a brisk, business-like tone:

"Here's where you break out of the atmosphere class! Just come with me a moment. Miss Campbell, allow me to present Miss Arlington and Mr. Fairfax. Eileen, this young lady will double you in the auto stunts."

Miss Arlington examined the younger woman with a calm and supercilious air, registering disdain.

"Oh, indeed!" she sniffed. "She won't double me in my car!"

"But your car is already registered in two scenes!" protested David.

"That makes no difference to me. This car is my own personal property and no stranger is going to drive it!"

"Oh, I say!" murmured Jerry. "There's no occasion to be nasty, is there?"

"Mind your own business!" Miss Arlington settled down in the cushions and took a firm grip on the steering wheel. David's face turned purple and his neck began to swell. He was on the verge of a final eruption, when the invaluable Trozier took him by the elbow and led him out of earshot.

"Get your noodle to working, Davy! Arlington has only been in a few scenes so far, and they can all be made over. Here's your chance to tell her to take her curling iron and go. This kid is younger, nervier, and has got her cheated a city block for looks. Put her in and let her play the lead!"

"But she's had no experience."

"That's one reason why she'll do just what you tell her to do!"

Again the strangely intent stare came into MacWade's eyes.

"It's Fate, that's what it is!" said he. "Fate! She turns up here just at the right time —"

"And speaking of time," interrupted the practical camera man, "we're paying for this train by the day, not by the week. Action, Davy! Atta boy!"

Director MacWade removed his hands from his trousers' pockets, shrugged his shoulders once, and strode back to the group.

"Miss Campbell, you will use your own car," he announced crisply. "Jerry, you help her with the make-up, that's a good fellow. Somebody flag that engineer and send him back down the line. Hustle!"

The fair Eileen, finding herself overlooked entirely, began to be a bit nervous.

"I suppose she will have to wear this hat and coat," she pouted. "They were registered in the other scenes."

"So was your car," said David sweetly. "It's out of the picture now, young lady, and—don't let us detain you!"

The sun was dipping toward the Pacific when MacWade made ready for the scene which was to put the big punch into the picture. A platform had been erected on the tender of the engine, projecting some six feet over one side, and it was from this elevated perch that Gabby was to film the punch at close range. A stretch of track had been found, without embankments, culverts or fences, closely paralleled by a paved road.

At one point it was possible for an automobile to leave the paving and swerve in toward the rails. For two hundred yards the ground was practically level and free from obstructions; beyond that was a succession of brush-covered gullies and tiny ravines.

"Now, Miss Campbell," said David, "you've done wonders all day, and I'm proud of you. I tell you this because now I'm going to ask you to do something hard. There's no reverse motion about this stunt—it's the real thing. This is where you put Jerry aboard the runaway engine—the finish of all the pursuit scenes we've been making. You'll have to swing in so close to the track that he can do a jump from the seat of your car to the running board of the engine. I've marked a line for you to follow that will give you a clearance of two feet, and I want you to see how fast you can drive over that smooth patch outside the ties. Don't forget that when you come to the end of it you must make a quick stop, or else a sharp turn to the left and get back on the road. Run over it easy once, just to get the lay of the land, and then you can try it for speed."

As the roadster jolted slowly off the boulevard Jerry Fairfax stole a sidelong glance at the girl.

"Nervous?" he asked.

"Not in the least," was the reply, "but I should think you would be."

"Don't worry about me!" laughed the youngster. "It's all in the day's work. The worst I can get is a fall—and this ground doesn't seem very hard."

"Or very rough. Can't I make it easier for you by keeping the car inside those marks? I shan't need all that clearance."

Jerry stared at her with undisguised amazement and admiration.

"It's a bully of you to suggest such a thing!" said he warmly. "Just bully, and I appreciate it, and all that! But please, Miss Campbell, forget my part of the show and keep as far away from the engine as possible. There's a handrail up above the running board, and if I can hook two fingers over it I'll be all right. I'm used to this sort of thing—a fellow has to be if he works for Davy MacWade."

"But I can do it just as well as not!"

"And I insist——" Jerry paused to laugh. "It's rather like Alphonse and Gaston, isn't it?"

On the second trial, which was for speed, the roadster bumped along beside the ties at an honest thirty-five miles an hour.

"I might go even faster," the girl told MacWade, "but it might jolt Mr. Fairfax out of the car."

(Continued on Page 117)

"Hello Huck!"

RECALL that golden day when you first read "Huck Finn"? How your mother said, "For goodness' sake, stop laughing aloud over that book. You sound so silly." But you couldn't stop laughing.

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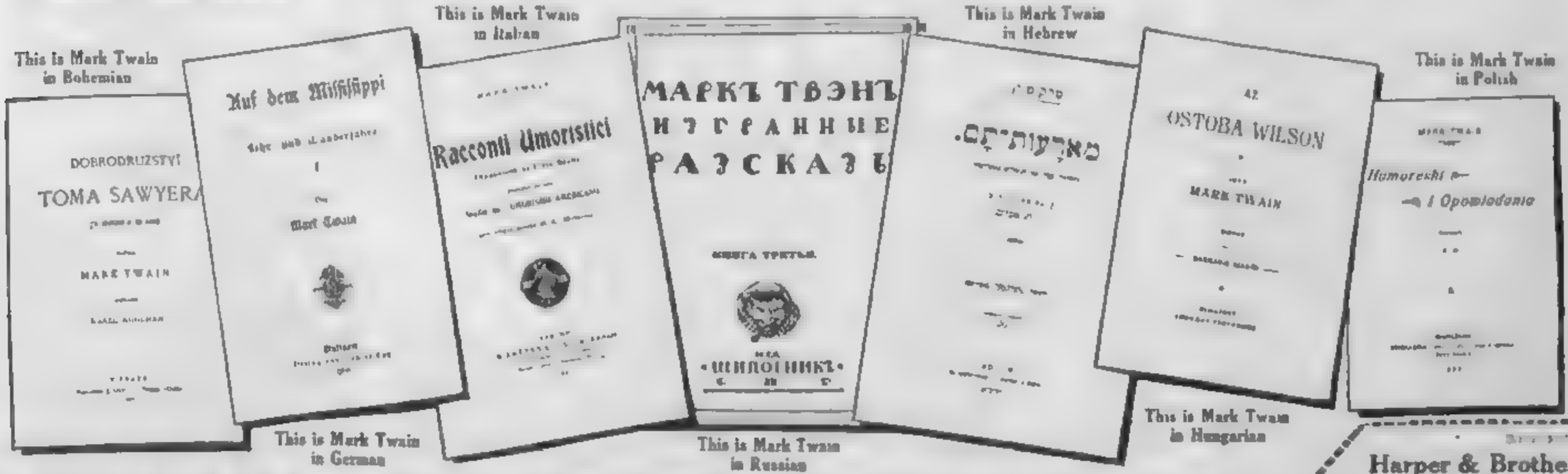
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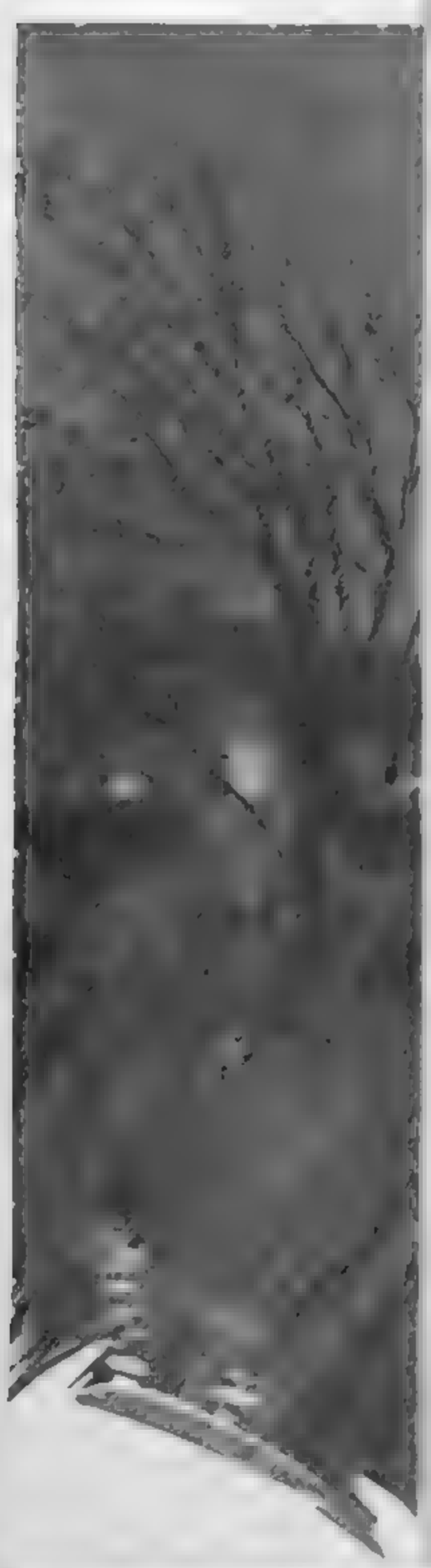

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(Continued from Page 114)

"Thirty-five is a great plenty," was the dry response. "It's about ten more than I expected. All ready, Jerry? Then let's go!" MacWade hoisted himself into the engine and took his stand on the platform beside the camera. "Back her up the track for half a mile," he ordered the engineer, "and then come down here between thirty and thirty-five miles an hour. If you go any faster I'll rap you over the head with a monkey wrench. And be sure you keep out of sight when we're shooting! That cab is supposed to be empty."

Side by side the big passenger locomotive and the little automobile rolled down to the point where the scene was to be made. The imperturbable Gabby was grinding long before the roadster swung off the boulevard and crept forward into the focus, perilously close to the great driving wheels.

"Hey! Watch those marks!" bellowed David. "Now, Jerry!"

Fairfax rose, steadying himself with one hand on top of the wind shield.

He glanced up at the handrail, then down at the distance which separated engine and roadster.

"Too close! You're too close!" he yelled.

"Jump!" cried the girl.

"Out! Keep out—please!"

"Not till you jump!"

From the platform behind them came an angry roar.

"Watch those marks! Come on, Jerry! Quick!"

The leading man put his right foot on the seat cushion and sprang high in the air, half turning his body as he did so. One clawing hand found the rail, fastened on it, and just as Jerry drew his feet up on the running board the roadster reached the end of the level stretch, swerved abruptly to the left, crashed into the brush and came to a halt.

"Whee!" squealed Gabby, still grinding, for Jerry was creeping along the running board toward the cab window. "That was some punch, Davy, some punch; and I got all of it, even the car when it pretty near turned over! Ain't that girl a peach?"

"Some punch is right!" said MacWade. "I feel as if it had landed a couple of inches under my heart! She forgot all about her marks. I thought sure she was going to hit the engine! Lord, I'm glad it's over!"

Later he offered his congratulations to his agile leading man, who appeared a trifle pale, even through his make-up.

"Great stuff, boy!" exclaimed David as he eased himself into the cab. "Wonderful stuff—but what the devil made you wait so long? You nearly wrecked her—she had to take that turn on two wheels'"

"I was trying to make her pull out a little," panted Jerry. "I yelled twice, but she wouldn't do it."

"She lost her head and forgot about the marks," said David.

"You think she did? I tell you, she got in close on purpose—to make the jump easier for me. That's class, I guess! Somebody give me a cigarette quick! I'm all in."

When the engine returned, MacWade was the first man on the ground. He found Miss Campbell coolly examining her car.

"It's scratched up a little," said she, "but that doesn't matter much. Did the scene suit you?"

"It did and it didn't," was the stern reply. "Why didn't you keep on your marks?"

"Because I thought it would be easier to make the jump if I kept in closer to the track. Did it spoil the scene?"

"Spoil it! It made it twice as strong; but the next time I set marks for you I want you to keep on 'em, understand? I'm too old to be scared this way. I haven't got my breath back yet. How do you expect I'd finish this picture if anything happened to you?"

"Finish the picture!" The girl's eyes widened. "Am—am I going to be in the rest of it?"

David whistled.

"And you've been in three close-ups and half a dozen stills!" he ejaculated. "Don't you know what that means, young lady?"

She shook her head.

"I—I thought it was just for to-day," she faltered. "You said something about doubling Miss Arlington ——"

"She's doubled, all right," said David. "Doubled the way a runner gets doubled in baseball—doubled out. She's on the bench now, Miss Campbell, and you're in the game, and—and if you stick with me I'll make a trouper of you yet!"

"Are you offering me a place—in your company?"

"Offering it to you! Why, you've got it already! You backed your little car straight into a job as leading woman!"

"Oh!" said the girl. And then again, "Oh! But I've never had any training! You'll be terribly disappointed in me! It—it takes talent ——"

"No," said David, "only obedience and willingness to learn. I won't bother you much with talk about art and dramatic instinct, but from what you've shown today I'll guarantee to teach you to act—and that's more than most of these leading women know. They only make faces at the camera. And now"— he paused to push his cap back over one ear—"if anybody tells me there's nothing in Fate I can call him a liar—and prove it!"

■

THE General Manager of the Mammoth Film Corporation was a slender, sandy, blunt person, with a memory as reliable as a card-index system and an auger-like eye which he used to bore holes in his fellow man. Directors suffering from an overdose of self-appreciation, and motion-picture stars afflicted with temperament, found the G. M. an extremely cold proposition and left him reasonably chilled themselves. In the picturesque phrase of the big lot, he never gave anybody a cheer. He had a most disconcerting trick of saying the very things which other people feared he might think, and the knack of laying his finger squarely on the main point at issue and holding it there until the matter in hand was settled to his liking. Incidentally, no matter was ever settled until it was settled that way. It was commonly believed that he had eyes in the back of his head, and though his job was a tremendously big one the G. M. was a glutton for detail. He liked to know what was going on, and as a general thing he found out.

It was by appointment that he joined MacWade in one of the projecting rooms to witness the first run of a railroad thriller. During the first reel the G. M. spoke but once, as follows:

"Who's that new girl? Gimme a smoke."

David grinned under cover of the darkness, for everyone on the Mammoth lot knew that the G. M. never borrowed a man's cigarettes unless he was pleased with him or his work. The request for a smoke was almost the only mark of personal esteem bestowed by this singular gentleman, who never by any accident purchased cigarettes for his own use. Once, in a rare burst of confidence, he explained this matter by saying that a man who did not buy the wretched things could not, in fairness, be accused of the cigarette habit.

The G. M. borrowed seven of David's cigarettes before the final reel came to an end. Then the lights went up and the spectators strolled out into the sunlight, Gabby Trozier lingering within earshot of his chief.

"Well, boss?" asked MacWade.

The G. M. almost smiled.

"Good story," said he, "good photography, unusually good acting. Where did you find that girl?"

"That's a queer story," answered David.

"I like queer stories," said the G. M., "and I have a minute to spare. Shoot!"

"I discovered her," was MacWade's modest beginning. "I spotted her the first day she ever came on the lot. Towne had her working extra, and I got her name and telephone number. I didn't know when I might have something for her—no definite plan, you understand; but—well, it struck me that she didn't belong in Towne's company. Seemed to me that there was—er—er—something fine in her—the germ—the spark—whatever you want to call it, and she had the look of a real trouper. You know how it is—an old-timer can spot a natural born trouper a mile off."

"I can't," grunted the G. M. "Speed the film a little; the introduction drags."

"Right! Now, Arlington was cast for the lead in this railroad picture, and she was to use her own car in the stunts. She'd been giving me a lot of trouble one way and another, and this time she quit cold. There I was, up against it, a special train on my hands, nobody to double her, and the whole parade gummed up tight. It was a tough situation, boss. Then at the last gasp, when I didn't know which way to look or how I was going to put that punch stuff over, down the road came this girl, Jean Campbell—driving her own car, mind you. Well, sir, you could have knocked me down with a feather ——"

"'The time, the place and the girl,'" quoted the G. M. "Proceed."

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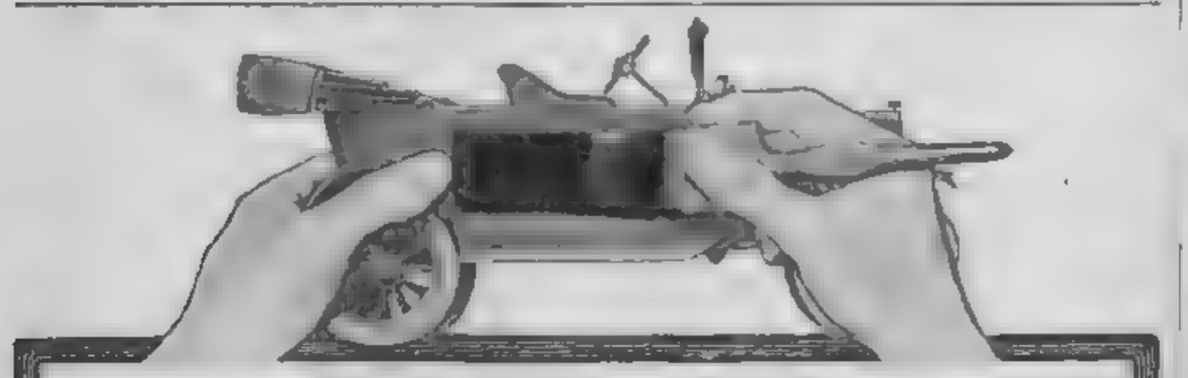

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"Exactly! The time, the place and the girl! Boss, I don't know yet what to make of her coming along just at that time. You can call it luck, call it coincidence, but to me it was nothing in the world but Fate. There I was, stuck; and there she was, and the car, and everything. I ——"

"Too many cut-backs," interrupted the G. M. "Never mind the rest of the scenario—you put her in and she saved the picture. Now, I'm not like you, Mac. I can't spot a trouper a mile off, but I can most generally spot one on the screen. Properly handled, this young woman may develop into a star, and a star is a valuable asset. She puts her personality over, and that's the secret of success. Keep her in your company for the time being, and we'll have the scenario department wrap a couple of stories round her. What's her salary?"

"Forty a week," replied MacWade with a trace of defiance in his tone.

"Too much for a beginner—too much. Better get her tied up with a long-term contract. Send her in to talk to me about it."

"Just a second before you go," said David; "Don't you think it was a remarkable thing—her showing up on that location? How do you figure it?"

The G. M.'s sober countenance split into a dry grin. "Somebody tipped her off to the time and the place," said he. "Yes, and the props too."

MacWade scowled as he watched the G. M. out of sight.

"Gabby, my boy," said he, "beware of commercialism! The boss is commercialized clear to the backbone. There's about as much romance in him as there is in in a Bismarck herring!"

"An owl," remarked the camera man, "wouldn't get many cheers in a chafing dish, but he's an awfully wise bird just the same. Ever think of that, Davy?"

That night as Gabby was preparing to retire he heard strange noises proceeding from MacWade's bedroom. A series of grunts and gasps drew him to the door of his friend's sleeping chamber, where he paused, transfixed by an amazing spectacle. David, sketchily attired in heliotrope pyjamas, was earnestly endeavoring to bring his fingers and toes together without bending his knees—a form of physical torture much recommended to girthy gentlemen. The plump little director was making hard work of it, hence the gurgling noises.

"Well, what d' you think of that!" exclaimed Gabby. "I thought you were rehearsing a trained seal or something. Why the setting-up drill?"

"Because," gasped MacWade, "I want to get rid of some of this awning effect." He mopped his brow and regarded Trozier anxiously. "I'm too young to be carrying all this weight. Don't you think so?"

Gabby laughed uproariously.

"When did that notion strike you?" he demanded. "And where do you get that bunk about being young?"

"I'm only forty-two," mumbled MacWade, flushing. "You can't call that old."

"Of course not, Davy. You're a mere child! If you ever grow up ——"

"Oh, cut the comedy!"

Gabby sat down on the edge of the bed and began to whistle softly.

"Stay with it, little cutie," he chuckled. "You'll soon be fit to play Romeos, you will! Who is she, Davy?"

MacWade grunted as the shot went home.

"Don't hold out on a pal," urged Gabby. "When a fellow forty-two years of age starts taking off weight and talking about being too young to carry a little suet, there's only one answer. You don't think I'm blind, do you?"

"Humph!"

"Don't you look at me like that, Davy. Don't you do it. I'm your friend. I'm with you and I'm for you. After all, there's nothing new in the situation. Other directors have done it before you."

"Done what?" snapped MacWade.

"Why, fallen in love with the leading lady! It's all right, perfectly natural and human ——"

David walked over and wagged his finger under Gabby's nose.

"That'll be about all for you," said he. "Just about all, young fellow. From now on ——"

"You're not getting over with it," interrupted the camera man critically. "You forget that I'm a tough audience and hard to fool. In the first place, you should have laughed. In the second place, you shouldn't have mentioned romance when you pulled that line about the G. M. this afternoon. You tipped all five cards to me right there. Davy, old boy, I love you like a brother, but you've been kidding yourself ever since that day on location. If you keep on you'll wind up by believing the lies you told the boss to-day."

"Lies? What lies?"

"Oh, about how you picked this girl out of a crowd—discovered her. And that stuff about Fate. Davy, would you be sore at me if I let the sawdust out of your dolly?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you're too good a fellow to go wrong—to let a mistaken notion run away with you. At heart you're just a mushy sentimentalist, and you're in danger of getting your feelings hurt. Davy, old hoss, it wasn't Fate at all. It was me."

"You!"

"Please don't get sore. I'm going to be like a surgeon and hurt you now to help you later."

"Cut, then!" said MacWade.

"Well, you see, I felt reasonably certain that Arlington would gum us up. I knew you'd be too damn bullheaded to provide a double for her. Davy, I frisked your memorandum book and got Miss Campbell's telephone number. I rang her up the night before."

MacWade's jaw dropped.

"I'm sorry," said the other gently, "but that's all there is to your romance thing. It was cut and dried in advance. I told her to pretend that she happened along by accident. It never struck me that you might take another slant at it."

The little director stood still in the middle of the floor, reflecting deeply. At length he reached the sort of conclusion which permitted him to smile. He fell to his back-breaking exercise again; and Gabby, nursing one knee in his hands, watched him narrowly, wondering what would come next.

"Twenty-three—twenty-four—twenty-five!" gasped MacWade. "Wow! You think you're quite a bright young man, don't you? Quite a loud cheer—you've been handing yourself—understudy to Fate—all that sort of thing. Why, you hopeless hash-hound, you, what difference does it make how she happened to turn up that day? The main thing is ——" And there he stuck, breathless.

"Well, Davy, what is it?"

"That I'm going to make a big star of her!"

"Atta boy!" yelled Gabby, leaping to his feet. "And I'm going to help you!"

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Mr Van Loan.

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Let us dispense with fine phrases and seek facts.

For facts alone form a stable basis upon which to adjudge motor car values.

And further, we believe you are more interested in actions than in adjectives.

First of all turn your attention to the Saxon "Six" motor.

Compare it with the car of less than six cylinders that stands highest in your estimation.

Though that "less-than-six" may be developed to the full limit of its possibilities you still will find lapses between its power impulses.

These lapses you know produce the vibration and friction that are the bane of motor life. And they exert considerable injurious effect upon the parts, too.

Gear-shifting becomes more and more frequently a necessity. Acceleration slows up and pulling power lessens.

Finally we see them revealed in growing repair and replacement bills. And shortly the car has reached the end of its usefulness long before it should.

On the other hand, the Saxon motor, with its six cylinders, develops a continuous flow of power. Vibration has been reduced to a minimum. Uniform torque, the ambition of all motor designers, is attained.

Briefly explained, in the "less-than-six" you find a **less number** of explosions at any given speed, and each explosion **more severe.**

In the "Six" you get far **more** explosions and each **less severe** in its application to the bearings.

Take for example a certain well-known car of less than six cylinders, tested under the same prevailing conditions as Saxon "Six."

At a speed of 20 miles per hour, the Saxon "Six" motor developed 98% more impulses per minute than did the "less-than-six."

This 98% greater percentage of impulses is vitally significant.

And its significance is concretely expressed in the fact that when this "less-than-six" and Saxon "Six" were tested for acceleration, Saxon "Six" revealed 22% faster pick-up.

Nor is it in acceleration alone that this smoother power-flow gives the advantage to Saxon "Six."

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In every phase of performance Saxon "Six" must be considered supreme among cars costing less than $1200.

Under the most drastic and gruelling conditions of public and private tests it has earned top place.

Probably you may never feel the inclination or necessity to call upon Saxon "Six" to the full limit of its speed and power.

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On the other hand, you will probably delight many times a day in the pick-up of Saxon "Six" and in its greater flexibility, which relieves you of gear-shifting to an amazing extent.

And further satisfaction accrues to you from the knowledge that Saxon "Six" wastes not a particle of gasoline.

Its average established by 206 stock model Saxon "Sixes" in a 300 mile non-stop run is 23.5 miles per gallon.

Over 2000 dealers have this car on their show room floors. We urge your early inspection, for first come will be first served, and it evidently will not be easy to get Saxon "Sixes" quickly a little later in the season.

Saxon "Six" is $865; "Six" Sedan, $1250; "Four" Roadster, $495; f. o. b. Detroit. Canadian prices: "Six" Touring car, $1175; "Six" Sedan, $1675; "Four" Roadster, $665. Price of special export models, "Six", $915; "Four", $495; f. o. b. Detroit. (861)

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